

GEMS OF THOUGHT

AND

CHARACTER SKETCHES



HENRY MALLORY

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GENEALOGY COLLECTION

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Presented to

William Dean Howells

By

Jos. T. Earhart

As a souvenir of the day,

November 26th 1899.



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GEMS OF THOUGHT^c

AND

CHARACTER SKETCHES

A COLLECTION OF
PERSONAL REMINISCENCES
WRITTEN BY

DR. HENRY MALLORY

THE REPUBLICAN PUBLISHING CO.

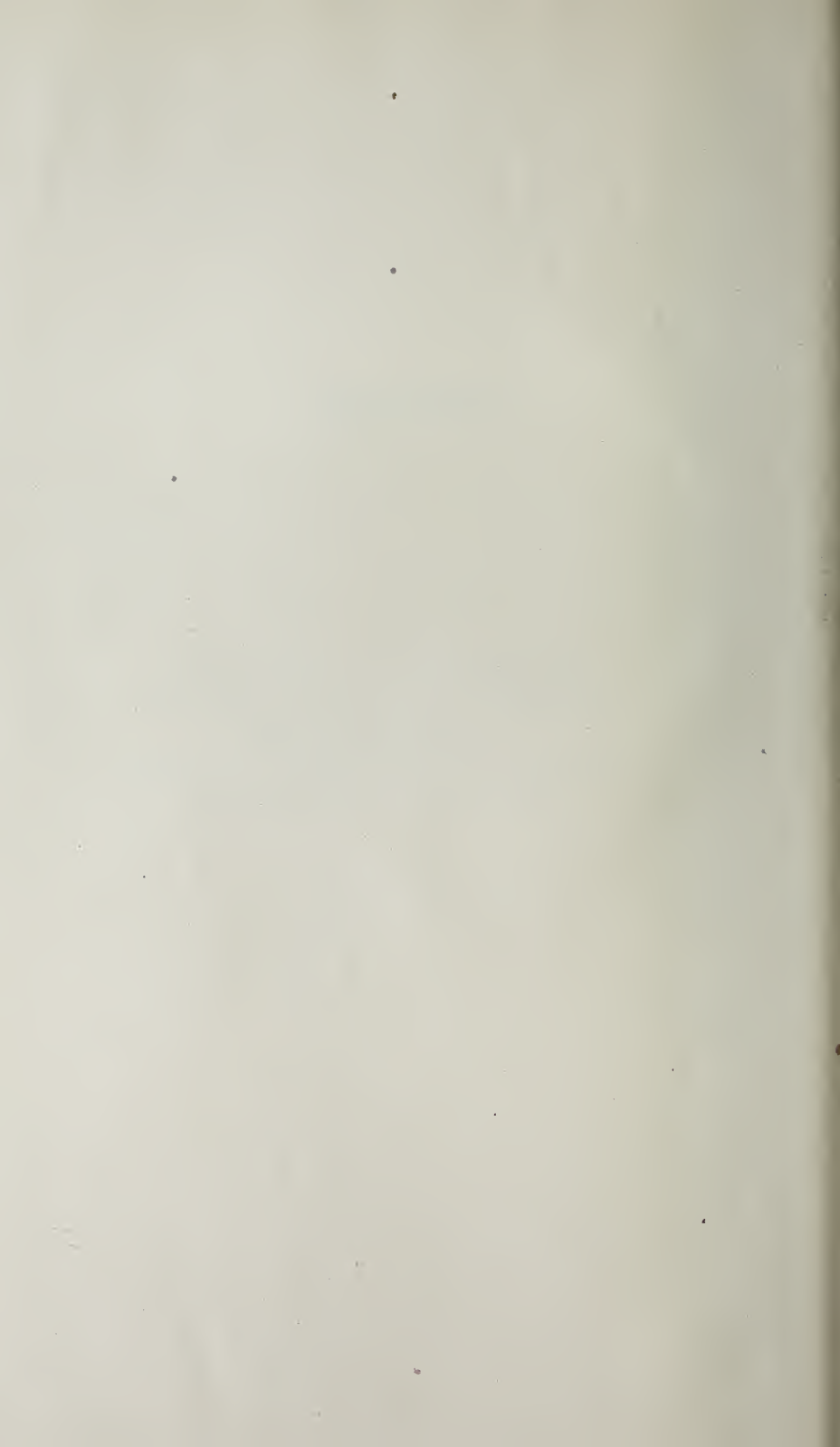
HAMILTON, OHIO

1895

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*In memory of that noble band of pioneers
who laid the foundation of our social fabric,
and to the youth of today
who are to be the future architects of our country,
this volume is respectfully dedicated.*



PREFACE.

The success which attended the publication of the following sketches in the columns of *The Hamilton Daily Republican*, has induced me to present them to the public in book form, with enlarged and more extended sketches of the lives of many additional persons who have honored our city with their influence, and contributed much to its growth and development, and to bringing about its present prosperous condition. These sketches have been written with the purpose of preventing the memory of the more noted men who have lived and died in our midst, from becoming extinct, and lost to the coming generations, and to assist the young men who are just starting in life by friendly suggestions on a proper business career.

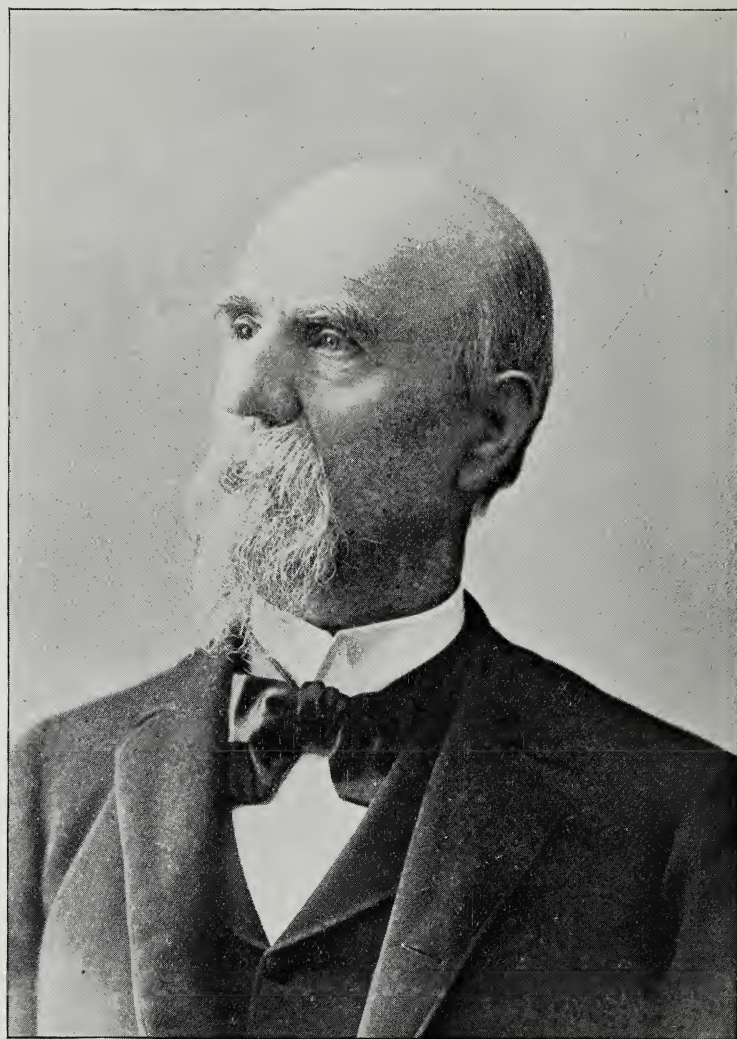
There has been no attempt to magnify the qualities and virtues of the men whose lives I have sketched, but I have endeavored to give a plain unvarnished portrayal of their daily routine of life in their varied business, trades, professions and social relations.

The critics most dreaded are those who had not the benefit and pleasure of an acquaintance with those of whom I write.

But the words of cheer which I have received from the surviving remnant of that noble band of men who have come down from a former generation, and who remember well the virtues of those who have joined that great and silent majority lead me to believe that these sketches will benefit those whom I desire most to assist.

November, 1895.

H. M.



McMallory

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Dr. Henry Mallory, the author of the following sketches, was born in Botetourt County, Virginia, on the 27th day of February, 1822, and was the seventh child of Henry and Charlotte Bennett Mallory, there being ten children in the family, all of whom, with one exception, lived to a mature and some to an advanced age. The seven sons and three daughters who composed the family were all born in Virginia. Every one of that family not only inherited a sound and rugged constitution that was free from scrofula or consumption, but each one having been raised on a farm obtained a good physical education, thoroughly equipping them for the battle of life.

Henry Mallory, father of Dr. Henry Mallory, descended in regular line from Philip Mallory, one of the three brothers, Philip, John and Roger Mallory, who emigrated from England in 1685, and settled in Orange County, Virginia. All the present families of that name, now so numerous throughout the United States and Canada, have sprung from those three brothers who were the lineal descendants of Sir Thomas Mallory, who was born in England in 1430, and who wrote the History of King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table.

The name was spelled "Mallore," but Sir Thomas, by authority granted, dropped the "e" and substituted the "y," thus leaving it as it is now, "Mallory." Sir Thomas wrote a most interesting history of King Arthur, who was thought by many to have been a mythological sovereign, but it is now believed, on good authority, that a real King Arthur lived and reigned in England in the sixth Century. Sidney Lanier has transposed Sir Thomas' history into a Boy's History of King Arthur, using all the English words used by Sir Thomas, as well as the peculiar spelling, and also the modernized spelling, making a most interesting boy's book.

Henry Mallory was born in Rockbridge County, Virginia, on the 17th. day of October, 1782. He was educated in Harrisonburg, Rockingham County, Virginia, and while a pupil at school, boarded with a man by the name of Christian Kiger, whose family spoke the German language, and it was in this way that he learned and mastered that tongue, which, owing to his remarkable memory, he was ever afterwards able to speak with as much ease as though it had been his mother language. He was married in 1808 to Charlotte Bennett, and moved on a farm where he raised tobacco and hemp, as they were the staple articles that always found a ready market. He also manufactured farm wagons, a trade he had learned before marriage, and for which he was celebrated because of his honest work. His wagons were sold all over the State of Virginia. He was seven years older than his wife, who was born in 1789, and by a singular coincidence, all of his sons were seven years older than their wives.

The ancestors of Charlotte Bennett Mallory were of English descent on her father's side, while on her mother's side they descended from the Irish. Her grandfather Taylor emigrated from Ireland about the year 1750, and obtained a Patent

from the King of England for a body of land on the James River in Botetourt County, Virginia, where the descendants of the Taylor-Bennett family still retain a portion of this land. Both the fathers and ancestors of Henry Mallory and his wife Charlotte Bennett Mallory, were slave holders; as were the brothers and sisters of Henry and Charlotte Mallory, but to the credit and honor of the latter, both declined to hold slaves and both detested the institution of slavery. It was due to this, and to the lack of educational advantages, that they decided to move from Virginia to a free State.

A description of one of the schools where the children of Henry Mallory attended, will serve as a sample of the common schools of that day, and will be interesting reading for the young of today who are absolutely ignorant of the disadvantages under which their parents labored, and a knowledge of which would increase their admiration for the wisdom and liberality of those who devised and support the present grand system of common schools. The first school that Dr. Henry Mallory and six elder brothers and sisters attended was in a one and one-half story hewed log house, which was used both for school and church purposes. The pulpit stood on the north side of the room just opposite the only door that opened from the south. On the west end of the building there was a stone chimney with a large fire place, and over a rude mantel there was a gun rack. I do not remember of ever seeing a gun in that rack, but in its place there was always a good supply of tough hickory switches. Young as I was (for I then was only eight years old), when I looked at the pulpit and then at that gun rack with the implements of corporal punishment it contained, I thought there was something wrong in the arrangement, nor can I to this day see any divine plan in it.

The teacher who taught that first school was the ugliest,

most ill-natured, cross-grained old Irishman who ever presided over fifty young boys and girls, ranging from eight to twenty-two years of age, and of as respectable parentage as could be found in any community throughout the land. In this room thirty by thirty-five feet, was crowded a daily average of fifty scholars. The teacher was a dissipated man and punished the scholars, sometimes, unmercifully. This was frequently the case when he was under the influence of liquor and that was nearly all the time. There was then no regular series of school books. The Webster spelling book, Pike's Arithmetic and the English Reader were the three books mostly used, but the scholars were permitted to bring any and all kinds of books to the school. I remember one boy who brought to school a book of Religious Letters written by Caroline Severs to Charles Wesley, and when his turn came to read, the teacher would, in a loud, savage tone, call out, "Mrs Severs," when the boy would bound across the room and read one of those letters for his lesson. One of my elder brothers read from a History of the War of 1812, but the teacher's hatred for the English was so intense he would only permit him to read an account of the battles where the Americans gained a victory. I think my brother read the history of the battle of New Orleans twenty times, wherein General Jackson gained such a signal victory over the British, commanded by Lord Packingham. After my brother had finished his lesson of that battle the teacher would make him repeat it so often that every child or scholar in the school could have repeated the whole account of the battle, but just before that teacher's term was to expire, while he was whipping a young girl of eighteen, her elder brother jumped on him and beat him into insensibility, and this ended that session and that man's career as a teacher. The teachers who came after him were good and worthy men,

under whom I forged ahead at a wonderful rate until my father moved from Virginia, in 1834, when I was twelve years old.

We crossed the Allegheny Mountains in wagons following the line over which the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway now runs. It required twenty-two days to reach Richmond, Ind., our objective point, but now I look back to those twenty-two October days as the most interesting period of my boy-hood. We were amply provided with tents and cooking utensils, and the boys' trusty rifles never failed, during the march, to bring down turkeys, pheasants and squirrels, so that each day we had a royal treat of game for supper and breakfast. We were really sorry when we had reached the end of our journey. It is no wonder that so many people in the past history of the world have led nomadic lives. To give some idea of how time has been shortened since then, by improved systems of transportation, it is only necessary to say that I can now get into one of the fine passenger coaches of the Chesapeake & Ohio Rail Road and make the same distance in fourteen hours.

The family remained in Richmond during the winter of 1834 and 1835. While there it was my good fortune to attend a most elegant school taught by a Quaker. In the spring of 1835 my father moved on a farm in Fayette County, five miles east of Connersville, where I was again fortunate in finding a most perfectly equipped school taught by a bright, educated young man. Two years at this place with the advantages of the school, was just what I had dreamed of, but dared not think about.

This brings me to my fourteenth year, and the fall of 1836, when my father decided to go farther west. He bought land in Henry County, Indiana, ten miles west of New Castle, engaging men to build a house and barn and to clear up

ten acres of land of the heaviest forest I had ever seen. It was just in the Holidays when we moved to the place and it was the most forlorn view I had ever looked at. The woods and underbrush were so dense one could not see ten rods in any direction. The woods were full of wild game. I have witnessed as many as twenty deer crossing the path in front of me in going to the mill, a distance of two miles. It was at this time two of my brothers left home to do for themselves. My father decided to hire men to clear up the farm, and he commenced buying cattle and hogs out of the ranges and driving them to the eastern counties of the State, and as I was now his only available help that could be spared from the farm, I went with him. It was but little schooling I got afterwards, only six months. My father's trading was prosperous until the winter of 1838, when he dealt in fattened hogs and failed, but it was an honest failure for he paid every dollar of his indebtedness and it took everything he had but honor.

It now became necessary for me to leave the family nest, but really there was not any nest left. I started on foot and walked to Indianapolis, fifty-seven miles. I found work on the White River Canal, which was then being built by the State. I did a man's work and received a man's wages, thirty dollars a month and board. I now looked forward with hope that I might, some day, be able to commence the study of medicine, as I had cherished the idea from the time I was ten years old, but in six months the money of the State gave out and the public work was suspended. But nothing daunted, I accepted anything and everything that was offered in the way of employment, always managing to save a little. As further schooling was out of the question, I improved my mind by reading the very best books that I could get at the time. I also had access to the reports and proceedings in Congress

published in the *Congressional Globe*. It was at a time when the great battles were being fought by the political giants of both parties on the great questions of the day, such as the disputed boundary line in the north-west, between Great Britain and the United States. Our claim was for all up to $54^{\circ} 40'$ or a fight. That pleased the people, but when our Government backed down to 49° North Latitude, that was our humiliation.

The United States Bank was another bone of contention. Both houses of Congress were full of great men. I heard all the great preachers of that day and listened to all the political debates. It was in this way I obtained much knowledge outside of the school room. During all these years I was working and saving what I could to accomplish the long cherished object of my life, viz: the study of medicine, but it was not until 1844, one year after my marriage, that I felt secure to begin my studies. My marriage, instead of increasing my expenses, as had been predicted, at the end of the first year effected a saving greater than in any previous year, and I now regard my early marriage as my first step toward success. In 1844 I entered upon my studies in which I continued uninterruptedly until I was able to enter the medical college in 1847. In 1849, when I had completed my course, I decided on Hamilton, Ohio, as the theatre of my future professional career. That was a bold conclusion on my part, for Hamilton was well supplied with physicians of merit and experience.

It was on the 10th day of July, 1849, I landed in Hamilton. The cholera was then prevailing as an epidemic and there was also an epidemic of eye disease. I felt as all young physicians must feel at such times, a great trepidation, and had many misgivings as to the future, but that fear was soon removed, for during the first week I had one patient and a fortunate first patient it was for me. It was an eye patient.

During my college course I had been a regular attendant upon all the dispensary clinics, and as the eye patients were the most numerous class of patients, I had acquired a knowledge of treating such cases that served me well in this, my first case.

I was successful in making a complete cure, and I had barely dismissed my patient until I was besieged with similar cases, and it was fortunate too that all of my first patients were eye cases and were in well-to-do families.

It was my success in the treatment of diseases of the eye that served to introduce me into general practice. The future now looked bright, for I had a large share of practice which steadily increased until 1861, when I decided to enter the army, and in July I went to Columbus, Ohio, and passed the required examination for the medical staff, but owing to the fact that all the appointments in the medical staff had been made, and many more who had passed the examination were awaiting the completion of new organizations, I decided to raise a company. I at once applied to Col. Van Derveer, who was then organizing the 35th O. V. I., for permission to recruit a company, which was given me, and in one week I had recruited enough men to organize a company. When it is considered that all the other companies of the Thirty-fifth regiment had been recruited mostly from Hamilton and vicinity, and it was believed that all the available material had been exhausted, I certainly had reason to feel flattered at my success.

I had been the family physician of almost every man I had enlisted. In due time my company was recruited up to its full number, and when organized I was elected captain of the company and marched to the front with the regiment. After the battle of Mill Springs, in Kentucky, my name was

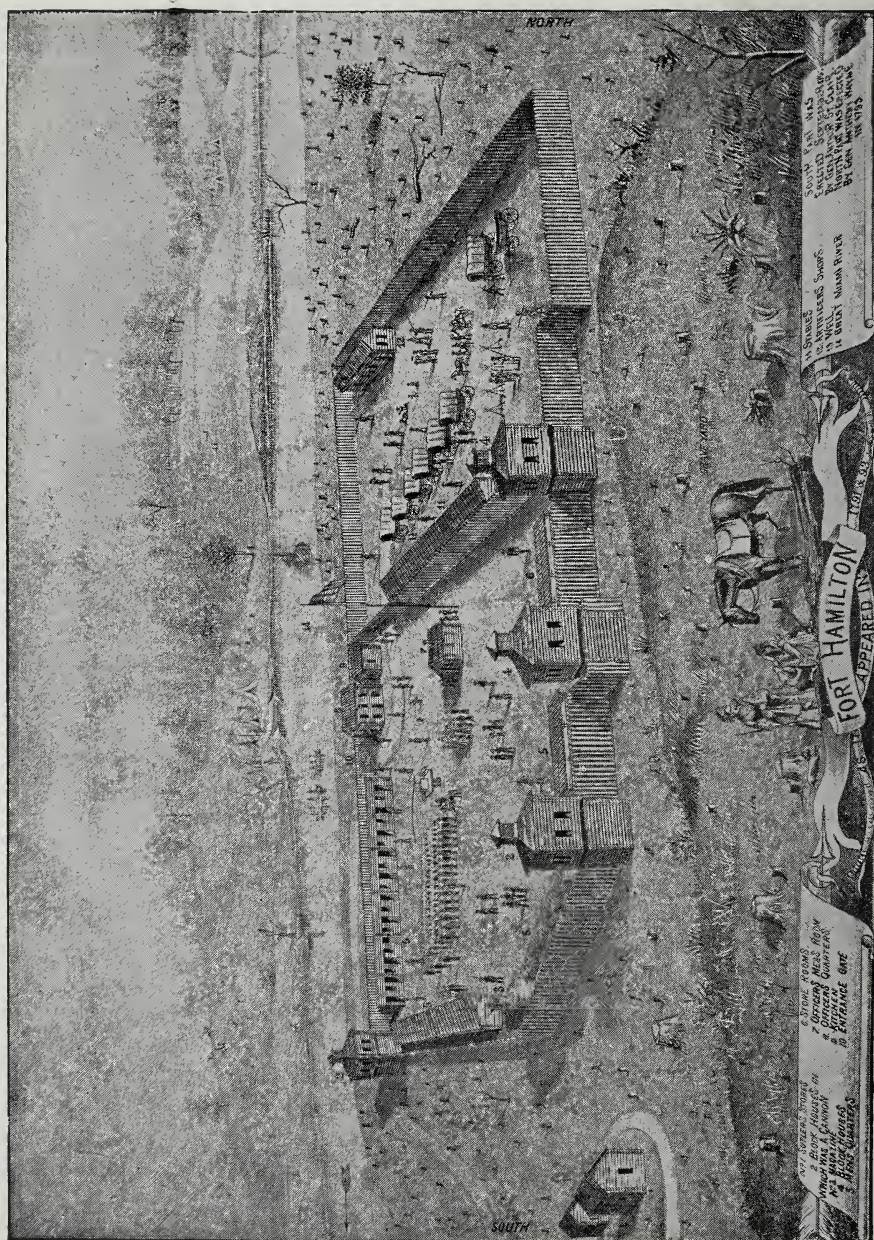
sent to the governor of Kentucky by the special request of Surgeon Robert A. Murry, U. S. A., then Medical Director of the army, with the request that I should be commissioned surgeon of the 4th Ky. Vol. Cavalry. Receiving my commission, I reported to the commanding officer and was duly assigned as brigade surgeon, and subsequently promoted surgeon of a division, and a little later honored by appointment as surgeon of an army corps, when by reason of disability, I tendered my resignation, and was assigned to post duty until 1864, when I again went to the front as surgeon of the 165th Ohio Infantry, and was mustered out with the regiment at the expiration of the service.

As the war was now over I rented a farm in Tennessee in 1865, and raised cotton, that is, I farmed by proxy and, like all gentlemen farmers who farm that way, it was anything but a success. One year as a farmer satisfied me and I had no desire to repeat the experiment. I now returned to my home in Hamilton and resumed my practice. As many new physicians had settled in Hamilton during my absence, I had some fears that I might not regain my old time practice, but one month's experience removed all doubt on that score, for I was in a full tide of a prosperous practice. My army service added to my standing in the profession at home. I have now been in a continued practice in Hamilton, Ohio, with the exception of my army service, for forty-six years.

In closing this brief sketch of my life's work I have endeavored to give a plain statement of all I have accomplished by my own powers; unaided in any respect. Any boy, no matter how humble he may be, ought to accomplish as much or more, under like circumstances.

In looking back at the history of my forty-six years of experience and observation as to the best ways to gain success.

I say, "Give a boy a good physical education to start with, for that is an indispensable prerequisite to success. Add to this mental culture; this will give force of character, originality, individuality, with pluck, honesty and economy, and with these there need be no such word as fail."



LITERARY MEN AND WOMEN OF HAMILTON.

The city of Hamilton will never cease to be a subject of interest to the student who delights to dwell upon the events of stirring and thrilling character. But all of its earlier history has been so often told by orators and public speakers that it would now be difficult to add anything that would be new or interesting. The one important event above all others that made it possible for any permanent or peaceful settlement to exist north of the Ohio river, and on the borders of the great Northwestern territory, was the crushing defeat of the Indians by General Wayne in 1794. That virtually settled the question as to who would be the masters and owners in the future of all the vast wilderness lying in the Northwest, which is now the richest and most productive region in the United States.

Time has brought great changes in the evolution of Hamilton, from the time when it was a little military post on the shore of the great Miami River to the now prosperous manufacturing city of today. The very first advance in improvements was made when the mode of transportation was transferred from the slow-going ferry boats, the only means of

crossing the river in those days, which was much larger than it is now, to the covered wooden bridge which was erected in 1818, extending across the river from High to Main streets. It served its purpose well for fifty years, when it was swept away by the flood of 1866. This was soon replaced by another advance in the erection of a suspension bridge, that was thought at the time would be equal to the rapidly increasing population and wants of the people for fifty years ahead. But such have been the unexpected requirements caused by rapid transit and increased travel that after twenty-five years it had out-lived its usefulness, and has given place to a high truss iron single span bridge, now completed, which is the longest single span high truss bridge in the United States or in the world, if we except the one at Kiel, Germany.

But the most notable event in the recent changes in Hamilton, and one that was far reaching in its effects was the building of our magnificent court house. People at once awoke to the fact that Hamilton was a wealthy city, and that her resources had been until then, under-rated. New enterprises began to be established, and the old ones were enlarged to meet their requirements and demands, caused by the rapidly increasing trade. Beautiful and costly residences began to spring up all over the city; new and costly school houses were erected, with pleasing architectural design; new and larger houses of worship were built. The people moved about with smiling faces and a more general devotion, and the human form divine walked the streets clothed in beautiful and appropriate costumes, that were things of beauty and joys forever.

It was now determined that in view of the material wealth and prosperity of the city all other things needful were in order. And as the city was the proud owner of a system of water works that had no equal in any city of the United

States, gas and electric light plants have been added, built on a scale that is thought to be commensurate with the growth of the city, and on the latest and most improved plans, as has all our municipal property, which is more than can be said of any other city in the United States.

Nor has the health of the city been overlooked, as the most perfect system of sanitary sewerage has been completed, from plans drawn by the most competent engineers, as suggested by learned scientific experts. Rapid transit to and from all parts of the city has been secured and is now in full operation by a perfect system of electric street railroad.

In literature the city of Hamilton has not been wanting. John Cleves Symmes, not the John Cleves Symmes of Symmes' purchase notoriety, but the John Cleves Symmes who originated the theory of concentric spheres, and polar voids of the earth, was a man of fine literary attainments, and while his theory was not accepted by any large number of scientific men, it yet possessed much merit for its originality.

James McBride was an author and a careful, painstaking collector of statistics relating to Ohio and Hamilton.

James P. McLean was an author of a work on archeology, and a contributor to the Smithsonian Institute. He was a student of great research and a vigorous writer on scientific subjects.

William Dean Howell's first impressions were doubtless made while a pupil in the Hamilton schools. His description of a Boy's Town was none other than that of Hamilton, and leaves no doubt in the minds of all who have carefully read it, that the trend of his after literary life began while he was a pupil in the Hamilton schools.

James W. See is the author of the Chardal Letters in the American Machinist, and contributions to other publications,

and his lines of investigations and thoughts are so characteristic and distinct from the ordinary course of literary performances, as to place him in a category peculiar to himself. His writings relate mainly to the practical affairs of life.

John and Theodore Hittell, two brothers, who were reared and educated in Hamilton, have for many years resided in San Francisco, California. Both have become eminent in their chosen fields of journalism, history and law. Both are authors of standard works, both are men of letters.

David Christy, author and publisher, was a recognized author on Paleontology, Geology and author of "Cotton is King." He wrote on many other subjects.

Mrs. Jane H. Corwin was a writer of prose and poetry and was the authoress of "Harp and Home," which contained many gems of sublime poetry. Her book was read and reviewed by that eminent and scholarly critic, W. W. Hibben, and favorably spoken of in an article which was published at the time in the Cincinnati Commercial.

Mrs. Jane Delaplaine Wilson, daughter of the late Joshua Delaplaine, who was born and educated in Hamilton, but for many years a resident of Missouri, has obtained much notoriety in the field of literature. Her first poem "The Sisters," can be found in Mrs. Corwin's book and attracted much attention at the time. She is a regular contributor to the best magazines in the country.

John S. Earhart was an accomplished scholar and possessed rare talents as civil engineer. The department of engineering sustained a great loss in his untimely death.

Lou J. Beauchamp, author, writer and lecturer, is a man of versatile talents. As a lecturer he has no superiors and few equals.

Dr. Dan Millikin represents the highest type of an educated gentleman, and in science and literature he stands in the very front line of advanced thinkers. His recent lecture on "The Under Man," before the Unity Club of Cincinnati, forced an acknowledgement of his literary attainments from the critics of the press.

Nelson Williams has a natural poetic nature. His poems show originality and a departure from the monotonous style followed by the too many verse writers. The only wonder is, where in his busy life he finds time to write as much. Only a few of his many poems have appeared in print. But those he has ingeniously interwoven with Freemasonry, have been highly appreciated by the great lights of that intelligent body of men, as well as by the literary critics of the day.

Edward M. Traber deserves special mention for his attainments in successfully mastering the languages. He stands in the front line as an educator.

Mrs. James E. Neal has written some strikingly beautiful poems, and in her contributions to the press, has shown real genuine literary talent.

Mrs. Stella Taylor and Miss Eva Weiler, two sisters, are destined to reach distinction in poetry and the arts. Their literary work has attracted much attention.

Miss Lida Keck has recently written a book that possesses much merit, and her verses have the genuine ring of true poetry.

Hamilton is exceedingly fortunate in having so many generous public-spirited men whose liberality has been more than once manifested in the interest of the city, some of whom deserve special notice, and this report would be incomplete without some mention of Col. Alexander Gordon, Lazard Kahn,

J. C. Hooven, Jos. Doron, Asa Shuler, Christian and Peter Benninghofen, R. C. Mc Kinney, O.V. Parrish, Ira S. Millikin, James E. Hancock, S. L. and J. L. Beeler, James R. Webster, L. D. Campbell, John Woods, William Beckett, Clark Lane, Job. Owens, and many others, who for want of space must be omitted.

The people of Hamilton have always been noted for their patriotism, and have always supported some military organization.

When the War of the Rebellion broke out, Captain John Bruck, of the German Jackson Guards, marched to Columbus and was the first to tender that well drilled company to the government. Hamilton not only contributed her quota of troops to the service, but gave Gen. Ferdinand Van Derveer, one of the ablest infantry commanders, and Col. Minor Millikin, one of the ablest and bravest cavalry commanders, and Captain William C. Margedant, one of the ablest and most efficient topographical engineers to the service. Company E of the State Militia and the Hamilton Rifles, the latter supported by a few public spirited citizens, are sufficient guarantees that the peace of our city and community will be preserved, even if our efficient police force should be unequal to the task, which, judging by the way lawlessness has been suppressed in the past is not likely to occur in the future.

The strength and ability of the journalistic force in the past, is a subject writers love to dwell upon. Such men as John Woods, L. D. Campbell, Taylor Webster, W. C. Howells, W. R. Kinder, James Barker, W. D. McClung, Minor Millikin, John A. Cockerill, afterwards editor of the New York World, who received the highest salary ever paid an editor in the United States, Valentine Chase, John C. Lewis, Stephen Crane, C. M. Campbell, John K. Aydelotte and Frank Whitehead graced the

profession. Many of this number reached the highest position in politics, law and statesmanship. Hamilton has furnished governors, foreign ministers, generals, statesmen, consuls, diplomats and jurists, in all of which she takes a commendable pride, but best of all she is proud of her homes.

HAPPINESS NOT DEPENDENT UPON POSITION.

"Every man has his place," said Timothy Titcomb.

Who shall be the President? Who shall carry the dirt out? Who shall paint and who shall grind the colors, are questions which in various forms have agitated the world since human society existed. Dissatisfaction with positions and conditions is well nigh universal. Every man walks with his eyes and wishes upward; some moved by aspirations for a noble good, others by ambition for a higher place; some by emulation of a worthy example, others by discontent with the allotments of Providence. The infant does not forget to climb when he learns to walk, nor is a man less a climber than the boy. Everything is towering, or climbing, or reaching, or looking upward. The elm stretches its feathery arms and waves its hands toward the clouds that hang over it. The vine pulls itself up the elm by its delicate fingers and the violet sits at the foot of the vine and breaths its fragrant wishes heavenward. Even the sleeping lakelet in the meadow dreams of stars and will not be satisfied without a private firmament of water lilies. It is as if God had whispered into the ears of all

existence, the moment it was emerging from nihility, the words, "Look up," and hardly knowing why, it has been looking up ever since.

Well, this is right, for far above everything else shines the celestial fires from which the torches of life are lighted. It is a natural instinct in everything to look upward. Discontent may be a good thing or it may be a very bad thing. There is a discontent which is divine and which has its birth in the highest and purest inspirations that visit and stir the soul. All the discontent which grows from dissatisfaction with present attainments or springs from a desire for higher usefulness, or has its birth in motives that impel to the worthy achievements of an honorable name and an honorable place, is a thing to be visited by blessings and benison. Discontent which comes from below and which comes from a soul disgusted with its lot, a soul faithless in God, out of harmony with the divine arrangement and operations of Providence, is an evil thing—only evil—and that continually.

A carriage passes with a load of richly dressed ladies, the architect stands with his hands folded on his bosom, the hod carrier passes him, besmeared with mud, and mounts the dizzy ladder, depositing his load of bricks on the scaffold, the brickmason, with trowel in hand, drives the bricks to their place. The editor sits at his desk hastily putting together the thoughts that will form the next day's leader. At another table sits another editor culling from a pile of exchanges bits of intelligence that come in on a thousand paper wings from many communities. At their cases stand the compositors setting up, type by type, the matter which the editor prepares for them. The pressman and the engineer have their respective duties to perform. The great aggregate of life is a network of duties and an organized system of doing them. In order to

secure the comfort of the whole there is a certain amount of work to be done, infinitely various in kind. There must be an architect to plan, there must be a hodcarrier to bear bricks and mortar or we would have no buildings. There must be an editor, compositor and pressman or there will be no newspaper. Who shall do the thinking and who shall perform the manual labor, who shall paint and who shall grind the colors? Every man cannot be President.

It does not suffice to tell discontented people that every man has his place and will find his highest account in seeking to fill it and fill it well. What particularly troubles them is that they are made for so low a place. They really call the divine wisdom and benevolence in question for assigning to them subordinate offices in operating the machinery of society. A man finds himself distinguished by clumsy hands and broad shoulders, with a hod on his back, and complains that he was not made for a bricklayer; the bricklayer wishes he had the ease and honor of the architect and wonders why his power of achievement is so closely circumscribed. The coachman rubs down his horses and marvels that he was not born to their ownership and that the owner was not born to drive for him. So people quarrel with their positions the world over. Everything in the world is unequal to these people. They do not see the impartial justice of conferring upon one man great mental faculties, pleasant address and commanding presence, while another is condemned to be a dwarf both in body and mind and to serve his highly favored neighbor that he may win bread and raiment. Well there is all this work to do. Who shall do it? A broken link will destroy the chain. There are all these places to fill. Who shall fill them? I fill a subordinate place in the world. Why should you not? Is there any good reason in the world why I should not be a Pres-

ident and why the President should not tend a toll-gate or conduct a railroad train? Since these things are to be done by somebody, you and I may as well take the part that comes to us and perform it. It is not best to stop the wheels of society on our private account. If you and I have had any injustice done us in the assignment of our duties, it will not mend anything to fasten our ill-fortune on somebody else and you and I are not the men to skulk, I think. Genuine manly pluck and good nature will settle much of this difficulty. If our advance involves nothing more than a change of place with others, it is not exactly the manly thing to whine about our lot.

But there is a better and broader basis for the settlement of this question than the reason set out before, and if we possess even a modicum of the faith in Providence that we ought to possess, we should feel certain that there would be such a basis, though we might fail to find it. The instructive persistence of the soul is for happiness. We seek for office, or place, or wealth. We pine over the fact that our mental endowments or acquisitions are comparatively indifferent, or positively mean, and why? Because while we lie dreaming upon our pillow of stone, the positions of life shape themselves into a ladder on which angels ascend to the last round, leaning on a Heavenly ladder; because that which is above us in allotment, gift and acquisition, forms so many steps of the gradatory that leads from the cells where we do penance to the temple where we expect peace and Heavenly communion. In other words, we are discontented because we believe there is more happiness in the upper steps of society than in ours, and right here is where the great mistake is made. If there is anything which history teaches more thoroughly than any other thing; if there is any one fact revealed to observations more closely than any other one fact, it is that happiness does

not depend upon condition and position; that it has its birth in possessions and relations superior to, and in most respects, unaffected by those facts of individual and social life which divide men into classes. Here is where the Good Father equalizes the human lot. High position considered by itself is not a positive good, is not, in and of itself, a source of happiness to the souls planted upon it. There is no good reason to be found in the whole universe of God why the coachman should not be as happy as the dainty lady whom he serves. There is no good reason why the hodcarrier may not be as happy as the bricklayer, and the bricklayer as happy as the architect. Wants keep pace with wealth always. Responsibility walks hand in hand with wealth and power. Of him to whom much is given much is required. Posts of honor are evermore posts of danger and care. Each office of society has its burden proportioned to its importance, so that men shall find no apology for murmuring at the better lot of their neighbors, while all are made dependent for happiness upon common sources open alike to him who wears fine linen and fares sumptuously every day and the beggar who waits at his gate.

I am inclined to think that if our minds were capable of apprehending the essential facts of the life we see, we would be convinced that happiness is one of the most evenly distributed of all human possessions. The laborer loves his wife and children as well as the Lord, and takes into his soul all the tender and precious influences that flow to him through their love as well as he. Food tastes as sweetly to the ploughman as to the placeman. If the latter has the daintier dish, the former has the keener appetite. In all ears the brook pours the same stream of music and the birds never vary their programme with reference to their audiences. Spring scatters the violets broadcast and grass grows by the wayside as well as in

the park. The breeze that tosses the curls of your little ones and mine is not softer in its caresses of those who bound over velvet to greet it. The sun shines, the rain falls, the trees dress themselves in green, the thunder rolls and the stars flash for all alike. Health knows nothing of human distinctions and abides with him who treats it best. Sleep, the gentle angel, does not come at the call of power and never proffers its ministry for gold. The senses take no bribes of luxury, but deal as honestly and generously with the poor as the rich, and the President of the United States would whistle himself blind before he could call our dog from us. If we examine this matter critically we shall find that the sweetest satisfaction that comes to us is that which springs from sources common to the race. If you and I are worthy, that which is most precious to us as the material of our daily happiness, is precisely that which is not dependent upon the positions we respectively occupy in the world.

THE BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL MEN OF 1849.

At a time like this when the ranks of the old citizens are being so rapidly thinned out, there is great danger that much of the earlier history of Hamilton will be lost to the rising generation. When the late lamented Drs. Falconer and Scobey, like old clocks worn out by eating time, ceased their mortal operations and the weary wheels of life stopped, much of the earlier history of Hamilton that either of them were competent to write, and which would have been interesting reading, was lost. Who that are left will undertake the task? This contribution is written with the hope that some one whose longer residence in Hamilton has qualified them for this duty, will commit their knowledge to writing. I am credibly informed that after the death of the late James McBride, by some oversight of those who had charge of his effects, a large amount of his papers and pamphlets that he had accumulated during his lifetime, all bearing on the early history of Hamilton and the State, were literally carted off to the paper mill as so much refuse. Doubtless many of those documents were worth their weight in gold and never will be replaced.

I shall only speak of doctors, lawyers, merchants, manufacturers and business men who were in active business in 1849, and prior to that date, as all those who have come upon the stage since that time are known to most of the people now living. I will, however, add that the younger generation are proving themselves worthy representatives of their illustrious predecessors.

THE PHYSICIANS OF '49.

To begin with the physicians who were in practice when I came to Hamilton in 1849, Drs. Daniel and R. B. Millikin were what might be called the pioneers. I never met Dr. Dan Millikin, as he died only a few months after my arrival in Hamilton, but his name was and still is a household word. Perhaps no two physicians ever lived who enjoyed a wider range of practice or left a more favorable impression. With Dr. R. B. Millikin I was intimately acquainted and am largely indebted both to him and the late Dr. Falconer for kind and cheering words during my first years of practice, and I am glad of this opportunity of supplying an omission at Dr. Falconer's memorial service, viz.: his proverbial kindness to the younger members of the profession. More than one young physician owes a great deal of his success to Dr. Falconer's assistance. The tribute paid to him in the services referred to, relieves me of any feeble effort to speak of his worth and merits.

Dr. Loami Rigdon lived in the house now owned and occupied by Dr. Dan Millikin. Dr. Rigdon was an educated, dignified gentleman and while he was not physically strong, the temperate, correct life he lived enabled him to do a vast deal of professional work. Sidney Rigdon, a brother of the doctor, was the brains of the Mormon church when Joseph Smith was at its head, and but for Rigdon's advice, the organ-

ization that has since cut such a figure in the world, would have gone to pieces.

Dr. Jacob Hittell, another of the pioneer physicians, was a self-made man and of indomitable will. He was an able physician and surgeon, enjoyed a lucrative practice and knew how to take care of what he earned, and by judicious investments in real estate, amassed a princely fortune.

Dr. William Huber, one of Hamilton's early physicians, came from Pennsylvania. He was a physician of sterling merit and had the advantage of speaking the German language, which gave him prestige with the German element.

Dr. William H. Scobey, who but a few weeks ago "folded the drapery of his couch about him like one who lies down to pleasant dreams," was the last one of the physicians who came to Hamilton prior to 1849, and no one of his associates enjoyed a larger practice.

Dr. Henry C. Howells, one of the first dentists, if not the very first, affords a worthy example to all young men of what can be accomplished by a steady, persistent course. His face is worth a fortune; genial, kind and social, always the same manly, polite gentleman, modest and retiring, never blowing his own horn. There may be others his equal, but they do not run thirteen to the dozen.

Drs. Williamson and Campbell, the latter the father of our ex-governor, were associated together. Dr. Campbell was a brilliant man and when cut off in the midst of success, left a void that was hard to fill. There were other physicians of less note and of whose ability I have not space to speak.

THE LAWYERS OF '49.

In the legal profession, no bar in the state was more ably represented. John Woods was a giant in intellect as well as in physical stature. I have never met but one man who had

any resemblance to him and that man is ex-United States Senator Davis, of West Virginia. Many were the forensic tilts he had at the Butler county bar with John B. Weller and other able barristers.

C. K. Smith, who had studied law with Woods, would have been a great lawyer if he had only let offices and politics alone, as he was a man of fine attainments.

Judge Elijah Vance! Who of the old citizens will ever forget him? I never saw him without his snuffbox and full ruffled shirt that was conspicuously displayed from the folds of his vest. He was fluent in speech and a power in his day.

L. D. Campbell and Tom Corwin were frequently engaged in the Butler courts.

Col. Tom Moore, jolly and good-humored, a hard worker and an able pleader! So good and kind that he was often the victim of misplaced confidence. Had he been more careful and close, he would have been a wealthy man.

William E. Brown, whose office in olden times was where the Stengel block now stands, has led a life of continuous devotion to business, and how well he has been rewarded! He always thinks before he acts. He is a safe man to be at the head of a banking institution or in any other responsible position.

And now let me mention one name, and he still lives and stands erect like a towering oak, that is the connecting link between the present and a former generation of attorneys. Your readers all know him—Thomas Millikin. When I first came to Hamilton the old men told me about his essay at Miami University. I was told by some who were present that people sat and listened to his utterances, bowing their heads in unison with his gestures. And the heads of the jurors still do the same, and when he sees the motion he knows the result

of the verdict before they leave their seats. I am reminded of a remark I heard not long ago, "There is but one sun, one moon and one Tom Millikin."

THE BUSINESS MEN OF '49.

Of the business men, commencing at Main and B streets, Jacob Shaffer was a wholesale and retail grocer in the Odd Fellows' building. When the late John Longfellow induced him to stock the Watterson, Callender & Seward distillery, that had been recently erected, with hogs, the adventure proved a financial success and with his share of the profits, Shaffer and Joseph Curtis started a bank opposite the court house. Mr. Shaffer afterwards bought out the late John W. Erwin's interest in the Hydraulic mills at the east end of the bridge across the Miami river. This was a profitable venture and he became one of Hamilton's wealthiest men.

Isaac and Jacob Matthias. for forty years or more, carried on a copper-smith and stove store. Never were two brothers more different in their ways and manners, and never did two men work in more perfect harmony. No matter what one did, the other never uttered an objection. They both lost heavily in their adventures in the dry goods business, but by their frugality and industry they always lived well and left valuable property behind when they died.

J. and J. Rossman, two brothers, conducted a dry goods store on the same street, from a time "Whence the memory of man runneth not." John never married, while James had a happy family, and it was a common saying that the good housewives along the streets from the store to his residence, were in the habit of setting their clocks to the minute by his coming and going. In fact he was as regular as a clock in everything.

William Anderson was in the grocery business about where the Cass Hardware establishment now stands. He is still living and is the vice-president of the Second National Bank. He worked hard and did much thinking, was always cautious but resolute. It would be well for young men to imitate his example. I find, upon looking back, so many old solid business men that it would be a Herculean task to name or speak of each one, and it would require a large volume to do justice to the subject. **1405505**

On the east side on High street, we found William Hunter, of the firm of Shaffer & Hunter, owners of the Hydraulic Mills. Mr. Hunter was a small, compact man and gave employment to a large number of men, for his mill at the time was one of the largest and most complete in southern Ohio. He paid his men well and exacted from them honest work. He would not tolerate any foolishness. He did not believe in sinecures. He was the first man in his office in the morning and kept a strict watch over all that was going on, and he left a good round sum to his family.

Perhaps one of the most notable men who ever lived in Hamilton was the late John W. Erwin, who was for years the trusted state engineer of the board of public works. He was not only an authority on all questions of engineering, but was well versed in the current literature of the day and the collateral sciences. He had a grand presence and never failed to attract the attention of strangers, and to command the admiration of all who knew him. His home life was so faultless as to render his example worthy of imitation.

Mark C. McMaken is like an old patriarch whose stock of vigor, after almost five score years, seems scarcely to have been impaired. His erect form, his firm step and elastic limbs and undimmed senses, are so many certificates of good conduct or

rather so many jewels and orders of nobility with which nature has honored him for his fidelity to her laws. His fair complexion shows that his blood has never been corrupted; his pure breath, that he has never yielded his digestive organs for a vintner's cesspool; his correct language and keen apprehension, that his brain has never been stupified by the poison of the tobacconist. Enjoying his appetites to the highest, he has preserved the power of enjoying them. Despite the moral of the school boy's story, he has eaten his cake and still he has kept it. As he drains the cup of life there are no dregs at the bottom. His organs will reach the goal of their existence together, as painless as a lamp burns down in its socket. So will he make his exit, and a little imagination would translate him, like another Enoch, from earth to a better world, without the sting of death.

Jacobs and Brown were druggists where J. N. Hibner's confectionery is now located. Peter Jacobs and John O. Brown were both hard workers and by industry and close attention to business amassed quite a fortune. It was strictly business with them. They kept everything in the line of drugs, besides a full assortment of stationery.

Henry Beardsley, an old time hatter, was a man of many good qualities and was a conspicuous land-mark until his death. He was always on the right side of every moral question. Slow to form an opinion, but when once formed, he was resolute and determined.

And now let me close this brief history of merchants by referring to Thomas V. Howell, who is another connecting link between the present and a former generation. Thomas Howell is an all around good business man. He possesses will power and by perseverance has reached the highest pinnacle in mercantile life. Some say it is luck. Luck is for him

only who has the perseverance and ambition to conquer, despite the surroundings. Persistency in the long run will always outstrip brilliancy. The list of mighty names in the annals of history proves this.

THE MANUFACTURERS OF '49.

Perhaps no man in Southern Ohio is better known than Wm. Beckett, the pioneer paper manufacturer. He was the first man in Hamilton to inaugurate public improvements by the erection of what is known as Beckett's hall. It would not now be regarded as anything worth mentioning, but at the time it was built it was considered a big undertaking, and from the day it was completed he was at the head and front of every public enterprise. It was Wm. Beckett who was the prime mover in bringing the Niles Tool Works to Hamilton, and it was Wm. Beckett and Job Owens who were the main movers in building the Variety Iron Works. By the way, I can not forbear telling an amusing allusion to Mr. Beckett by the late Honorable R. C. Schenck. When in Congress, in 1867, a bill was before that body asking appropriation for the sufferers from the flood of the Mississippi. Mr. Schenck arose in his place and said that he had no doubt that the people along the Mississippi river had sustained great damage by reason of the flood. He also said that there had been a flood of the Miami river at his home, and although not present at the time, a gentleman from Hamilton, Ohio, told him all about it and said that when the old bridge was swept away, Mr. Beckett was present and actually shed tears, and said from his personal knowledge the bridge had been standing for over fifty years, and that Mr. Beckett must have had many pleasant reminiscences associated with the old bridge, when the man said, "O no, it was not pleasant reminiscences, he was the largest stockholder in it."

William Beckett, Job Owens and Abner Campbell—it was free trade with them in all business transactions. But when it came to politics it was like Greek meeting Greek. Then came the tug of war; neither of them scored a succession of triumphs; they only carried the points alternately. It cannot be denied that it was the Owens, Lane & Dyer manufacturing company that gave Hamilton its first big boom as a manufacturing city.

Maguire and Skinner were two strong men in character as well as in business integrity. Both bequeathed a good name to posterity and adequate means for those whom they left behind.

Before closing this paper I desire to make mention of two men who were eminently qualified for any position in life, Major John M. Millikin and Arthur W. Elliot. Neither lived in the city at the time, but resided on farms adjacent. Major Millikin was the noblest type of a high-toned, dignified gentleman that I ever met. He was an able man and as an orator few excelled him. I remember him when in 1852 he stood on the platform, on the east side of the old court house, and delivered the address of welcome to Major General Winfield Scott who paid Hamilton a visit at that time. I thought then that he was the handsomest man I ever saw, and his address was the most eloquent I ever heard.

Arthur W. Elliott was a man of talent, a natural born orator. In the pulpit or on rostrum he was a power. I heard him when he preached the funeral of General Wingate, and certainly Bascom, of national fame for oratory, could not have done better. It is said that during the great log cabin campaign of 1840 his speeches were equal, if not superior, to any politician then living.

I must refer to one other figure prominent in Hamilton, Captain Alexander Delorac. He was more particularly identified with the early history of Hamilton than perhaps any other man in it. He had a rough exterior but was possessed of a kind heart that beat with generous impulses. One little circumstance, related to me by a lady in Alabama, will illustrate this. While our army halted at noon for a little rest at a cross road with a half dozen houses, an elderly lady stepped to the front and asked for the commanding officer. She said the soldiers were raiding her premises and asked for protection on the grounds that her husband had been a general in the U. S. army, and that his last military service was at Fort Smith, Arkansas, thirty years before, and to prove it she brought out three commissions. I remarked to her that we had a man in Hamilton, Ohio, who used to run a trading boat to Fort Smith, to which she replied that he was Captain Delorac and added that he was the kindest hearted man she ever saw. She said one of his men fell overboard and was drowned in the Arkansas river at Fort Smith, and that he fished for him three days before he found him and then gave him a Christian burial.

One more business man, grand old Adam Laurie—where will you find a better type of a man? He will tell you that hard work never kills many men, but that toil knits their limbs and purifies their blood; that it is idleness and the vices that kill fifty men where hard work does not kill one. If the world was full of such men there would be no need of law or order leagues.

I crave the reader's pardon for any errors, mistakes or omissions, as this paper has been prepared without consulting any authority or individual. It is altogether based upon my own knowledge and observation.

PERPETUATE THE MEMORY OF THE DEEDS OF OUR FOREFATHERS.

When I wrote my recollections of the professional and business men of Hamilton of 1849, as published in *The Republican*, April 13, it was not then my intention to continue the subject any farther, but upon looking back I am reminded that I have left out so many good, solid, substantial men, who were so closely identified with the earlier history of Hamilton, that to pass them by without paying some tribute to their memories (brief though it may be), would be worse than no history at all.

The life of the pioneer and early settler was not a life of ease and leisure. Our young men of today know absolutely nothing about the hardships, toils, struggles and self-denials of their fathers, who felled the forests, stirred the virgin soil and built their humble dwellings with no other help or assistance than a trust in Providence and their own strong arms. Yet they surmounted every difficulty, and in due time laid the foundation for our present prosperous social condition.

Then let us honor their memories in our hearts. Their names should be leadened in the rock forever and they richly

deserve a monument higher than ever was erected to any military chieftain. They were heroes—yes, they were heroic men, and like Powell Buxton, I can say that the longer I live the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy, invincible determination, a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory. That will do anything in the world, and no talent, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a two legged creature a man without it. The philanthropist who shall convince the coming generation that life will be a failure if they live for themselves alone, will be truly a benefactor of his race, for when a man attains something, it is not fair to expect much admiration from others, for is it not he alone who is benefited? If it were a self denying effort to help some one else, then the case would be widely different, and it is of the latter I speak and hold them up as examples worthy of imitation, for they sowed the seed and their descendants are reaping the harvest.

How well the people of New England are preserving their early history and keeping green the memory of their pioneers. When I was in Boston, in 1881, I was surprised and pleased to observe how sacred everything pertaining to their earlier history is held. On Tremont street are to be seen little cemeteries walled in by costly houses at the sides and rear, while the front, facing the street, is closed by high iron fences. Within this enclosure are to be seen little mounds where rest the ashes of those who died as early as 1636, and these little mounds are daily strewn with fresh flowers. No tempting offer would ever induce them to disturb the ashes of those who were interred in this sacred spot. Then go to old South Church, that historic place, and you'll see two ladies who are always on duty, watching and guarding the relics of the revo-

lution. Their great men are not neglected. The monuments to the Winthrops, the Warrens, the Franklins, the Storys and the Websters are to be seen in their public squares, and their pictures in their galleries.

It would be well for us to learn a lesson from this New England city, and to perpetuate the memories of our own ancestors who have earned distinction in the legislative, judicial and executive departments of our state government, as well as in the councils of our national government.

It is a source of regret to me that from some unknown cause, two of our citizens took no part in our centennial celebration, and yet they were doubtless in possession of more historical documents connected with the first settlement of Hamilton than any other two men in it. I allude to Geo. T. Earheart and Dr. W. C. Miller. Whose fault it was I know not, for I have never asked either of them, as it might be a delicate question.

But to resume the sketches of the old citizens, I will commence with Judge Jesse Corwin, brother of Tom Corwin. Judge Corwin came to Hamilton in 1822, and in 1825 he was elected prosecuting attorney of Butler county, a position he held for nine successive years.

He was the most capable attorney that has ever filled the position. He was a very able lawyer and I have heard many members of the legal profession say that he was superior intellectually to his brother, but he was a man who was naturally of a retiring disposition, which led him in after years to retire to his farm with his estimable literary wife, where he enjoyed for many years the beauties of nature he loved so well. He, like hundreds of others, indorsed for others and was often the loser. It was not in his nature to refuse a favor when asked, and many men took advantage of this trait in his character.

Isaac Robertson came to Hamilton in the year 1849 and immediately entered upon a lucrative practice. As an attorney and a gentleman he is the equal of any member at the Butler county bar. His hospitality is a recognized trait in his character. His youthful step, cheery face and courteous manner never fail to attract attention. His love of home and family cannot be excelled, the peace and happiness of the loved ones at home are the uppermost thoughts in his mind, and few men are more domestic in their nature or find greater enjoyment in the family social circle, without which life is not worth the living.

Dr. William Davidson, who for so many years filled the pulpit of the United Presbyterian church, was the second pastor the church had from the time of its organization, Dr. McDill having been the first. I never saw Dr. McDill and am not prepared to speak intelligently about him. But of Dr. Davidson, no one who saw him would ever forget him. He was a tall, slender man, of dark complexion and lustrous black eyes. He was an intellectual man. I never listened to a more earnest speaker, and when he got fairly under way, and it did not take him long to do that, his face would light up and his whole countenance would change and wear an expression that was hardly earthly. His sermons were lengthy but who ever heard of any one tiring of listening to his eloquence. He could say more in an hour than any man I ever heard in my life.

He was in himself a whole library of biblical history; his discourses on the parables, published in book form, were regarded by learned theologians as the most lucid exegesis of the subject that was ever delivered or written. And what was most remarkable, he was totally unconscious of his ability and powers of oratory.

How well I remember him as he dragged himself along the street, for he was not a robust man, whether in rain or snow, to preach the funeral of some poor person or to visit the sick for he was never known to offer an excuse or break an engagement if he had strength to stand. His house was a free hotel and was scarcely ever empty. I verily believe he never had a thought of himself unless it was to know how he could best serve his Master, but I find I am unable to do justice to a man so grand and glorions.

Henry S. Earheart was born in the territory before Ohio was a state, and grew to manhood when men who are now 70 years old were children, and those were the times that tried men's souls. There were no idlers then, and drones were not tolerated; labor of body and mind was then honorable. Henry Earheart was an old time merchant and pork packer, and in later years a civil engineer. He was always a busy man endowed with a bright intellect, and, with a firm consciousness in the right, he never swerved from the path of duty. What ever he undertook he did well. He was an enthusiastic believer in the future of Hamilton, and he was the first man who suggested the building of the C., H. and D. railway, and if I am not mistaken, he surveyed the first route from Dayton to Cincinnati. After the completion of the road he was the first freight and ticket agent. The passenger depot was on the corner of Fourth and Ludlow streets, just east of and opposite the residence of ex-Governor Campbell. He continued the trusted agent for over thirty years. He was everybody's friend and the Creator never made a more honest man.

John W. Sohn was one of the fairest types of an adopted German citizen that ever honored Hamilton. He was in the strict sense of the word a self-made man—honest and upright in all his dealings with men. He was always ready to extend

a helping hand to those in need, and took an active part in every public improvement. The Bentel & Margedant Company stands as a monument to his generosity and liberality. He was lavish in his means in building up manufactories, believing that wealth should never be hoarded. He had a kind and tender heart and a sympathetic nature; his natural and acquired abilities were far above the ordinary. In fact, he was a brainy man and kept abreast of the times. He had opinions of his own and was always ready to back them up with arguments.

James McBride was a scholarly man and every inch a gentleman. He was a walking library of Hamilton history. To those who were unacquainted with him he appeared distant and unsocial, but this was only apparent and not real. He detested sham knowledge, and when he detected it in any one, which he never failed to do as he had an intuitive knowledge of man and would take their measure at a glance, he formed his opinion at once and was never known to change it. He was always as neat as if he had been kept in a band-box, in fact was more particular in dress than in everything else. His library was his pride and perhaps was more complete than any in the city. Many of his valuable books and documents, as intimated in a former paper, have been lost.

Joshua Delaplaine was a cabinet maker and furniture dealer, and the first undertaker in Butler county. It never made any difference to him what the circumstances were when death invaded a family; he asked no questions, but gave them decent burial, and if they paid him, it was all right, and if not—he never laid awake at night grieving over it. He was a good liver and a good dispenser of hospitality. In his business, he employed all the men and boys his factory would hold, and if trade was slack, he never turned them off. Indeed,

in his day there were no strikes and lockouts. If he had been a close collector he would have been a millionaire. He was a descendant of a long line of sturdy Marylanders, many of whom had served in the revolution, and they were all noted for their patriotism. The greater portion of the family, on account of their attachment to home, remained in Maryland.

Samuel Davidson, like T. V. Howell, was a success. It was business with him from start to finish. There was no mixing of politics in business with him. He never was known to leave anything half done, whether as manager of a firm or as proprietor in his own business house. He never went beyond his means and his credit was always gilt-edged, which enabled him to buy at the lowest prices, discounting every bill and receiving a handsome rebate. He always had a good sized balance in bank to his credit. He knew just when to buy, how and what to buy, and went on the principle that if he bought anything for 50 cents and sold it for \$1, he was not losing anything. Having faith in the future of Hamilton, he invested largely in real estate, and his purchases in this line, like all his other business transactions, showed his good judgment. Having provided well for the future, he retired some five years ago from mercantile pursuits and devoted much of his time to travel. He made several trips to Colorado and the mountains of the west, and also an extensive tour of Europe. Having long cherished a desire to see the historic places described in Biblical history, he sailed from New York on February 6, 1895, visiting Bermuda, Gibraltar, Malaga, Granada and the Alhambra, Algiers, Alexandria and Cairo in Egypt, the Pyramids, Beyrout, Jaffa, Jerusalem, Smyrna, Constantinople, Athens, Naples, Pompeii, Rome and Paris, arriving home on April 12th. What a fitting finale to a life of nearly fifty years of devotion to labor and business.

Samuel Shaffer has lived about four-score years, and the greater portion of that time has been in Hamilton. Where will you find a man better preserved? He is just as capable of conducting business as at any time in his life, for he is sound in body and clear in intellect and can laugh as heartily as a boy. He is always in a good humor. His happy and cheerful disposition shows that he is in love with himself and all mankind. Why should he not be, when he has lived such an industrious life? He is the oldest Freemason in Hamilton, as well as the oldest Odd Fellow. He could tell you a great deal about Hamilton if he was disposed to do so. He has set a good example before his children, and when he lays down his life they will rise up and call him blessed.

William Andrews, or as he is generally called, "Doc" Andrews, another pioneer whose age is over four score years, has lived to see Hamilton grow from a village to its present population. He has been a hard worker all his life and though advanced in years, his mind is still clear. No man ever questioned his integrity or patriotism. When our civil war broke out, though an old man then, he enlisted as a private soldier and was elected second lieutenant in the 35th O. V. I. in which position he served for some time. By reason of disability he tendered his resignation.

HAMILTON REplete WITH STRIKING CHARACTERS.

The subject of paying a just tribute to those who have left their "footprints on the sands of time," grows in importance the farther I advance, for there is no end of material that would prove of great interest. I find on looking back, a whole army of earth's noblest men whose influence can be seen today in the lives and characters of their descendants.

Of whom shall I first write or speak? For the subject is replete with them and I am bewildered in my choice.

John Hall Falconer, brother of the late Dr. Falconer, and proprietor of the Falconer House, in the building now occupied by Dr. W. C. Miller as a drug store, was a large, portly man of jovial and genial disposition. He had a poetical nature, was a fine reader, could quote Shakespeare for hours, and was eminently fitted for the stage in either tragedy or comedy. His hotel was a resort for both old and young. Emerson Bennet, the novelist, was a guest at this popular hostelry in 1849, and if I mistake not, wrote "The Legions of the Miami," while here. I can call to mind but two men, now living, who were frequent callers at this house, and at the risk of incurring

their displeasure by referring to anything that might reflect on their probable ages, I will give their initials, "J. S." and "J. C. J.," and to further assist the reader, I will say that these initials stand for John Sutherland and John C. Jones.

Russel Potter, still living, is just as polite as at any time in his life. I never knew him before he entered the banking firm of Shaffer & Curtis who had already won the good will and confidence of the business community. But there was just one part of the business that neither of the senior members had as yet learned to do, and that was a very important part, namely: just how to decline an undesirable loan and yet retain the good will of the applicant. They at once recognized in Mr. Potter the very qualities that fitted him for that special duty, and when any one of those special borrowers entered the bank, Mr. Shaffer and Mr. Curtis were sure to be busy at something else, and it was left to Mr. Potter to settle the question, which he never failed to do, in such a polite and graceful manner as would have challenged the admiration of Lord Chesterfield himself. This banking firm missed the opportunity of a lifetime when they overlooked the saying of Shakespeare that "There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune," for when they closed business, had they merged their capital into a National bank, there is no telling how great a fortune would have been the result.

What would Hamilton have been without James B. Thomas, a man of such sterling qualities, steady habits and unimpeachable integrity? He never was known to deviate from any principle he had fixed in his own mind. He was Hamilton's postmaster for a number of years, the office being located at the corner of High and Second streets, where the present postoffice is now situated. His large farm, three miles east of Hamilton, bought in an early day, is an evidence of his

forethought, as it afforded the very best security and a handsome yearly income. By the way this reminds me of an incident related to me by his friend, Curtis Condon, his trusted tenant for years. Mr. Condon said that when he paid his yearly rent, Mr. Thomas would insist upon his keeping back a portion to enable him to purchase stock, or invest it in any way he might be able to turn it to advantage. After Mr. Thomas' death, the two sons, James and Alfred Thomas, called on him for a settlement. Mr. Condon was frightened when told how much of the back rent was due, but Mr. Thomas had kept the account so correctly and had emphasized every item with some incident, which enabled him to recognize correctness at once, as plain as if it had occurred the day before.

I was the physician for the Butler county infirmary for several years when Mr. Thomas was one of the directors and secretary of the board, and I will venture the assertion that if the papers and transactions of the board were brought to light, they would be as complete models of business transactions of the institution as any bank can show.

Wilkison Beatty in many respects was the most remarkable man who ever lived in Hamilton. He had not one particle of education, but a great deal of natural sense. He was a man of means and owned one of the largest and best farms in Butler county, and was an extensive stock raiser and pork packer for years. He was physically the best made man I ever saw, weighed two hundred and twenty-five pounds without one ounce of surplus fat, and measured six feet two inches. He was fully conscious of his own strength, and yet not quarrelsome. But woe to the man who tramped on his toes. His courage and bravery were so well known that few ever antagonized him. He was a charitable man, and it is said was ever

ready to visit the sick and to carry comfort into the homes of those in need. During the prevalence of the cholera in 1849, he closed the eyes of many, if not every one, who died of that fatal disease. When the war broke out, although advanced in years, he enlisted as a private soldier in the 35th O. V. I., commanded by the late General VanDerveer. The command was ordered to Cynthiana, Kentucky, where it arrived during the night, and where it was hoped to surprise a rebel command that was understood to be at that place. The force, however, had left some hours before we reached there. As this was the first Union command that had gone into Kentucky, the citizens in large numbers visited the camp to see what a Yankee regiment looked like, and among them was the mayor of the town, who said to Beatty, "There were three hundred southern soldiers here yesterday and they could have whipped this whole regiment," to which Beatty replied, "You're a liar." The mayor asked Beatty if he was responsible for what he said, and intimated that he would send him a challenge. Beatty replied at once that he would accept, and while he knew nothing about the code of dueling, he believed that the challenged party had the right to choose the weapons. So he said that they would select butcher knives, adding that he followed gutting hogs for a living, when at home, and that he considered it slow work when he could not gut three a minute. That settled the mayor, and Beatty heard no more of him after that. It is said that at the close of one of the old time musters at Millville, Beatty got on top of the fence and cried out, "Oh yes, oh yes, take notice, there will be a fight at Ross-ville on next Saturday afternoon if God is willing."

David Conner commenced life as a cabinet maker. In later years he was a butcher and tallow chandler. He was a square, compact, solid built man, and just as square and solid

in character. He was honest and upright in all his business transactions. You could rely on his word, and everything he offered for sale was first class. He had for his customers the very best element in the city, and by his square dealing he always retained them. He naturally despised crookedness in any shape, and when it was attempted to be played on him, he was not slow to resent it.

He lived well and had a happy family, and not only left a good round sum for each of his children, but that which was infinitely more valuable, a good name.

Moses Conner was a carpenter and builder. He was a large portly man and had a striking countenance that was full of wit and humor. I don't believe he ever had the "blues" in his life, certainly not during my acquaintance with him, and from what the late Dr. Falconer told me about his boyhood, his happy disposition was born with him. Dr. Falconer told me that Moses Conner was his ideal of a boy, and that he was the recognized leader of his set in his day. He also said that Moses, when a boy, could outrun, outjump, outswim, outdive, stay under water longer and come up dryer than any boy in Hamilton, and that he knew where every watermelon patch was within five miles of the town, but he never would destroy the vines or permit anyone else to do so. The last time I saw him, which was only two or three years ago, his face was still beaming with good humor and showed no traces of age.

John A. Whitaker, was an old time saddler and harness maker in the forties, but in later years he was an upholsterer. John Whitaker and Samuel Millikin, who is now living in Missouri, are the only two remaining members of the old Butler guards, an organization that was once the pride of every citizen of Hamilton. The former also served as a faithful soldier in the war of the Rebellion. He has lived a life of

industry, earned his living by the sweat of his brow—a good citizen and an honest man.

The late John Longfellow was born poor and never went to school a day in his life. He worked hard from childhood and, when he grew to manhood, with one horse and a few rude farmer's implements, he commenced life as a tenant on the old Eaton road, on the farm that he afterwards purchased, and which is now known as the Longfellow homestead. He was one of the most successful farmers in Butler county. He dealt extensively in stock, principally in hogs, and in all the ups and downs of the market, he was never known to lose anything. In the latter part of his life, he lived off of his income which was amply sufficient for every want. He died at the age of eighty-eight, leaving a large sum to be divided among his children.

Charles R. Kennedy has lived in Hamilton over fifty years, and in all that time on Main street, and now is the only citizen on that street, who lived here in 1849. He was a tailor by trade and continued to work as such until he lost his sight fifty years ago, and since that time he has been engaged in the drug and grocery business, and was the Hamilton agent for nearly all the Cincinnati daily papers. He was always prompt in meeting his obligations and when the weight of years compelled him to retire from business, he had acquired enough means to make him comfortable the rest of his days.

Daniel Beaver was carpenter, builder and old-time tavern keeper at what is now Park and D streets. The Beaver tavern was a great stopping place for the teamsters who used to haul all the farm products from the West to the Cincinnati markets, and on their return, were loaded with dry goods and groceries for the merchants of the country towns. It was no

uncommon sight to see a hundred wagons in the Beaver House yard for the night, for they would travel until late in order to reach this popular place. As carpenter and builder, Daniel Beaver earned the reputation of doing honest work and never was known to slight a job. Honesty was so firmly fixed in his nature that trickery never entered his mind. During the California gold excitement, he, like many others, went in search of gold, and by industry and perseverance was rewarded; but on his return home he was lost, together with his treasures, on the ill-fated ship, "Central America." His brave wife, left alone, battled with life's trials until she had raised her young children to a life of honest industry and respectability.

Evan Davis! Who will ever forget that honest Welshman? He was an old time school teacher—was there ever a time when he was not a school teacher? A gentleman who is now seventy years old, said that he went to Crawford's school house when he was a boy, and that Evan Davis was his teacher. Although born in Wales, he was as thorough an American as though he had been a native born citizen. He was a social man. He would stop on the street and talk to children, and when he met any of his scholars, his countenance would beam with pleasure, and nothing pleased him so well as for one of his pupils to call at his home seeking his counsel and advice, which he never failed to give in a way that made them happy. He considered it a compliment when he was asked to solve a problem for some one whose mind was tangled up in the attempt. I wonder if there are many such teachers today.

THE WORLD IS GROWING BETTER.

Since I commenced writing my recollections of the business men of Hamilton, I have been asked the question, if all the earlier citizens were grand and noble men and free from faults. I answer "No," nor were the men I have been writing about free from the common frailties of mankind. But I find in them so much to admire and so little to condemn, that were I to find one evil action or impropriety contrary to a whole life of good deeds, it would not alter my mind as to their moral worth. I never was in sympathy with those who believe that the world is growing worse and all the people going to the bad. I do not believe that any considerable portion of mankind is morally and commercially dishonest. In looking back I feel quite sure that when the men I have been writing about left the world, they left it better than when they came into it, and I am convinced that when the present generation shall lay down their lives, the world will still be better.

The longer I live the more certain I am that we are steadily and surely advancing along the line to a higher and better citizenship. The evidence all around us will bear out this statement. Are not our great charities to count for anything;

our asylums for the insane, for the blind, the deaf and dumb, the epileptics, the feeble minded, the old men and the old women's homes, the children's homes and the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals? And to crown this mighty pyramid of charities we have the grandest system of common schools that the mind of men could devise, and what is better than all, these grand charities are borne by the people.

But let me resume my sketches. General Ferdinand Van Derveer was lawyer, sheriff, and officer in the Mexican war, colonel and general in the war of the rebellion, collector of internal revenue, postmaster at Hamilton, and lastly, judge of the common pleas court. It does not fall to the lot of many men during an ordinary life time to be called upon to fill so many responsible positions. General Van Derveer served as sheriff of Butler county prior to 1849, and we can judge how well he discharged the duties of that office by the many important positions he filled subsequently. As an attorney his success in the Douglass will case, when the best legal talent of the state was pitted against him, was manifest, and brought him promptly into notice, and from that time no one ever questioned his legal ability. As a soldier and officer in the Mexican war he won distinction for bravery in battle and was promoted for meritorious conduct. If any further evidence is needed of his patriotism, it was demonstrated in organizing the 35th O. V. I., to serve for three years.

As colonel and brigade commander he not only enjoyed the confidence and love of every enlisted man, but was the idol of the commissioned officers who served under him. He was a conspicuous figure during the last critical hours of the bloody battle of Chicamauga, and it was his command that struck the fatal blow and drove the enemy from the field. At the close of the war he returned to his home full of honors,

and was soon after called to assume new duties as collector of revenue for the third district. The position was filled with fidelity, as all prior positions had been filled. Later, he was appointed postmaster at Hamilton, a position he filled until elected common pleas judge. But there is an end to strength, and his naturally strong constitution succumbed from the burden of the various duties he had performed, and death claimed its victim.

Christian Rothenbush built the Butler House and was its proprietor for many years. It is a common saying that if you want to gain the good will of the patrons of a hotel, you must appeal to their stomachs, for few men can resist so righteous an appeal as that. No man understood this better than Chris. Rothenbush. The quality and variety of the good things that weighted down his dining table, was not only the talk of the town but of the country. The Butler House in those days was always full. It was a mystery to one how so many people could be crowded into a house no larger, but it was like an omnibus, "It would always hold one more." On big circus days, and when the old political fandangos were held, it looked like the whole population of Butler county had taken up their residence at the Butler House. When the farmers came to town they put up at the hotel and had their horses fed. I tell you the farmers were the lords of creation then. You never heard of men selling their farms and moving to town, but things from some cause have sadly changed. Corn, wheat and Poland China hogs are now no longer the gods that will bring them out of the land of bondage. What has wrought this great change, I will leave for others to tell, but will only suggest that competition and the laws of supply and demand are the great levelers, and the sooner this fact is understood, the better it will be for all.

Russell Burrows served as mayor of Rossville, justice of the peace, and was general collector and a drayman. He carried on a great variety of business on a small scale. He was a medium-sized man and spare, and had the most wonderful eyes which gave a peculiar expression to his features, but he had perfect vision and never wore glasses, even in his advanced years.

He was very close in all his dealings and always wanted the odd cent. When he was mayor, the village was not so large, and when the duties of his office were not urgent he took to his dray, for he was never idle. It was said as collector, that when he failed to collect a bill it was useless for any other person to try. As justice of the peace, he knew more about justice than he did law.

On one occasion two newly fledged lawyers appeared before him to try a case, and after the testimony was in, Burrows opened his docket and wrote a few lines and then leaned back in his chair, indicating by his movement that he was ready to hear what the attorneys had to say. The attorney for the plaintiff delivered a half-hour argument and was followed by the attorney for the defense in a like speech, and when he closed, the 'squire uttered not a word. The two sprigs of the law picked up their hats and in an embarrassed way said to the court that he would perhaps require two or three days to think about it before he would decide the case. Burrows replied that he did not know that he would ever think about it again, and when asked what he meant by the remark, he told them to look in his docket and they would see, and to their utter dismay they discovered that he had decided the case before their argument. On another occasion when a party was arrested for keeping a disorderly house and disturbing the peace of the neighborhood, he fined the party \$3 and told

them to go back to business and earn the money and come back and pay the fine.

Perry G. Smith, the old bachelor druggist, was on the north side of Main street between A and B streets. He had also a nursery on Prospect Hill. He knew little about pharmacy, and, if possible, less about a nursery, but kept that fact to himself. His bachelor quarters were in the old brick building still standing on the east side of North D street, where his nursery was located. He divided his time principally between his bachelor apartments and his nursery, leaving his drug-store to the care of the clerk. He usually spent his evenings in his store, where he was sure to meet a dozen or more congenial spirits and they were as jolly a set as ever Dr. Johnson, of London fame, entertained. Let me enumerate them as far as I can recollect; they were Dr. R. B. Millikin, Dr. Goodall, Captain Alexander Delorac, David Conner, John Rossman, Harry Bird, Joshua Delaplaine, Isaac Matthias, Samuel Snively, Bill Wilson, Jacob Troutman, John Strode, Wilson Layman, Loren Cooch, Moses Conner and last, but not least, Dr. John McElwee, Smith's drug clerk, who hurled his darts of wit and sarcasm in every direction, for his quiver was never empty. If this was not a regularly organized board of trade, it certainly performed all the functions of such. Every subject that in any way promised to be of interest to the town was discussed.

It was just at this time the Four Mile Valley railroad was inaugurated, and with flourish of trumpets the great Hungarian patriot, Louis Kossuth's topographical engineer, A. W. Beysee, was secured to make the survey and serve as chief engineer, with a corps of lesser lights under him, with headquarters principally at the Butler House where the survey was commenced. It was about this time that the Rossville

Hydraulic was built, and great realizations were looked forward to, for it was the unanimous conclusion that Rossville was to be the terminus of the road, and that under no circumstances was the east side to enjoy any of its benefits, and Dr. McElwee, chiming in with one of his witty remarks, said that Rossville, was the head and tail of the whole enterprise, and further, that Captain Delorac should be the freight and ticket agent. This remark brought the old captain to his feet, and, as old Sheriff Wilson used to say, he flew into a violent inflammatory state, and flourished his cane over the doctor's head, reminding him that he did not want to hear any of his insolence, for when General Scott was elected president of the United States he was to have a custom house agency. But to use a not very uncommon but appropriate slang phrase, the railroad "died-abornen," and it would have been well had the hydraulic shared the same fate, for it ruined every man who had anything to do with it, until it was swept away by the high waters of the Miami river. It is sad to relate that not one of the men I have mentioned who used to meet nightly at Perry G. Smith's drug store, remain.

None of the business men of Hamilton were more noted than Samuel Snively, who was for many years engaged in the tanning business, and a dealer in leather. He was a large, robust man, big every way, and had a head that was full of brains that would carry him through any emergency. He made but few of the mistakes common to so many business men. It is said that he never lost anything by bad debts, and that throughout all the depressing business times of 1840 he had credited out large amounts of goods, and many of his customers were forced to the wall, but every one paid his debt with interest in after years. He never permitted himself to get excited, and by his cool, collected manner always gained

his point. He had a mind of his own. but never forced his opinions upon others. He had inherited all the Pennsylvania sturdy traits of character, honesty, industry, perseverance and economy, and when such traits are practiced, with good health, they are sure to furnish a living and something more.

Jacob L. Garver was a mechanic. It was said he could make anything that could be made out of wood or iron, and, like all the Garvers, he was a natural mechanical genius. I never heard of any of them serving a regular apprenticeship to any trade. Jacob L. Garver was not an aggressive man; he preferred to move slowly and steadily along the line of duty but was always ready to investigate any subject that he was not familiar with, and when he was satisfied he took a decided stand. He always followed the scriptural injunction to "prove all things and hold fast that which is good."

Such men are the salt of the earth, and never fail to exert a wholesome influence on society.

Another man who lived on the west side, and is worthy of special notice, was William Stephenson, the edge tool manufacturer, who was one of the best mechanics that ever lived in Hamilton. He made axes, carpenter chisels and pump augers. The last article was in great demand and he was the only man in the whole country around, who could make them. He made axes and furnished them by the box to the hardware dealers, and he put his stamp on everything he made, which was a sufficient guarantee of its superiority. In later years he moved to his farm and was in good condition financially, but his success as a farmer was like that of many others who had no previous experience in that line, poor. William Stephenson was an honest, upright man and a good citizen.

HOME INFLUENCE ON THE CHARACTER OF MEN.

In looking back I find that many noble elements in the lives and characters of the men of whom I am writing, are due to the strength of their homes. Hotels or boarding houses were not permitted to displace or usurp the modest home. How much more sensible, as well as enjoyable, for one to have a home and center all his attention upon it. The influence of such a home radiates in every direction and reaches, not only through time, but beyond. It touches and enshrouds the individual as he opens his eyes upon the light of this life. It weaves with deft artistic fingers the web of his future, either in cloth of gold and raiment of needle work, or in snarls, which spoils the whole fabric. The general trend of life is taken before a child leaves home. "The element and germs of character are found in the domestic conservatory," says a shrewd observer. It is not for ourselves, but for our children that we should build our homes, whether villas, cottages or log huts. It is frequently the case that an impulsive, high spirited, light hearted boy dwindles by degrees into a sharp, shrewd, narrow minded youth; from thence into a hard and

horny manhood, and at last into a covetous, unloving and unloved old age. The single explanation is all sufficient; he never had a pleasant home. The fact is, too many boys are orphans in their fathers' house. They are awkward and shy, not knowing what to do with either hands or feet, devoutly wishing they had neither. They are not wanted in the drawing room or kitchen, and so take to the streets, and are soon running the curriculum of petty vices, and ere long sink into a lower degree of crime. Their social instincts are just waking into life. If they are not fed in the home, and in a rational way, they will seek food and stimulants elsewhere. If, however, they find sympathy, love and society in the house, their future becomes honorable and often illustrious, and manhood is secured. I will not dwell longer upon this subject, dear as it is to my heart, but will resume my sketches.

Who, of all the men who ever lived in Hamilton, had a more varied experience than Dr. John McElwee? He was naturally endowed with a bright intellect, and at twenty he looked like a man of fifty years, but he never got any older. After leaving Farmers College, he studied medicine and was graduated from the Ohio Medical college when he was barely twenty-one years old. He afterwards practiced medicine for two years, and not finding the duties of a physician congenial to his feelings, he came to Hamilton for the purpose of going into the drug business, and as a preliminary measure, he was tendered and accepted a position as drug clerk with Perry G. Smith, who was well pleased with him, and not wishing to run the risk of losing his services, he increased his salary to double the amount agreed upon. Under his management, for he literally had control of the whole establishment, the business rapidly increased. But it was not in the nature of the doctor to occupy a subordinate position for any length of time

and with C. R. Kennedy, he started a drug store on the southeast corner of what is now Main and C streets. In the meantime Perry G. Smith died, and McElwee and Barton S. James bought out the Kennedy and Smith stores and moved the drugs from Main and B streets to the Smith stand, where the business was conducted under the firm name of McElwee & James until McElwee was elected a member of the Ohio legislature. He then sold out his interests in the drug store to James and when his term as representative expired, not desiring any further legislative honors, he started a drug store on a large scale in Beckett's Block, where he soon had a flourishing trade.

He still, however, had a hankering for office and ran for clerk of the common pleas court. He was elected and sold out his drug store to Dr. W. W. Caldwell and Peter P. Latourette. After serving out his term he was re-elected and at the close of his second term he was shifting around for a time, when he decided to enter the journalistic field which gave him a wide range for his varied talents. He was now in a position to even up old scores, and when any one attempted to measure words with him they were sure to get worsted, for there was no end to his vocabulary of words to express his biting and withering torrents of sarcasm. He was in one continued series of wars, entering the lists with all sorts of disputants, old and young, experienced and inexperienced; breaking numerous lances upon the brazen shields and steel caps of all who dared to come in his way.

As editor of the Democratic organ of Butler county, large as is the latitude usually accorded to the editor, he panted for still more freedom and launched out on his own hook, where he would be at perfect liberty to fight his own battles. He established the "Guidon" and "Goroo." The peculiarity of the

latter name was commented on by the London Times, and when McElwee saw the quotation from that paper he said that he knew his paper would sooner or later anchor in the water of the Thames. His paper was weekly loaded down with his anathemas against the rich corporations. The C. H. & D. railroad was made the special target for his red hot shots. On one occasion, when going to Cincinnati, he refused to obey the rules of the road by purchasing a ticket before entering the cars, and when the conductor was taking up the tickets, the doctor handed him the money, stating at the time that he owed the road a grudge and he knew that if he gave him the money they would never get it. His animosity to individuals who were getting riches too rapidly, excited his ire as well. James Jackson and Joseph W. Davis were the real merchant princes at the time who called forth from his pen the most pungent paragraphs in every issue of his paper. But when the shrinkage in values swept away the wealth of these houses, McElwee's hatred abated at once and he was so in love with Jackson and Davis that he almost embraced them. It was the under man after all, he was reaching for. His bilious and nervous temperament was aggravated by dyspepsia which he said he was never free from, and, like Thomas Carlyle, the great historian, who was also a sufferer from dyspepsia, said that by reason of his suffering, the live-long day was a continual nightmare, and if anything could atone for his wrong doings it was his miserable feelings.

Christian Morgenthaler commenced business in 1838, and all through the fifties and sixties he was the most noted carriage and buggy manufacturer outside of Cincinnati, in all southern Ohio. Being prosperous by reason of his large trade, he grew rich and dispensed his hospitality on every occasion. He was a great big hearted German citizen, and a worthy ex-

ample for all young business men. He was a man who was sure to attract attention in any assembly of people. He was always neat in his dress and showed that it was possible for any man to keep himself in good trim, no matter what business he followed, and he fully demonstrated the old saying, that it is the man who makes the business and not the business that makes the man. He was always ready to assist men in business, and in his latter years he, no doubt, carried his sympathy too far for the safety of his own financial welfare. He was regarded as one of Hamilton's most honored citizens.

Where will you find the men who deserve more credit, and have done more for Hamilton, than this trio of manufacturers, Peter Black, John M. Long and Robert Allstatter?

When I first knew Mr. Allstatter, he was learning the file-cutting business with a man by the name of Marshall, whose shops stood on the alley back of the Straub House. After finishing his trade he followed the same business where the old Black & Clawson building stood, across from the city building. He also made sickles for mowers and reapers, and that led to the forming of a company under the firm name of Long, Black & Allstatter, and the invention and manufacturing of the "Iron Harvester," a reaping and mowing machine that had no superior for practical utility at that time. The firm grew in wealth, and better than all, in the confidence of the people. From some unknown cause to me, a dissolution of the firm followed, and Peter Black went out. Out of this dissolution grew the Black & Clawson establishment, which underwent a gradual evolution, and today it stands as a marvel among the most noted establishments for the manufacture of paper mill machinery in the United States, if not in the world, while the other two members of the original firm established the Long & Allstatter agricultural works, and removed to their present

large manufacturing establishment at the corner of High and Fourth streets. It would be hard to tell how many houses have been built from money earned in this renowned establishment.

Robert Allstatter, having by his industry, persistence and perseverance contributed much toward the building up of the large trade the house has enjoyed, until it has become second to no other establishment in the country, and having secured enough wealth, he withdrew from the firm leaving it in the hands of John M. Long and sons. With the old head of the firm and his sons, who have in a large degree inherited the brains and business qualities of their father, it is destined to not only maintain its present high standing, but attain greater achievements in the future.

There are, I am informed, other stockholders who are active members of this firm, who doubtless deserve much credit for their mechanical skill and business management. But as they are later additions, it is out of the regular order of these papers to make mention. They are doubtless known and appreciated by the public.

Two brothers at the head of a prominent High street establishment afford the best evidence that honesty and fidelity are the only sure passports to success. I allude to Henry Frechtling, sr., and W. C. Frechtling.

For a long period of years they were partners in business. Henry Frechtling, being a stone mason and contractor, gave to that business his whole attention, while W. C. Frechtling managed the business of the store, and how well each branch of their business was managed, the credit and wealth of the two brothers attest. I shall not speak of the business management of the two separate houses since they dissolved some

years ago, for the reason that I can only think of them as almost inseparably connected. But I will add that the two separate houses are both stronger than ever in the confidence of the people. They never deviated from a strictly business line, nor engaged in any hazardous enterprise in an effort to shorten the road to wealth.

SUCCESS A CREATURE OF DEVELOPMENT.

When we come to analyze the characters of the former citizens of Hamilton, as well as those of the present day, we are forced to the conclusion that success is a continual and gradual development. The mighty oak that sends its roots down into the earth and lifts its branches defiantly to the storms of winter, has not come to its strength by any sudden growth, but through the heat and cold, the rain and sunshine of a hundred years. The gourd that springs up in the night may wither beneath the scorching rays of the summer sun, but the giant oak will defy the wildest storm. Despise not then the slow process of development, nor the humble means that afford aid around you. If you have not the best appliances, use those which you have at hand and make them serve your noble purpose just as the sculpture made his first models from lumps of clay. James Ferguson measured the heavens and mapped the universe with a string of beads stretched between his eye and the firmament.

Our ancestors did the best they could, but were not content to remain in the same old path that had been followed by

their fathers. They recognized the fact that men are naturally prone to sink to what is below them, rather than rise to what is above them. The process of leveling down to our surroundings, is much easier than levelling up to our possibilities. Is it not well for the young man at the very beginning of his career, to set before him the example of those who have attained eminence among their fellows, and discover, if possible, the methods by which they succeed, and take them for his example rather than to saunter along upon the dead level of mediocrity with a plodding multitude.

In my account of the professional men of Hamilton, I unintentionally left out Dr. J. Hanberry Smith, who came to Hamilton at the suggestion of Dr. Philip Buckner, who had been in Hamilton about one year, and had become a popular physician with a large practice. Dr. Buckner's father who was a partner of Dr. Taliaferro, of Cincinnati, died. Dr. Buckner left Hamilton and went to take his father's place; this left an opening in Hamilton for Dr. Smith.

Dr. Hanberry Smith was a highly educated and polished gentleman. He was a graduate of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, of London, and soon after leaving college he was appointed physician in charge of the Royal Hospital of Stockholm, Sweden. The mother of Jennie Lind was his first out-door patient, of whom I shall have occasion to speak again. Dr. Smith was a genial, kind hearted gentleman. He had the most striking facial expression of any man I ever met, which was due to the size and shape of his nose, which was so very prominent that he was sometimes called "Noseberry" Smith, and everyone seemed to take a pride in that title. He came to America with the intention of starting a great laboratory for the manufacture of the most celebrated mineral waters found at the great resorts in Europe.

The medicinal mineral waters were his hobby. He talked about it at all times and places. But he found little encouragement for his enterprise in any of the larger cities in America, and not having sufficient capital to start alone, he was compelled to practice medicine, and occasionally he was engaged as a teacher in the medical schools, having been a professor in the Starling Medical College, at Columbus, Ohio. He went from Columbus to Cincinnati and from there came to Hamilton as before stated, where he almost immediately entered upon a lucrative practice.

It was about this time that Jennie Lind, the great Swedish songstress, was making the rounds of all the large cities in America, and when she came to Cincinnati, Dr. Hanberry Smith visited her. Of course she was glad to see him, and when she learned of his financial strait, remembering his kindness to her mother in their poverty, she gave him her check for \$3,500. This enabled him to start a chemical laboratory in the room now occupied by Ira Millikin, secretary of the Hamilton and Lindenwald Electric Transit Company, in the Campbell building, where he manufactured Kissingen, Ems and Vichy, and in fact all the other waters of Europe.

It was his custom to have his patients call as early as sunrise, and it was perfectly astonishing to see the run at his laboratory.

He found, however, that Hamilton was too small a place for the success of his enterprise, and finally went to Cincinnati, where he established the business in one of the rooms under the Burnett House. He had a flourishing trade there until he sold the business to two young Germans and went to New York City. I was not aware that he was still living until a representative of a New York house told me last week that he was still alive and doing active work in chemistry.

In all the range of my acquaintance I have never met a fairer type of an Irish adopted citizen than Robert Harper. He was born in the north of Ireland and liberally educated, and it was there that he obtained his physical education, which was an important factor in prolonging his life to more than four score years. He came to Hamilton when quite a young man, and served as a clerk in one of our large mercantile houses. He married some years afterward, and being possessed of large land interests, gave his attention to agriculture. He made frequent visits to his old home in Ireland, and it was his custom to send out letters in advance, offering to bring any poor, industrious families to America, bearing all the actual expenses himself, never demanding anything in return, except the money he paid out, no interest, and furnished them employment from the day they landed.

These facts I obtained, not from Mr. Harper, for he was not accustomed to speak of his charities, but from Mr. Matthew Hall, who was one of the men with a family that was brought to America. Mr. Hall also told me that some of those he had brought over had never rewarded his generosity.

If there is one man in Hamilton who deserves special mention, it is William Fitton. He was half-orphaned at the age of fourteen, when he found himself the only support of a widowed mother and a large family of younger brothers and sisters. This, alone, was enough to dwarf the energies of a mature man, to say nothing of a boy of fourteen. But William Fitton was not made that way. He, at an early age, looked at the stern realities of life as they confronted him, and with a firm purpose and a determined will, resolved to win or die.

You may search the annals of history, and no truer type of boyhood can be found. The influence of the home he had

been reared in was what gave strength to his character. Honesty and industry have been prominent traits in his every day life. He early recognized the fact that his destiny was in his own hands, and that he had better die at once, and pay a premium on forgetfulness, than to dream of living by proxy in a world where action is life.

Look at him today ; his happy face is even youthful in appearance, with a countenance that literally beams with good will towards all mankind. How happy he must feel when he looks back at his life's work, and how much credit is due to him for standing as the recognized head of his younger brothers and sisters, all of whom have grown to manhood and womanhood, and are today occupying the highest positions in business and social circles, reflecting in their lives and characters the solid traits of their eldest brother.

If Stephen Easton is not one of Hamilton's pioneers, where will you go to find one? Just how long he has lived in Hamilton and how old he is, I have never been able to learn, and to ask anyone the question would be a waste of time, as it is not likely anyone could be found now living who is old enough to tell me.

When I first came to Hamilton, if a controversy arose as to the date of any event that had transpired in former history of Hamilton, the question was referred to Stephen Easton to decide. I had not as yet met him, and wondered what kind of a Rip Van Winkle he was any way. But I had not long to wait, for I was called to see him professionally. Imagine my surprise, when, instead of seeing a man as I had thought might have been a contemporary of Pharaoh, I saw a man apparently not over fifty years old, and from the way he talked, I judged that when he was at himself, he was very much alive. He had suffered from a long attack of malarial

fever, and was until two days before I called, rapidly convalescing, when he suffered a relapse. Before the relapse had occurred he had a keen appetite, but to make things worse, his wife was also sick, and they were without a cook.

While they were discussing the question, the door bell rang, and in answering the call, he found a woman who wanted a position as a cook. He could hardly control his feelings, being so overjoyed, and of course she was engaged at once. He said he pulled himself together, and got the largest market basket and started for the market, where he bought the choicest beef-steaks, roasts, fish and lamb, and a whole line of vegetables. His basket was so full and heavy that he had to rest several times on his way home, and when he arrived there, he put the basket down in the kitchen, saying at the same time that he knew she was an expert, and to prepare a royal feast for them.

When dinner was announced, and he walked into the dining room with his good wife, the sight that greeted his eyes literally paralyzed him; the cook had boiled the whole of his marketing in one big pot. There it all was, in one large dish in the center of the table, and it was this that caused the relapse, as he told me in the presence of his wife, who corroborated every particular.

Stephen Easton was a painter, glazier and paper-hanger, and carried on the business on a large scale, until his eye-sight failed. In his best days he was one of the shrewdest men in Hamilton, and could always drive a good bargain. In wit, humor and repartee, he had no superior. He would have made a good comedian.

Uncle John Traber, as everybody used to call him, was a noted dry goods merchant on Main street in 1849. He was everybody's friend, and in return everybody was his friend.

I do not believe he ever had an enemy. His presence would command the respect of everyone who came in contact with him. In early days he built and operated a flouring and grist mill south of the city. The remains of the old dam could be seen as late as twenty years ago, but when the mill was abandoned I am unable to say. Uncle John Traber was remarkable for his regular habits of life and he never permitted anything to change his manner of living; he was straightforward in everything he did, he never worried about anything, believing if he did his duty, all things would work for his good.

His home life was peaceful and gentle—simply a home of domestic bliss. I never pass the old house he lived in that I am not reminded that in that house lived for many years, a man who was the noblest work of God. He honored the city he lived in, and in honoring the city he honored himself.

UNTIRING INDUSTRY BRINGS ITS OWN REWARD.

Untiring industry, honesty and economy were the leading traits in the lives of the earlier citizens of Hamilton, without which success is impossible in any profession, business or trade. Brains and muscle are inseparably connected, and with the proper exercise of both, all things are possible. When we consider the disadvantages under which those of an earlier period labored, the success they attained can only be accounted for by the hard discipline they underwent in the school of adversity. Their habits of life made them strong in body as well as intellect. They were thoughtful men and knew that only a few persons possessed a versatility of talents that fitted them for a number of pursuits, and made them adepts in each. They knew that one man might make a beautiful piece of cabinet work, write a successful essay and deliver a magnificent speech, but how many are capable of only one thing? When these pioneers discovered this one thing, they adopted it and lent all their energies to make it a success. There is no greater mistake for a laboring man to make, than to think his calling a humiliating one. Many a good mechanic has

been wrecked by this fatal error, and, in consequence, has become little less than a mendicant.

Admiration, and a desire to imitate, must not be mistaken for ability in that direction. What if some, whom you once knew, have risen without a single struggle, that is no criterion for you. Their personal resources of strength are hidden from you, and should you attempt to accomplish the same you would only meet with failure and disgrace. In their successes you have only seen the perfect work of the artist, and not the labors and processes of the studio and work-shop.

Philip Berry, father of Judge and James Berry, came to Hamilton in an early day. He was a first-class mechanic, and carried on a general black-smithing business, for many years, on the same spot where the Butler County Democrat building now stands. He was a large, well built man, a man of general information, and the most courageous man I ever knew. I was an eye witness, in one case, that will fully illustrate what kind of stuff he was made of. Just opposite his place of business an officer was trying to arrest a man, but owing to the man's enormous proportions, the officer was afraid to approach him. He was holding the officer at bay, cursing and swearing vengeance against the authorities of the law. Philip Berry could stand it no longer; he requested the Justice to authorize him to arrest the ruffian, and when authority was given, he walked up to the man, who came at him with fist clenched, and just as he struck out with all his power, Berry brought down his cane with such force as to, for the moment, paralyze the man's arm, and before he could recover from the shock, Berry had him in his clutches, and marched him into the Justice's office. Berry was as cool, throughout the whole scuffle, as if he had been in attendance at one of the official meetings of the M. E. church. He was always a busy

man, yet he found time to be at church, where he was always in his place, and his place was everywhere. In the Sunday-school, in the choir, in the prayer-meeting, at class-meetings, at church, twice on Sunday, and if there had been three Sundays each week, he would have been in attendance all the same. He had a large head, and he left no doubt in the minds of any as to whose head it was. He was firm in his convictions of the right, and when once fixed, no earthly power could change his course.

Frederick Horssnyder came to America when he was quite a young man, and if he brought any foreign airs or notions with him, it did not take him long to get rid of them. He recognized the fact that he had come here from choice, and had come to stay. He did not wait long for something to turn up, but went straightway and turned up the first thing that offered; even if it was only a half loaf, it was better than no loaf at all. He did not talk much, but did a "mighty sight" of thinking, waiting patiently for something better, which is sure to come to all those who prove themselves worthy.

He also recognized the fact that honest principles must govern all his actions, and they were so firmly fixed in his mind that he has never deviated from them. He advanced but one step at a time, but that step did not indicate the decrepitude of age. It was the sprightly step of a young manhood, full of energy and hope. He never looked backward, but stepped steadily forward. He shot high from the start and has never lowered his aim. He has lived well, but always on less than his income, and that is the reason his credit is first-class. Such men are always sure to win, and if there are any better or safer business men in this city or any other city, I have never heard of them.

Edward Hutchinson was a plough manufacturer and dealer in coal on High street. He knew the value of a dollar, for he earned every dollar he had. He knew that to make business a success, the eyes of the proprietor must scan every movement of his men. He preferred short credit to long time and small profits in credit cases with little risks, to the chances of better gains with more hazards. He was clear and explicit in his bargains, and left nothing to memory that could be readily committed to writing. He never put himself in a condition where his credit would be doubted, for a man whose credit is suspected is not one to be trusted. I will venture to say that he never went to bed at night in ignorance of what his balances were. He could see as far ahead as any man, and never failed to strike when the iron was hot. When he started in the coal business in Cincinnati, many were the predictions that the dealers in that city would be too smart for him. But the way he carried everything before him literally made the coal dealers' heads, in that city, dizzy. He saw the opportunity of his life and bought out several coal dealers, and was then in a condition to make his terms, which he did. He was a rich man when he died and a young man, too.

Titus Shuler must have come from Pennsylvania to Ohio in a very early day, for he built the first factory on the Hamilton hydraulic for Dr. Hittel in 1839. He was a carpenter and builder by trade and carried on the business for many years. He also made grain cradles for which he was celebrated. His cradles were sold all over the country, for as yet there was no reaping machines like we now have. Titus Shuler, like his brother, the late Asa Shuler, was one of the most reliable men in Hamilton, being upright in all dealings and always in a good humor. If he ever had any trouble he kept it to himself. He was a member of the original firm of Shuler &

Breitenbach; but from some cause, the business was not a success, and the two Breitenbachs and Titus Shuler went out of the firm, and Benninghofen, father of Christian and Peter Benninghofen, went in, when it became "Shuler & Benninghofen". Titus Shuler then bought and moved onto a farm near Arcanum, in Darke County, Ohio, where, by the practice of his sterling traits of character, honesty, industry and economy, for which he has always been noted, he has provided well for the future. I saw him recently and, notwithstanding he has passed the four score stone, he is still hale and hearty, and running over with good humor. It is a pity such men ever get old, but their example cannot perish.

Augustus and Alfred Breitenbach, two brothers, were engaged in the dry goods business on the south side of Main street. They carried into their business commercial honor and strict integrity. Their house enjoyed a large trade for many years, and they were especially popular with the farming community. They bought the most reliable goods in the market and had but one price. The youngest children could be sent to their store with the assurance that they would get the full worth of their money. In fact the very name of Breitenbach was suggestive of honesty. I never in all my life heard a reproachful word spoken against one of the name. That speaks volumes for the home and atmosphere in which they were raised. What better legacy could their descendants desire?

Judge Joseph Traber was for many years a prosperous dry goods merchant, in connection with his brother Oliver, on Main street. This reminds me that on Main street, between A and B, there were no less than four solid business firms at the same time, each establishment carried on by brothers, as partners, viz: Isaac and Jacob Matthias, John and James Ross-

man, Augustus and Alfred Breitenbach, and Joseph and Oliver Traber, and in each of those firms there was nothing but perfect harmony. No one ever heard of a word of disagreement in any of them. What a pleasant comment on the lives and characters of those eight men. It is sad to relate, that with the exception of Oliver Traber, all have joined that great majority. Joseph Traber was a man of good qualities; popular in his business and no man ever doubted his integrity. At a late date he was honored by the party to which he belonged, by the office of Probate Judge of Butler County for two terms. In his political opinions he was conservative, never carrying his politics into personal matters. Judge Traber was a special favorite with everybody, but it was in his home where his great social qualities made the domestic circle just what the Creator designed it should be.

Oliver Traber, brother of Joseph Traber, has always been noted for his quiet, unostentatious manner. He is in love with everybody, no matter what their condition in life. How careful he has always been, never offending anyone I ever knew. It is the physician who notices these qualities as they are brought out at the bedside of the sick, and when I say that Oliver Traber is literally a good Samaritan, I know what I say, and from personal observations, I say what I know. What higher tribute can be paid to any man?

HUMAN CHARACTER MUST BE BUILT ON FIRM FOUNDATION.

In writing my sketches of the earlier citizens, I have one purpose in view, viz. to furnish object lessons for the young men who are looking out for a better chance. All cannot be physicians, lawyers or merchants. Where can be found a wider field for young men of industrious habits than in the various mechanical trades? Take for example the architects, carpenters and builders. They will serve as an illustration for all other branches, and in no line of business can be found a more certain and sure way of obtaining a living with little risk. There must necessarily be something elevating and ennobling in the art of construction. There seems to be a striking analogy in the building of a house and the building up of human character, for like the house, it must not only be beautiful and strong, but must be built on firm foundation, so that when the winds blow and the floods of adversity descend against it, it will stand. The late Asa Shuler was a carpenter. So was his brother Titus Shuler. So was Daniel and Gideon Beaver, I. L. Peterson, L. W. Morris, Allen & Cobaugh, A. Devou,

Moses Conner, Peter Myers, M. F. Eisel, William Andrews, Richard Cole and J. Henninger. What an array of intelligent, industrious, honest, upright citizens. They were not ashamed to be called mechanics and laboring men. Honest toil never degrades any man in the estimation of those whose good opinion is worth having. Some of those whose names I have mentioned have joined that great and silent majority. But a younger element has come upon the stage, and, not content to move in the same beaten path, have entered the field of invention and studied out new styles of architecture, which reveal every order of a former age, until the buildings that adorn most every street are things of beauty and a joy forever.

George Caldwell was so much of a manly man that I must again depart from my rule to keep within the city limits, for were I to pass this proud man by, it would be unkind in me, and would leave an aching void in the minds of everyone who knew him. He descended from Revolutionary stock. His ancestors were soldiers of the Revolution. George Caldwell and his brother, the late Judge William Caldwell, of Cincinnati, besides two other brothers who were farmers, were all morally, socially and intellectually head and shoulders above the ordinary standard of men, and each in their life and character left no doubt in the minds of any as to what the home influence was, where they had their birth and education. George Caldwell was mentally and morally qualified to fill any position or office of honor or profit, either in the county, state or national government. But his love of nature was so firmly fixed in his soul that no tempting offer could have allured him from his favorite pursuit of agriculture. He was the most unselfish man I ever saw, and one little instance in his last days will illustrate this fact. When his children were consoling him by reminding him how kind and indulgent he had

been to them, and how well he had provided for them, he said "I have only held my own."

That speaks volumes, and I know of no man who could have so heartily responded to the prayer of Agur, who said, "Remove all vanities and lies far from me; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me."

Among the many illustrious native born citizens of Hamilton, whose life and character, as exhibited from boyhood to manhood, is worthy of imitation by the young men, John S. Earheart stands in the foremost ranks. His boyhood days were singularly free from objectionable features. Even before he had reached manhood he had rounded off the rough corners and was laying deep and solid the foundations for a busy and useful life. He had not only inherited the solid traits of character from his father, but the genius for construction which was so strikingly exhibited in after life. It was no doubt this talent that led him to turn his attention to the profession of civil engineering, and when his work in that department is duly considered, it looks almost like an inspiration. Comparatively speaking, only a few of the people now living in our beautiful city, know that the magnificent stone structure with its high walls and seventeen arches, extending from the west end of the junction railroad bridge, back westwardly to the foot of the hill, was designed and carried out in every detail from the foundation stone to the coping that surmounts its top, from plans that had their conception in the brain of John S. Earheart, assisted by that scholarly and bright young man, John Carlyle. This beautiful and wonderful monument ought to be the pride of every man, woman and child who now lives in Hamilton, or ever will live here, for judging from its present solid state of preservation, it will stand for a thousand years. It has, in the minds of many, grown monotonous, not

from any lack of beauty or adaptation; not because any engineering has out-ranked it, but simply because they see it every day in the year. The writer of this sketch has more than one hundred times noticed strangers, whose appearance stamped them as men of no ordinary type, standing before this marvelous work, so completely wrapped in contemplation that they were totally oblivious to the presence or passing by of the masses.

Men of genius and lovers of the beautiful have traveled hundreds of miles to view the Davidson Fountain in Cincinnati, and yet, to my mind, that great work of art is not to be compared to this beautiful and enduring structure, right in our midst. If anyone of our citizens, whose eyes have tired looking at this massive structure, had never seen it, and were traveling in some foreign country, and came across a similar work, they would have stood in awe before it.

Col. John W. Robeson, was a man of many noble qualities, and as an evidence of his fidelity and faithfulness in the administration of trusts, he has served more frequently as guardian, executor, and administrator of estates than any man in the city or county. He enjoyed the confidence of everybody with whom he ever had dealings. He had a remarkable memory. He was well posted in the current news of the day. He was a great reader and took deep interest in the welfare and growth of the city. He was firm and steadfast in his beliefs and opinions. It was not difficult to understand his position in religion or politics. He was not a negative man by any means, but on the contrary he was aggressive, and emphasized his remarks in a way that carried conviction to opponents. It would be hard to find a man of more varied experience in agricultural and business pursuits, as well as in the various trusts with which he was honored, all of which he

managed in such a way as to challenge the admiration of all those whose interests he represented.

Henry S. Weiler was a tanner and courier and worked at his trade many years. He was as honest and upright as any man who ever lived. He was always the same sedate, firm, resolute, reliable citizen. Just as you would see him at any time you would always find him. His regular habits in his trade, in social intercourse, in the church, in any position in which he served, was a noticeable feature of his life. Henry Weiler in his life and character, represented the true principles of an honored manhood. He lived, not for himself alone, but was a quiet worker in the field of general usefulness, where drones are not wanted, and only workers and producers find their legitimate places.

William A. Elliott was a merchant and business man on Main street before I came to Hamilton. I first met him when he was awarded a large contract for furnishing stone and railroad ties for the C., H. and D. railroad which was then being constructed. He owned about 100 acres of the A. W. Elliott farm, lying on Four Mile creek just above its mouth. He owned and operated a grist and saw mill on this farm, and also a stone quarry, and employed a large force of men and teams, and from the profits on the stone and railroad ties, he literally coined money. He was the most successful man in managing men and driving business I ever saw. He treated his hired help nicely and paid them well. He made enough money out of his railroad contract to buy the balance of the A. W. Elliott farm, amounting to over three hundred acres, and went to farming on a large scale. He raised large crops and got good prices for his grain and was soon able to add other acres to his large farm until he owned over six hundred acres of the best farm land in Butler county. I never knew a better

farm than W. A. Elliott's, or a man with a kinder heart. He was large in stature, and in his younger days was a very handsome man. He was an intellectual man, bright and humorous, and full of fun, and was a very kind man to everybody. He could not witness anyone suffering without shedding tears of sympathy, and was the most charitable man I ever met. His house was a home for all his friends and it was never too small to take in one more.

THE SAFEGUARDS OF SOCIETY BECOM- ING STRONGER.

Holland lies below the level of the sea. It would be submerged at every flood tide or every storm, but for her dikes which stretch along her coast, saying to the proud waves, "Thus far, and no farther." What these walls do to secure the perpetuity of Holland, the home does to secure the perpetuity of society. It has always been necessary to dike against the storms and tides of lawless and base passions. It reflects, I know, upon human nature, that such necessities exist. But as far back as any history goes we find fragments of these dikes, in various attempts to secure society against the irruption of mischievous and destructive passions. There has been a gradual progress in the means of protecting the well being of men.

The dikes of Holland, crude at first, have been steadily perfected until a breach in her magnificent sea wall is a rare occurrence. So have the dikes protecting society been improved until a gigantic wall of legal, educational institutions, public and corporate, stand between society and the ignorance and vice which continually rage and beat against it. More

especially is this true of moral culture. Morality and religion are the cement which holds the other materials together, and if accepted and practiced as the rule of conduct, they will bring into the home both peace and happiness, as well as strength and ability to resist every hostile influence.

Jacob Stillwaugh, Sr., is a moral, upright man. He believes in the highest type of morality that is possible for ordinary mortals to reach. He has always worked with both muscle and brain, and practiced honesty and economy from the start. If you were to ask him what other element has been conducive to his steady growth, he will tell you it was consecration to one thing, and devoting all his time, talents and energies to make it a success. He had no divided aim. It must be either a victory or defeat. When a young man he learned to make brick and he staid with it until he had mastered the trade in all its details, and then he decided to strike out for himself. It required a man of courage to make brick for a livelihood, for it is the hardest kind of work. His first contract was with James Torbet, who lived on the Eaton turnpike near William Caldwell. He agreed to make on the farm five hundred thousand brick, and to board himself and his hands, and when the contract was completed according to agreement, he was to receive a dollar and twenty cents per thousand. He had only seventy or eighty dollars to start with, and that was not in cash, but a note and a due bill for that amount. He traded his paper to a Hamilton merchant for groceries and such articles as could be used to carry him through until he had finished his contract. He, with his plucky wife, moved into a cabin on the place and went to work with a determined will.

The low price he was getting for his work, compelled him to dispense with much hired help and do the most himself.

He moulded five thousand brick every day. When the weather was favorable, that was a big days work for any man. And when he was done he did not stop to rest, but set up as many more brick in the kiln, which would have cost him three dollars extra. He completed his contract as agreed and had just two hundred dollars for his year's work. He now felt strong for he had not only gained his first victory, but he had a nest egg to start with, and knew that with health his future was assured. But it had to be rounded out by hard work. How well he reckoned on the future. His present standing is a fitting answer. His labors have been rewarded and not one dollar of his has come through tainted channels. He can look any man he meets square in the face. No better or truer man lives. He is a good example for the young men.

George W. St. Clair was for many years one of Hamilton's most popular livery men. He dealt largely in fine horses. It was not in the nature of George St. Clair to be anything but an honest, upright man in his business transactions. He believed a man could talk horse, and buy and sell the same, and be as honest as it was possible for a man to be in any other branch of business. He had as high opinion of commercial honor as any man. But it took one very striking instance to convince him that a man in that business could be an every day practical Christian and not break any of the Ten Commandments. It was in this way he was convinced. A Dr. Miles of Illinois, was a veterinary surgeon of great repute. He was a dealer in horses and stock, had been raised in Kentucky, and withal was a high-toned gentleman. His professional duties brought him to Hamilton, and while here he was the guest of St. Clair who had a lovely home, and knew how to dispense hospitality. He wanted to show Dr. Miles what a Buckeye could do in that line. Everything went on smoothly

until it was time to retire for the night. Imagine, if you can, George's surprise when Dr. Miles asked for the family Bible, telling George that he always held family prayer when at home, and if he had no objection he would have prayer then. George St. Clair said it took his breath for a moment, but he soon recovered himself and kindly bent his knees until the veterinary had finished his devotion. George said he did believe that Dr. Miles was an every day Christian, but he did not believe that they ran thirteen to the dozen in that profession.

George St. Clair served two terms as Sheriff of Butler County, and was just as popular as he was in private business. At the end of his terms he left the office with clean hands. Since then he has been in his favorite business in Lexington, Ky. I do not know whether he is now following the example of his friend Dr. Miles or not.

John Heiser, the High street grocer, is a good representative type of the best German element. He would die before he would lie, and he would starve before he would cheat. He never adulterated his goods to meet competition. His rule from the start was first, honesty; second, industry; third, patience; with simple habits, having definite objects in life. How well he has followed this rule! His almost forty years of business in one place is a sufficient answer. His regular habits of life was an object lesson for his children. There were no idlers in his family. His sons did something else besides eating, sleeping, dressing and finding fault. They left the family nest early, and commenced scratching for themselves. I wish the world was full of John Heisers, or men of equal merit and moral worth.

If William Bender, that hard working old carpenter, father of the Bender Brothers was not a man worthy of the

admiration of every man who believes that honesty and industry is the surest road to independence, where will you find one. He was handicapped from the start with a large family, who had to be educated and provided for before they were self supporting. But with his faith in providence, and practice of that ever present trait in the German character, industry and economy, he surmounted every difficulty, and lived to see that large family of sons, who had inherited love of an independent and self supporting manhood, established in his favorite pursuits, and on a scale larger than he ever dreamed of. If there are any lazy ones in that beehive of industry, I don't know it. I hardly think they would be tolerated.

The late Charles Beck affords a striking illustration of what honesty and industry, and a consecration to one thing will accomplish. He was a shoe-maker by trade, and used to carry on that business in Venice, in Butler county, where he gained a reputation for honest work. He was a close observer of men, and it did not take him long to find out that every man who wore fine clothes was not always the best pay. It was said that one of this class ordered a pair of boots; and when he called for the boots Mr. Beck, in his broken English told him that the boots were not quite done, but the bill was made out. I heard him tell how his religious feelings were worked up when he first settled at Venice. There was a school house near him and one night he heard the most unearthly howling and boisterous talk going on in it, when he said to one of his neighbors, "is that religious," thinking it was a church. When told it was a political meeting he was reconciled. Charles Beck was an honest man and a successful one, for few men who followed his trade ever accumulated as much wealth as he did. He lived on less than he made and this was the secret of his success.

Felix Straub was the proprietor of the Old Schmidtman House that stood where the New St. Charles now stands. That was in 1849. He afterwards kept the Butler House. But it was in the Straub House where he attracted the most attention. He knew all about the hotel business, and when he bought the Straub House, he brought the whole experience of his past life to make this the most attractive place in this city, and he succeeded, for of all men who ever operated a hotel, Felix Straub was the most fortunate in having a helpmate who could make anything attractive that she undertook. The Straub House externally was not such as to make a favorable impression. It was illy constructed, and too small for the business. But Mrs. Straub by her magic hand and large social qualities, and the ease and grace that marked her movements, literally won the good will of everybody, and the Straub House was known all over the country. When Felix Straub died, she carried on the business for several years, and when she retired, she left the house full of people, as it always had been under her management.

Mark and Reed Boatman were two hard working, industrious brothers, who were for many years the leading brick masons in Hamilton. Many of the brick structures now standing are the work of their hands. There were a large number of other brothers, who were the children of James Boatman, one of the early pioneers of this county. I used to hear the other citizens talk about James Boatman and his wife, who must have been a remarkable woman. It was said that she could handle a gun equal to any man, and that she could ride the wildest horse that was ever saddled. She was a midwife of large practice, and not infrequently swam the swollen streams, when they could not be forded. The sons of such pioneer stock could be nothing else but brave, hardy and

industrious men. It was material like this that brought Hamilton into notice. No two men in the trade's line contributed more to the early improvement of our city than Mark and Reed Boatman.

MARRIAGE A HELP-MEET TO SUCCESS.

If we look closely into the lives of the earlier citizens of Hamilton we will find that early marriages were the rule, while bachelorhood was the exception. They believed that young men and women were appointed to marry, and build themselves houses and rear families, plant gardens, and eat the fruit thereof. They are to join hands and climb the hill together; they will reach the summit much sooner than either, alone.

Little John Flaxham, England's greatest artist, married Ann Denham. They were poor but plucky and hopeful. Sir Joshua Reynolds, a bachelor, met Flaxham soon after his marriage and said to him, "So, Flaxham, I am told you are married; if so, you are ruined for an artist." Flaxham went home, sat down by his wife, took her hand in his, and said, "Ann, I am ruined for an artist." "How did it happen?" He repeated to her Sir Joshua's unkind remark, saying at the same time, "I want to be a great artist." "And a great artist you shall be, and visit Rome, too, if that is necessary to make you great," said his wife. "How" asked Flaxham, "Work and economize," replied the brave woman. And so it proved.

They not only went to Rome, but stood hand in hand on the gilded summit of fame where the crusty old bachelor, Sir Joshua, was compelled to look up to them and do them reverence.

So have thousands of young men and women risen together to wealth and consideration. Marriage is often the first step towards an honest and successful career. Therefore take ye wives.

In writing my sketches I am always sorry when I run across one of those old bachelors. I don't know what they are living for anyway; they take up as much room in the world as a man who supports a wife and family and are of less use.

The home and family is a divine institution. It runs back to Eden, and is brought to us from the ruins of Paradise like some rare and costly casket from a wrecked vessel.

A fine illustration of the divine estimate of the home is found in Jehovah's message sent through the prophet Jeremiah to the captive Jews at Babylon, and scattered throughout the Syrian Empire: "Build ye houses and dwell in them."

George W. McAdams was a striking example of an early marriage, and I shall have an easy task in giving a faithful sketch of this remarkable man. A friend of his who knew him well, thinking I would find George a good subject, handed me a clipping from one of our papers, giving an account of his life's work. At one of the old folks' meetings that was held at his house on his seventieth birthday, Mr. Alpheus Stewart gave a resume of Mr. McAdams' history. He spoke substantially as follows:

"Our host was born in Jefferson County, Ohio, and at the age of four years moved to Kentucky with his mother. In 1821 he worked on a farm under a hard taskmaster, and upon obtaining his release he returned to Ohio and learned his

trade as tailor. In 1831 he opened business on his own account in this city, and has continued in it up to the present time. His early education was very much neglected, but by diligently employing his leisure moments in judicious reading, his mind is now stored with useful knowledge.

At the age of twenty-two our host was married to his present wife and has lived with her forty-eight years. He worked on a farm, helped build the Miami canal, and manufactured brick at \$2 50 per month.

In 1834 Mr. McAdams united with the Methodist church. At the time of its great financial distress he counted not his time nor business dear, but canvassed the county to raise funds to rebuild the church from its ashes. When the great scourge, cholera, visited the city, and strong men grew pale with fright, he stood at his post, nursed the sick, gave consolation to the dying, and buried the dead. This shows the true moral courage of the man."

At the old folks' meeting Mr. Thomas Fitton, John W. Carr and Mr. Warwick all made appropriate remarks. Dr. Granville Moody, who was present, drew a picture of the pioneer in his own inimitable way. To all of which Mr. McAdams made a fitting reply.

George W. McAdams was remarkable for his native and acquired ability, and was one of the most interesting conversationalists I ever listened to. He was honest and upright. Throughout his long and extensive business, which was continued uninterruptedly for more than fifty years in our city, he learned from close observation in early life that success could only come from a consecration to one thing, and that it must not only be learned well but must receive the undivided attention to make it a success. He remarked to the writer of this sketch that ninety per cent of all those who had been

engaged in mercantile pursuits in Hamilton during his residence here, had failed, and that fully three fourths of those failures were due to outside speculations as a short road to wealth, by the very men, too, who had been a success in their regular line of business.

George W. Tapscott was a pork packer in Hamilton for many years, and was one of the most noted business men who ever lived in our city. His genteel appearance, fine, intelligent, close-shaven face, his erect form, which was always clothed in the most becoming and well-fitting garb, made him a striking figure wherever he went. He was always careful of his person, and that was a complete index to his business which was conducted on the strictest business principles, even in the most minute detail. There was no gush about him; he never feigned anything. If you had his friendship you could count it real. But it was only given when it was deserved. Some people considered him cold and distant, but that was only apparent and not real. George W. Tapscott was a successful business man. He never went into any hazardous enterprise, and this was the secret of his long, successful career.

John C. Skinner was, in the strictest sense of the word, a selfmade man. The need of an education for an independent and useful life was the first thought, and to get that he had to earn the means to pay for it, which he lost no time in doing. He learned to set type, and also the book binding business, and he worked diligently at both until he had made the money to go to Hanover College. Like his near neighbor, the late John W. Erwin, he had a striking individuality, and by a singular coincidence their lives ran parallel. They were near the same age. Both married early in life, and were noted for their strong elements of character. Having started in life by lay-

ing a deep and solid foundation for their future guidance, for over forty years they lived on opposite sides of the same street. Both were civil engineers, and after rounding out a long and useful life, they passed from the earth, there being but two days difference in their deaths.

John C. Skinner was an honest, upright man. He never asked himself if it paid to be honest. He was a Christian and his religion was of that kind that would do to bank on. He was strong in faith, resolute in purpose, dignified in bearing, charitable in disposition, and tender in his affections. In his home there was an atmosphere of purity, where body, mind and soul would luxuriate in domestic enjoyment, where angels in celestial armor paced about, keeping watch over it, and where his children could turn, as to a shrine.

John B. Cornell was raised on a farm, and in a home, that, for its comforts and surroundings, had scarcely an equal, and no superior in the State. His father had wisely provided an elegant library of the best books of solid reading matter, while the paternal and maternal heads of the family were object lessons which told, more than words, that learning, honor and virtue are absolutely necessary, to gain the esteem and admiration of mankind. How these lessons were heeded by the subject of this sketch, was seen in his early manhood, when he commenced as a school teacher, a profession that affords the best opportunity to study human nature, and in which he acquired an ability to read character, which he never lost.

But it was in the banking business where he exhibited those great traits of character—industry and economy—that he had inherited, and that had become a permanent fixture in his nature. It would be interesting to know just how small his salary was when he entered the private bank of John P. P.

Peck, but I have it from reliable authority that it was less than four hundred dollars a year. But by strict economy he lived on this sum because of the smallness of his wants. Mr. Cornell was a great big intelligent, brainy man, and such men are always in demand. His gradual rise and promotion in the banking business was simply the reward of merit. He knew all about the business, and he knew more about political economy than any other man in Hamilton. He was a social as well as a charitable man, giving of his means liberally to every worthy object. And when his position and large opportunity for acquiring great wealth is considered during all the years of his influence in the banking business, the small estate that he left, exhibited by the appraisement, is the grandest tribute to his honesty, generous impulses and fidelity that could be paid to any man. If such an example is not worthy of imitation where in the land will you find one?

SYSTEM A NECESSARY ELEMENT IN LIFE'S WORK.

The successful men in the earlier period of Hamilton, as well as at the present time, conducted their business in a systematic manner. By judicious training they had learned to skillfully use their own mental power, and that was the way they learned to control others. But that lesson was the result of personal discipline. In every business community there are reserved powers running to waste, because the possessors of them have never learned the simple "know how." If this knowledge be inculcated while the person is young, it will always abide with him. Do your best in thinking, and in doing, leave the old path of indifference, and put vigor and intelligent action into your work.

The late John Semler was a miller by trade and was for many years the head miller in some of the largest mills in Hamilton and the Miami Valley. He was an industrious man and very economical. He managed to save a portion of each year's salary, and by these means he was enabled to commence the milling business on his own account, not far from where the Semler Milling Company is now located. It was not long

until he had a flourishing trade, when a disastrous fire destroyed the building with all its fine machinery. He was sorely crippled by this misfortune, but not discouraged. He went to work with redoubled energy, and erected a building and thoroughly equipped it with fine machinery. He was soon again on the high road to prosperity, having not only survived his loss by fire, but being able to purchase a beautiful home, and with a large and happy family, he was now in condition to take life easier. But like hundreds of others, after a life of toil, he was not permitted to enjoy the fruits of his labor long until he passed to the great beyond. His large business then fell into the hands of his eldest son, Conrad Semler, and never did a father's mantle fall upon a more worthy and competent son, who, having been raised in and about the mill, and having a perfectly robust body and as level a head as ever rested on a man's shoulders, was thoroughly equipped at once for the management of his father's large business. He had married in his early age, and in this he showed his good sense, for his congenial nature and the domestic turn of his mind were well calculated to make home what it was always intended to be. But his home that promised so much at the beginning, was destined to be broken by the sorest kind of bereavement, and not for once only, but four times has his house been made desolate. This alone was enough to have crushed the life and energies of a man of a less courageous manhood, but the love and care of his little son and daughter, and his good mother's interests to look after, to say nothing of his younger brothers, who were yet quite young and uneducated, left no time for him to look and wonder at the scenes through which he had passed. When we remember that he found himself confronted with all these varied duties and burdens when he was not yet thirty years old, it looks

almost incredible. He went to work and not only provided ways and means to carry forward the business of this large concern, but he built large additions to the mill and thoroughly equipped it with the very latest modern machinery and in order to get rid of a formidable rival, he bought the business outright and closed it up, and by these means he secured a larger field for his trade and got rid of his competition. He has run his mill day and night throughout our great business depression and financial distress, so successfully, that he has been able to meet every single obligation. This of itself is an evidence of his great business qualities, and at a time when so many large industrious enterprises have been driven to the wall. A look into this industrial place will reveal the secret of his success. Every one of his younger brothers can be seen performing some important work, receiving their orders from the elder brother and never for one moment questioning his authority. There is no confusion among those brothers; everything is carried on in a systematic way and moves like clock work. I wish every young man in Hamilton could visit this busy mart and take object lessons from this young man.

Jacob Herrmann was the junior member of the firm of Kreis & Herrmann, merchant tailors and clothiers on High street. He was the most polished and educated of all the young German adopted citizens in Hamilton. He was every inch a gentleman, was born and bred a gentleman. When he walked, you could see the patrician in the turn of his heel. He was a man of refinement and his soul was brim full of music. I never looked at him that I did not feel that he was out of his place in business. He was, like John Heiser, the High street grocer, letting his goods mould on the shelf before he would misrepresent anything. His great learning and intellectual abilities, together with his strong character and

fidelity, pre-eminently fitted him as the financial head of a house where great interests depended on honesty and fidelity for its success. He was quick to grasp a new idea, which was illustrated on many occasions when he was Secretary of the first Building Association ever started in Hamilton. It was something new and no one had any previous experience in the workings of a Building Association, and the board had to exercise the greatest caution. Many rushed into it heedlessly, and in their blind zeal, actually believed that the shares would pay out in four or five years. Herrmann and a few other members of the board labored incessantly to disabuse the minds of those who were either too dull to comprehend the workings of the association, or too lazy to investigate it. When I look back at the success of that first association that gave many people homes who never could have obtained them in any other way, I unhesitatingly say that the credit was due to Herrmann and three or four other members of the board who worked hard for the interests of the shareholders. The tremendous boom of the associations that have been started since that time was the direct result of the successful management of the first association that was started in 1868. Jacob Herrmann died too soon, for it is just such foreign mixture that gives stability to our American character.

Captain William C. Margedant is a distinguished, capable and brilliant gentleman, whether considered in the light of his early training and superior education, or his relation and ready adaption to the changed conditions from the usages, customs, manners, and habits of the people in the land of his birth to that of his adoption; or in his genius for mechanical construction, in his faithfulness to the discharge of every obligation throughout his eventful life, or as an employe, foreman, or superintendent in the various manufacturing estab-

lishments where his services were duly appreciated; or in another most difficult, responsible position where his ability and learning were shown in great brilliancy, namely, as a patriotic officer when he served on the staff of some of our most noted commanding officers in the late war of the rebellion as a topographical and photographic engineer, where he won not only their praise and admiration, but special mention in their general order and official reports to the war departments at Washington for meritorious and distinguished service.

What other citizen, native or foreign born, can boast of such a record, and when we investigate his character and labors throughout all his long and busy life in his various versatile pursuits, we can regard him in no other light than a man of remarkable resources. His quick perception and intelligent execution of every trust committed to his care, is not due to any fortunate circumstances, or as some would call it, luck, but rather to his natural and acquired talents and indomitable will-power. In the successful management of his own large business, I did him an injustice in a former paper in giving credit in a direction where it did not belong, when he should have had the benefit of it himself. Captain W. C. Margedant is not only one of Hamilton's remarkable citizens but he is in sympathy with every public enterprise having for its object the interest of our city, while the cause of humanity is ever dear to his heart. What an example of honesty, industry and gentleness is here represented in this man, not only for his sons and daughters, but for every young man who is looking to the future, and the best way to spend his life. It is useless for me to say anything further, or to dwell upon his home life, for it is patent to all who know him. It is simply a home of purity and happiness.

Isaac Saunders had retired from active business many years before I came to Hamilton, having by industry and economy provided well for the future. His handsome income derived from judicious investments enabled him to live in a home where all its appointments were in harmony with his tastes. He was always careful of his personal appearance; he wore the very best clothes that were in keeping with his age; he showed his good breeding in everything, was polite in his manners and always genteel in his appearance. His carriage and graceful movements were marked features in the family social circle where he was always a recognized figure. In accepting or declining an invitation or favor, he never failed to accompany it with a most polite bow, always bending the body in a becoming manner. He had a most lovable disposition, his coolness of mind and serenity of countenance showed that if he ever had any temper he had long since gained the mastery over it. He was not only a large hearted reliable citizen, but also one of the most conscientious Christians I ever knew, and the pure life he lived was in harmony with his professions. Isaac Saunders was a good representative type of the old time gentleman.

Joseph Lashhorn, or as everybody called him, Uncle Joe Lashhorn, was a carpenter and lumber merchant for many years. Every man, woman and child in Hamilton knew him. He was a large, stalwart man, and he was also a stalwart Christian. His idea of Christianity was that it must be in a man, and that it must be carried right into his business but never made merchandise of. He had no use for a complaining Christian, nor for one who was down in the valley; he believed his place was on the mountain top, and that he should walk on the king's highway. Whenever Joseph Lashhorn came into the church, everybody raised his head. You could see the

glow of fire and zeal in his eyes. He was not a luke-warm Christian; he believed in an aggressive warfare against sin, and advocated a general movement all along the line, presenting to the powers of darkness an unbroken phalanx, accepting nothing but an unconditional surrender. He said sin was a terrapin, kick it and it would draw its head in, but put a coal of fire on its back and it would travel. What a commanding officer he would have made in battle! He would have been in the thickest of the fight until he had the enemy on the run. There ought to have been a Memorial window in the new Methodist church, with a life size figure of Joseph Lashhorn in it, but there would not have been room for much else. He will not soon be forgotten. The memory of such men never dies. I apprehend that there are few of his contemporaries now living, but when they were in the fullness of manhood, they were a power for good.

METHOD AND PUNCTUALITY CONDUCIVE TO SUCCESS.

Method in the application of effort was a cardinal principle in the estimation of the earlier citizens of Hamilton. They knew it was requisite in every pursuit, and that there is a time to do everything that needs to be done. The author of "Night Thoughts" uttered a truth when he said, "We take no notice of time but from its loss." How often the most precious opportunities are allowed to slip away, and the hours fly by unemployed, or misemployed. If habits of listless idleness are once formed, they rivet their fetters about the mind and it requires the most gigantic efforts to throw them off. Lost wealth may be recovered by patient industry, and forgotten knowledge will return by application, but lost time has fled forever. An unpunctual man never achieves any marked success in anything. The humorous Lord Chesterfield remarked of the Duke of Newcastle, "His grace loses an hour in the morning and is looking for it all day." That is the fate of an habitually unmethodical man. The military chieftains who have stood before the world in conspicuous strength, have been examples worthy of imitation in this respect at

least. Grant never lost his patience unless the officer was tardy. The great Washington said to his secretary, who excused himself for being tardy by saying his watch was too slow, "then you must get another watch or I must get another secretary."

Jerome Kimble was a plasterer by trade, and was also a Christian. All the Kimbles were plasterers, and if they are not all Christians they ought to be. Jerome Kimble was the most industrious man I ever knew. When I come to think of it, the world has no more use for a lazy man than it has for a dead man, and he takes up more room. Jerome Kimble was a methodical man and he was always on time. He was a man who could be depended on for everything he undertook. He fully illustrated the proverb, "that it is the man who makes the business and not the business that makes the man." He was a large, portly, handsome man, lived well and never appeared in company or at church in anything but a handsome suit. He was like Dr. Talmage, in believing that a man was not a Christian if he did not shave and have his hair cut. He was so in love with the practice of method in every thing he did, that by sheer force of habit he became a Methodist, and for years was an official member of the church as well as a consistent Christian.

Joseph W. Davis was for many years one of Hamilton's leading merchants. He had a fine presence and was pleasing in his manners and full of energy. He was a very intelligent man, and was honest and upright in his business which was conducted on strictly business principles. Mr. Davis was successful and had reached a point that promised a competency for the future, but when the shrinkage in values that followed inflated war prices, carried away a third of his wealth, he made the great mistake of his life by selling out his busi-

ness and disposing of his valuable real estate and going to Kansas, where his investments proved disastrous. Had he remained in Hamilton and adjusted himself to the changed conditions in business, he would have soon recovered all his losses and achieved greater success. His failure was another illustration of what the late George W. McAdams said, that from his knowledge, the large number of failures were due to speculation in outside adventures in which the parties had no previous experience. Joseph W. Davis never lost his dignity after losing his wealth. He was the same manly man and upright Christian gentleman that he always was in his more prosperous days. It is the reverses in business, and financial failures, that bring out the true character of the man. It was this test applied to Job, that marvelous man in Bible history, whose integrity has never ceased to be the theme and admiration of every true Christian who has lived since. Joseph W. Davis was a power in business and one of the most earnest Christian workers in the church, as well as a gentleman whose integrity was never questioned.

Stephen E. Giffen was a carpenter, builder, contractor and dealer in lumber for many years. He was a big man physically, mentally, morally and religiously. He descended from the Scotch-Irish ancestry, and inherited the solid traits of character of that hardy liberty-loving race. He hated human slavery and despotism in every form, and at an early period in his life he cut loose from the party he had acted with, and allied himself with the anti-slavery movement, and that, too, at a time when it cost a man something to proclaim and maintain his principles in opposition to the dominant parties of the day. But he was a man who had convictions of right, and that was his armor of defense as well as his weapon of offense, and right nobly did he use them on every occasion when his rights

as an independent man were assailed. Stephen Giffen lived to see what was regarded as his most radical views, become the popular sentiment throughout the whole North, and the culmination of his most cherished idea, in the wiping out of human bondage from our land and nation. He was a bold defender of the right as he understood it, under all circumstances. He was one of Hamilton's most prominent figures in every business, moral or religious enterprise.

Dr. Griffis is a self-made man and a striking example of a man born and reared on the farm, who like hundreds of our eminent men in the professions, obtained a good physical education to start with, for it is a well known fact that a vigorous mind never dwells in a feeble body. He not only obtained a good physical education on the farm but was reared in a family where he obtained a moral and religious training that has been so strikingly exemplified in his life. He is not only noted for his great industrious habits but he is a most courteous gentleman as well. The man with a courteous address will always discount the uncourteous man in the race of life. Civility is a powerful factor in competition. Dr. Griffis, is, with one exception, the oldest dentist in Hamilton, and his handsome income, earned by his close application to the practice of his profession, enables him to not only live well, but to lend a helping hand to every humane enterprise. In his profession and the social circle, he stands in the front ranks, and in the church he is one of the most reliable supporters. He is an all around good citizen and a gentleman of unquestionable reputation.

If I were not limited in my researches to the men of note in our city, what a field does the country afford for my sketches, where so many are to be found, who are moral, upright men of integrity. Just look at the Hughes's, Clawsons

and Murphys; the Swards, the Morris's and the Kennedys; the Millikins, the VanClevs, the Gorsuchs; the Griffis's, the Crawfords, the Condens, the Tuleys and a hundred others who deserve special mention, not one of whom would be willing to hazard his reputation by accepting a seat in congress. What a galaxy of grand men they are and what would Hamilton have been without those industrious producers and buyers.

Daniel Rumble, but better known as 'Squire Rumble, was a self-educated man, never having gone to school but three months in his life. No man who ever lived in Hamilton was more generally known. He commenced life as a blacksmith and by industry and economy was soon able to buy a farm, and at a later period he became one of the most prosperous farmers in the county. When I first met him in 1849 he was a man of large means. It was in the early fifties that he left the farm and came to Hamilton, where he started an iron and hardware store which was afterwards known as "Rumble & Smyers store," and being a man of enterprise he bought a large lot at the corner of Main and B streets that had been an eyesore to every citizen in Rossville for twenty years, by reason of a half dozen of the most unsightly one story old rookeries standing on it, that ever disgraced so eligible a place. He soon replaced them by what is now known as the Rumble Building or Rumble's Hall. He also built and occupied that large and beautiful dwelling house on Ross street, now the residence of William Anderson. 'Squire Rumble was one of Hamilton's best citizens, as well as one of the most kind hearted men who ever lived. His untimely taking off was the result of that dreaded and loathsome disease, small pox.

Dr. S. L. Beeler, is not old in appearance nor in years, yet such has been the flight of time, together with the changes caused by death and removal, and from other causes, that he

is today the oldest druggist in Hamilton, if changes in the firm name are left out. He was half orphaned when but a child, but such was the wisdom of the maternal head of the house, that his child-hood and boy-hood were so well watched over, guarded and provided for as to meet the different stages of development without in the least influencing the best of his natural inclinations. His early education was more liberal than most boys received in his school days. Having been reared on a farm he learned habits of industry and just as he had emerged from his 'teens, he donned the garb of the volunteer soldier and marched to the front. In a few weeks he had a taste of the realities of war in the battle of Phillipi in West Virginia, but that was only a skirmish compared to what was in store for him, when his regiment was in the thickest of that terrible battle of Fishers Hill, where five of the color-bearers of his regiment fell before the furious assault of Stonewall Jackson's forces, and Dr. Beeler himself received a ball which passed clear through his knee, and, unable to walk, he was left upon the ground and the battle raged over his wounded body until the close of the fight. He remained in this position twenty-four hours before his wounds were dressed. This put an end to his service in the field, but it was not in his make-up to remain idle, and as soon as he was able to be out he was hustling around for something to do. Very soon after he was elected assistant sergeant-at-arms in the lower house of the Ohio Legislature, and when his services ended in this position he commenced the study of medicine. After taking the usual course, he took his degree from the Ohio Medical College, but never practiced medicine, having immediately after leaving college commenced the drug business in which he has continued to the present time. He is a great reader of books of that class which treat of scientific subjects. He can tell you

all about the theory of Herbert Spencer, Darwinism, the Laws of Natural Selection, the Origin and Descent of Man and the Molecular theory, and Protoplasm. And when you talk to him about microbes and vegetables and animal parasites, he is perfectly at home. He ought to have been at the head of the government bureau of agriculture where he would have had a wider field for the display of his talents in this direction, and where he would have devised ways and means to utterly banish the grain and fruit destroying insects from the land, as effectively as St. Patrick did the snakes from Ireland. He has opinions of his own on every subject, some of which are regarded by some persons as somewhat radical. But, Time, that infallible exponent of every untried question, whether it be free trade, land tax or the free coinage of silver, must first pass its verdict before its true merits can be determined or appreciated.

Dr. W. C. Miller affords a good example of what close application to business may accomplish, when the essentials of industry and economy are practiced with it. He was the son of an honest and industrious mechanic, who was unable to give him any substantial aid to start with in life. He obtained what education the schools of this city afforded, He then applied to Peter Jacobs for a position in his drug store, was accepted and remained in his employ for eight years. That alone was enough to establish his reputation as a persistent worker, for no one could have remained in that house under the eyes of such a hustler as Peter Jacobs unless he was faithful to every trust, for Jacobs was not only an active, energetic man himself, but a close observer of everything that was going on about his drug house.

This eight years was a schooling and discipline that served him well in after life. After leaving Jacobs he was with

Frank Martindell for two years, and after this he engaged in the drug business in Dayton, Ohio, and it was while he was in that city he studied medicine and took a course in Miami Medical College, taking his degree from that institution. By the way, it is a singular fact that three of the prominent druggists of Hamilton graduated in medicine but never practiced. The knowledge gained through the study of medicine more thoroughly qualified them for the management of a drug business. When the late Barton S. James died, Dr. Miller sold out his interest in the drug business in Dayton, and purchased the James Drug Store, having at the time only money enough to make one small payment on the stock, giving his own obligation for the future payments, which he not only met promptly but in due time was able to purchase the house in which the store was located and also purchased and paid for the residence where he now lives. Then, looking to the future comfort of his wife and children, he purchased a delightful little farm as a summer retreat. When all this was accomplished he felt that his future was assured and that he could now give more of his time to providing ways to make the home surroundings more attractive. But really there was little else required in that direction for he is the most devoted husband and father I ever saw. His house is full of everything that will give amusement for his children as well as to give instructive lessons. Suddenly the light went out of his home in the death of his devoted Christian wife, leaving behind her three little ones, the youngest being but five months old. He was broken in spirit by this dire calamity, but the sight of his motherless children appealed to his sense of duty, and right nobly has he responded to that appeal by proving himself both father and mother to those three children in each of whose faces he sees reflected the image of their sainted mother.

John McNevin was for many years a general and local auctioneer. He held forth at the east end of the old covered bridge adjoining the old toll-house. He was very popular in his business; his rich Irish brogue and genuine wit and humor never failing to draw a big crowd, but from some cause he never made any money, as he had a large family to support and rent to pay, and with other expenses there was no profit left.

In later years he obtained a home and professed a great friendship for me. I never met him that he did not tell me that I had given him a home, or as he put it—I had put a roof over his head. It was in this way: Captain A. J. Lewis was in the hardware business with David Young. Lewis traded Young two hundred and forty acres of land in Perry county, Ind., for Young's half of the hardware store. Young went down to see his valuable acres and was so disappointed in his bargain that he returned and commenced suit against Lewis for damages, on the ground that he had several hundred more acres of land than his deed called for, owing to the height of the hills. He said the whole two hundred and forty acres stood on end and further that a man's property down there was estimated by the number of acres he owned. But as Lewis never had seen the land, and was in ignorance of its value, Young dropped the suit and offered the land to John McNevin for \$800 worth of dry goods. McNevin took the land on my advice, and gave eighty acres of it for the vacant lot opposite the U. P. church and for the remainder of the two hundred and forty acres a man built him a two story brick house on the lot, and this was the way I put a roof over his head. John McNevin was a queer character, but withal he was a good-natured old Irish gentleman and was everybody's friend.

James McGuire was in every sense of the word a self-made man. He started out right and never looked backwards, to the right or left, but pressed right on conscious in his strength to not only gain a livelihood but to lay up a sufficiency for a rainy day. How well he succeeded no one who knew him needed to be told. I distinctly remember meeting him after he retired from business, when I asked him what he was doing.

He looked at me square in the face and with a proud and satisfied look he said, "I am living off my hard-earned dollars." I have thought of that sage remark a hundred times and it is worthy to be held in remembrance by any young man who has any thought of the future. James McGuire was not only a man of untiring industry and of commendable economy that had no odor of the miser about it, but he was a striking example of what a man may accomplish when armed with health and strength and a will that brooks no obstacles. If he had found a door in his way he would have forced an entrance for he was a resolute and determined man. Everybody who knew him will always honor his memory.

If there ever was a finer or nobler specimen of the polished business gentleman than Ezra Potter, I should like to see him. He was not wanting in talents, good breeding, and engaging manners, all of which he possessed in an eminent degree, and which never fail to prejudice people in a man's favor at first sight. He was always careful of his personal appearance and was respectful of others without any show, or expectation of favors in return. He was easy without any show of affectation, and insinuating without any seeming art or design. He was such a thoroughly equipped gentleman that any judge of human nature would have hailed him as a valuable acquisition to the most select society. It was my good fortune to see a

good deal of this upright man's inner life, where the tests of character never fail to bring out the real worth of the man. Ezra Potter was a grand upright Christian gentleman in whom there was no guile.

SUCCESS REVEALS, BUT DOES NOT CREATE GREATNESS.

As a rule, the men of a former period, as well as those of the present day, were not, in their youth, remarkable for their precocity. The process of mental development was gradual, just as it is in physical growth, and a delay of success is not unfortunate. The life will be no less valuable when it comes to maturity. What if the youthful powers lie dormant at first, when at last it unfolds and grapples with the intricate problems of state, as in the case of Daniel Webster and Disraeli, or bends its mighty genius to the accomplishment of some God-given idea or purpose, as did the devout Bernard Palissy to discover the application of artistic effect, or Newton to demonstrate the hidden law of Nature, then, though it takes scores of years, when it does come, it confers a character effect,—the life of the discoverer in every direction. One gigantic effort does not make a hero. Was Victor Hugo less a writer of genius before a line of his *Les Misérables* had been published than after he had received the plaudits of the entire literary world? Was the Iron Duke less a commander before the battle of Waterloo than after the proud eagles of the

French Empire had trailed in the dust; or our great Washington when he stood under the elm tree at Cambridge and took the oath as commander of the scattered fragments of the continental army, than when he took the sword from Lord Cornwallis at the surrender of Yorktown; or the silent Grant when he was drilling the Illinois recruits in 1861, at Springfield, than when he brought Lee to bay and compelled his surrender at Appomattox? These successes only revealed greatness; they did not create it. The mighty brain of the novelist had been trained to think, and he was a rhetorician before he took the pen to write his great work. Wellington had the genius and the discipline of a warrior before he crossed swords with the Little Corporal. Grant had the requisites and education for a successful commander before he was made general and commander-in-chief of the Union army. The slow developing process of daily toil and daily discipline contribute greatness as much, ah, more than the mighty achievements which they render possible and for which the world honors them. There is no opportunity for the study of tactics and preparation of equipments after the bugle has sounded the advance. That is the battle-cry for action on a hotly contested field.

The day to rely on the prestige of birth and position is passed. If you would wear the laurel crown you must fight your battles yourself and alone.

The late Asa Shuler and John W. Benninghofen, in their lives, afford a striking example of this idea. Neither of these two men, so far as is now known, were, in their youth, remarkable for precocity, yet in their manhood days, and in every phase of their life's work, they showed great business qualifications. No two men in Hamilton ever commanded more attention in commercial circles. The firm of "Shuler &

Benninghofen" as manufacturers of woolen goods and everything in their line, had a wide reputation, and their products were a sure guarantee of honest goods. Asa Shuler was of Pennsylvania birth, and honored the place of his nativity as well as the place and city where he attained his greatest achievements. John W. Benninghofen came from Germany, and in his business life, covering a period of forty years, in our city, he was noted for his fine business qualities and for his strict integrity. It is pleasant to know that when these two men had finished their work, they left worthy successors in the persons of their sons, who had largely inherited their fathers' traits of character, and also to know that no change will be made in the firm's name, for that is of more value than the capital invested in the business. What a commendable pride will their children have when they read in the commercial bulletin of the day flattering notices of the old reliable house of Shuler & Benninghofen.

John W. Carr was a remarkable man. When I first knew him in 1849 he was a tiller of the soil and a hard worker, and as such he left no stone unturned. He never set his fences in to get rid of the overgrown bushes in the fence row, nor would he permit any weeds to grow on his place. He knew all about farming and how to maintain the strength of the soil by rotation in crops, and made hay while the sun was shining. When he left the farm and came to Hamilton he was not a gentleman of elegant leisure but was one of the busiest men in our city, and was one of the directors of the Second National Bank when it was first organized. He was for some time engaged in the milling business, but it was as a member of the Cincinnati Board of Trade where he attracted the most attention and where for thirty years he was one of the most notable men among that great body of merchants, manufacturers and busi-

ness men who met daily, watching the wheels of commerce and the ups and downs of the market. Uncle Johnny Carr, as his friends loved to call him, was rarely missing from his post, and when the weight of years no longer permitted him to be present in his place in that busy mart, he was not forgotten, for on each anniversary of his birth a large number of his associates who were the representatives of that body of business men, made pilgrimages to his home, where the peaceful battles of the business of the board of trade were fought over in conversation and reminiscences.

At the close of each of these social gatherings the warm grip of the hand was given by each parting friend with kind wishes for many future reunions. The last visit was when he was gently laid to rest in beautiful Greenwood and a goodly number of his associates of the board of trade were present to pay the last tribute of respect to their departed friend. Honors from such a body show the true worth and merit of the man.

Judge Zachariah Selby, or as everybody called him Zach Selby, came to Hamilton in the fifties and it was not long until he made his presence felt. In 1856 he ran for prosecuting attorney of Butler County. His opponents, on account of his lack of knowledge in the machinery of politics, anticipated an easy victory, but they reckoned without their host for he proved to be the best mixer that had ever entered the arena, and when the test of strength came, he carried everything before him. He held the office of prosecuting attorney for two terms from 1856 to 1860, and in 1861 he went before the people for the office of probate judge and was again victorious and at the end of the term was re-elected, thus serving two terms from 1861 to 1867. He was a very popular man in office, discharging the duties of the office to the satisfaction of every

member of the bar, as well as all others who had business with him in his official capacity. It was the good fortune of the writer of this sketch, in a professional way, to see much of Judge Selby's home life which was remarkable for its domestic comforts and unstinted hospitality.

Clark Lane, as mechanic, manufacturer and philanthropist, was one of the noted men of Hamilton. He was born and reared on a farm where he early imbibed the habits of industry, and where he obtained a good physical education. In his early manhood no better type of a perfect physical development could be found anywhere. He was naturally endowed with a high degree of intelligence and natural good sense. When I first knew him he was one of the firm of Owens, Lane & Dyer where he was not only a looker on but was a hard worker himself. It was not in the nature of Clark Lane to be idle for a moment. The firm as manufacturers in their line, was popular and prosperous, and was one of the best known firms throughout the land. Clark Lane is a man of strong likes and dislikes, but is generous to a fault, and withal is one of the most charitable and liberal contributors to every public enterprise of any man who ever lived in Hamilton. The Lane Free Library and the Children's home are standing monuments to his generosity. The library was a gift to the city, while the children's home received large donations from his bountiful hands. The name and generous deeds of Clark Lane will never fade from the memories of a grateful people who have been the recipients of his favor. Such men give character and prominence to a place.

ADVERSITY OFTEN DEVELOPS GREAT- NESS.

Mental and physical culture are both essential to success. It has come to be an acknowledged fact that intelligent labor in any direction is the most competent labor. It is a glaring mistake to suppose that the most stupid man makes the best common laborer. A good deal of mental culture is requisite for the performance of duty and with it the man may accomplish more than his competitor who has not the culture. In times when armies are called to the greatest hardships the stupid soldier is the first one to break down. In all our mills and factories the captains of industry are the intelligent men or women. Nothing astonishes the English traveler of discernment in this country so much as the intelligence and culture displayed by the native employees in our New England manufacturing towns.

When the young Russian Duke was making a tour of the United States some years ago, Governor Andrews of Massachusetts, was showing him some of the large manufacturing establishments around Boston when the Duke asked him if any of those working men had ever risen to positions of honor

and trust in the state or nation. The Governor assured him that he could point to numerous examples of such. The Duke requested him to show him one. The Governor touching his forehead said, "Here is one," for he had been a working man himself. A scientific man can dig a better post hole than an ignorant man of the same strength. Wisdom is not the monopoly of one calling. There have been men who have toiled at manual labor all their lives and who have been the intelligent superiors of those for whom they have toiled, and the world has heard from them in the achievements they have wrought outside of their usual avocations.

It will be conceded that brain power pays a journeyman as well as the boss. It gives a dignity of character and a happiness to the possessor, and creates a demand for his services. There is time for the acquirement of knowledge which can be taken from the odd moments or hours of toil. Elihu Purritt attributes his success in life, not to any inherent genius, but to the fact that he made use of the spare moments from his work.

Rittenhouse, the astronomer, computed the time of eclipses when resting on his plow handles. A bit of paste-board was the tablet on which Newton demonstrated the composition of light. A distinguished scholar, while yet he was working in his master's garden, was asked how he could read Latin. He said, "one only needs to know the letters of the alphabet in order to learn anything else." Gifford, the eminent mathematician, when an apprentice, worked out his first problems on bits of leather hammered smooth on his cobbler's bench. The high-school of difficulty graduates more great men than all our colleges. The world may never have heard of Franklin, Stephenson, Watt, Greely or Newton, and scores of others, had it not been for the discipline of adversity which developed their greatness and made it all the more conspicuous.

Culture prunes away all excesses and removes all the trammels from the power. There needs be a due amount of attention to the physical as well as the mental culture. "A sound mind in a sound body," is the old Latin maxim. The proper theory that the body should be trained along with the mind holds good; that was the idea of the ancients and is true in the very nature of things. The English idea is the correct one and should not be despised by Americans. The Englishman has a regard for his stomach as well as his brain. They are good eaters and have muscle as well as brain, and this will tell when work is to be done.

Andrew McCleary was what might be called a pioneer merchant and pork-packer. He was the first man I ever met in Hamilton. It was during the winter of 1837 when I came with my father, who brought a drove of hogs from Middletown, Ind., to Hamilton. It was a long way to drive fat hogs to market, but there was no other way to get them here. I was then about fifteen years old, and the world was then just beginning to unfold its wonders to my vision. My father had heard of Andrew McCleary, and as soon as he reached Hamilton, I went with my father to McCleary's place of business, or office, which was then in the brick building now standing at the north-east corner of Main and B streets. I was wonderfully impressed with Mr. McCleary's appearance. He received my father unceremoniously, but cordially, and I shall always honor his memory for the counsel and advice he gave my father by advising him to sell at once, giving as a reason that the hogs had been driven a long distance, that corn was high and that the hogs would daily lose in weight, no matter how well they were fed. It was all said in such an honest earnest way, that my father acted upon his advice, and, when the hogs were slaughtered and weighed, Mr. McCleary paid

my father seven dollars per hundred, remarking at the time that since buying the hogs, two days before, pork had fallen fifty cents a hundred. Andrew McCleary was a solid, compact man, with striking features, and a countenance that would favorably impress any judge of human nature. He carried on an extensive business as merchant and pork-packer, and while the great depression that followed the high prices that ruled in 1837 and 1838, carried away his fortune, yet no man in Hamilton, or in Butler County, ever charged him with having lowered the standard of honesty and fair dealing which he had established and maintained as the rule of his life throughout his business career. While he was too old to retrieve his lost fortunes, yet he did not sit down discouraged, like many men under like circumstances, but went to work and earned a living for the support of himself and family, by the sweat of his brow.

John Keck came from Philadelphia and was a prominent figure in Hamilton's business circles for many years. He was the bookkeeper for the Long, Black & Allstatter Company where he was held in high esteem by every member of the firm for his faithfulness and reliability. John Keck was a brother of George Keck, the Cincinnati pork-packer, and also of Samuel Keck of Darrtown, and was also a half-brother of the late Jacob and William Shaffer. It would be interesting to know the history of the home where those five grand men were born and nurtured. Judging from the exceptionally pure lives they led as exemplified in their long and honorable business career, it is safe to conclude that the paternal and maternal heads of that house were remarkable for their examples of industry, honesty and purity, as well as for moral and religious culture. John Keck was the kindest man I ever met. He literally was in love with everybody and was a good

example of the upright man whom the Psalmist alludes to when he says: "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

James Daugherty was a justice of the peace when I first knew him and he honored the title of his office. When he tried a case it was decided according to the law and the evidence. He was not a man to hesitate long in his decisions, but was quick in getting at the true merits of a case, and never failed to protect all the parties in their rights in his court. He never would allow attorneys undue latitude in brow-beating a timid witness while on the stand. His decisions were rarely ever reversed in the courts when appeals were taken from his docket. His popularity was such that he was afterwards elected Auditor of Butler County, where his versatile talents were shown to great advantage by his faithful discharge of the duties of that office. James Daugherty was a very bright man, and no man who ever held an office in Butler County, acquitted himself in a more satisfactory way. The officers in those days were the servants of the people and they themselves recognized the fact. It would have been hard to find a more courteous and obliging people in the professions and business, than they were. On public days they kept free hotels, even as late as the days of William H. Allen, when he was sheriff. I remember when passing the jail on one occasion, of seeing a perfect swarm of people going towards the jail. When I asked what was going on, I was told that it was only Bill Allen's country friends going over to dinner. Come to think of it, I wonder if that custom of dining with Sheriff Allen was the cause of his small balance in bank, when he went out of the office? But to conclude, James Daugherty was more than an ordinary man, and his name will be held in grateful remembrance by every person who knew him.

PRESENT NECESSITIES EARN FUTURE GLORIES.

Nothing will so well equip man for any calling in life as a worthy aim. Even though a man may possess the most brilliant talents, they are not useful if they are not directed in some one channel. There must be a full concentration upon the object in view. The true marksman should never scatter his fire, but aim at the object to be brought down. The God of Nature has not misapplied his gifts to man but adapted them to the needs of the time and circumstances. He has given each man something to do which each can accomplish better than anyone else. True greatness is connected with every association or business that an honest man should follow. In its formation the soul is moved by the grand promptings of duty within it, and has no place for the flimsy expectations of the future. It does what it has to do in the present, with no thought of the glory to follow but from very necessity.

Demosthenes bawled to the roaring sea with his mouth filled with pebbles, not dreaming of the position that awaited him, his only motive being to overcome his unfortunate stammering and to be able to attack Philip of Macedon.

Patrick Henry did not consider the honor to be accorded him by posterity, but, fired with a noble patriotism, poured forth the tides of eloquence which aroused his countrymen. Shakespeare wrote not for the ages, but to supply the demands of his time and to produce plays for his own stage. Hannibal did not think of glory when he was hemmed in by the Roman army, and tied burning fire brands to the horns of the bullocks and drove them, bellowing like mad, through the camp of the the enemy, completely routing and scattering them. He only thought of getting out of that valley of death. The immediate demands of the present are enough to inspire the noblest action and achieve greatness without the prompting of future glory. This is a most essential point.

Uncle Joseph Watkins as he was familiarly called, was a Third Street merchant from an early day; and was chiefly noted for his honest upright character, which so well established his long business career. He kept a well selected stock of goods suited to the trade, which was almost exclusively confined to the wants and needs of the farming community, and to laboring men. He did not deal in costly goods, and it is doubtful if by chance he found himself in possession of costly apparel, whether he would have offered them to persons of moderate means, preferring rather to keep them than to sell them to those who were unable to afford them. Joseph Watkins was an honest conscientious man and in his business was content if he made ends meet at the close of each business year. No more honest or conscientious merchant ever lived in this or any other city.

Peter Murphy has led an active business life. Reared on a farm he early acquired those sterling habits that have made him a success in all his varied business pursuits, as farmer, sheriff, state senator, and president of the Miami Valley Na-

tional Bank. As a farmer he was No. 1. It was not guess work with him but good common sense in everything he did. He knew all about the rotation in crops to properly maintain strength of the soil. He knew just what to raise and how to cultivate the soil and made hay while the sun was shining. As sheriff of Butler County, he displayed unusual talent and energy, and conducted the business of his office upon the strictest business principles and right up to the letter of the law, leaving no room for criticism. As state senator he was vigilant in looking after the interests of his constituents. His success as a farmer, sheriff and senator left no room for doubt as to his pre-eminent qualifications for the position he now holds, as head of the prosperous banking institution over which he presides with such sound judgment. That is sure to add additional luster to his already well earned reputation for honesty, faithfulness and integrity.

Jacob Miller in 1849 was the junior member of the firm of "Abner Campbell and Ellis Miller," the latter of whom was his father. He was the moving spirit of that firm. They owned a large saw-mill on the hydraulic on Heaton street, and carried on a general lumber business. Jacob Miller attended to all the outside business. He was a man of good judgment and kept his own counsel and moved so rapidly, and executed his work in such a forcible way that he was always surprising everybody.

West of the Wilson farm extending along the New London pike for a mile on both sides of the road, the land was covered with a heavy body of timber. It did not take Jacob Miller long to take in the situation, and to see that there was a mine of wealth in the timber, and before anyone else had time to think, he had bought and closed the contract for the whole body of land. Men were put to work, teams were busy and at

the end of one year that timber was in lumber. He died a wealthy man when less than thirty years old.

George Louthan came from the Shenandoah Valley near Winchester, Virginia, and was a perfect type of the old Virginia gentleman. He was one of the most genial, kind-hearted men I ever met. He was neat in his dress, courteous and popular with everybody. He was a partner of William Anderson in the grocery business on the north side of Main street, and afterwards was the trusted bookkeeper of Hunter & Shaffer at the Hydraulic Mills, at the east end of the old covered bridge, where, by his pleasing address and pleasant ways, he drew a large patronage to that establishment.

Shaffer and Hunter were both close observers of men of worth and merit and held Mr. Louthan in high esteem. He could have made his own terms with them, for his place could not have been filled by any other man. But salary and service were of such reciprocal natures, and the friendship that existed was such, that no tempting offer would have induced Mr. Louthan to sever his connection with the firm. George Louthan was not an old man when he was suddenly taken off, having passed away while asleep.

William Ritchie, of the Ritchie & Dyer Company, affords a good example of the self made man, and of what can be accomplished by starting with a small capital, when commendable push and will-power are behind it. He is not only a successful business man but a model man in his thoughtfulness of others, and in the example he sets before his associates. He is a model man as a friend, in that he is a friend at all times. He is a model man in the consistent godly life that he lives. He is an honest, unselfish man, and kind, benevolent and charitable. When a stranger enters his home for a short sojourn, it will not be long until he feels that he is in the sun-

shine. William Ritchie is a well-bred man and feels himself easy in all company. He will always adapt himself to the usages and customs of the society he is thrown into, and in short, he will never be found wanting in dignity and nobility of character, without which life will be a failure in the end.

George P. Bell was a pioneer merchant and a very successful business man. He was a systematic and methodical man and such men are sure to make a lasting impression upon all intelligent men. His plans were all well matured before he took any action. It was one thing at a time and no mixing his business with anything half done. With him nothing was done in an uncertain way, but with some object in view, and that object was a meritorious one. He was a just and prompt man and had no patience with any man who was lacking in commercial integrity. He was careful of his person and was always neatly and well dressed. His habits in this respect as in everything else were so firmly fixed that even in infirmity and age he never departed from them. George P. Bell was one among the last in his day and generation. His memory will always be cherished by everyone who knew him.

QUALITY CONSTITUTES REAL CHARACTER.

Force of character as an element of success ought not to be overlooked; it should be taught a lad in early life. He is not to depend upon his parents for success; his position must be earned by his own unaided powers. Teachers and instructors in any direction are not to do his work, but show him the best way to do it himself. The thing which a boy does for himself unaided, is the indication of the strength there is in him and the promise of the future. An imitation, however good, is not for an instant to be compared with an original work, even if inferior; an exalted self-respect must always be allied to self-reliance.

Disraeli says the youth who does not look up will look down, and the spirit that does not soar, is destined perhaps to grovel. A supreme confidence in the right will form the armor of defense, as well as the weapons of offense in any contest in life. Napoleon had this same confidence when he said "There are no Alps." The convictions of a soul that dares think and do for itself will overcome the most appalling difficulties. A high-flown conceit must not be mistaken for self-

trust; no recklessness takes the place of the force of character. Character is the quality impressed by nature on a person which distinguishes him from others. These constitute real character and the qualities he is supposed to possess constitute his estimated character or reputation; hence we say a character is not formed when the person has not acquired staple and distinctive qualities. There are good characters and bad characters as well as low characters. Sometimes a man is said to have no character, or that he is destitute of character, but when we speak of character as an element of success, the reader will scarcely fail to perceive that it is that quality that is inseparably connected with self-respect, and never fails to convey the idea of a good reputation, which means a good name and the assurance of honor and a favorable public opinion and esteem. Reputation is a valuable species of property, or a right which should never be violated, for with the loss of reputation, mankind and especially a woman, loses most of the enjoyment of life.

James M. Johnson, or who was better known as 'Squire Johnson was in his younger days a clerk in the store of Jabes Fisher owner of a large mercantile house in Hamilton, where owing to his superior abilities and popularity, he was held in high esteem and was able to fix his own salary. In 1842 he bought out the interest of Andrew McCleary, who was a partner of Samuel Johnson, on high street, where, under the firm name of Johnson & Brother, the business was conducted for many years. Some twenty years ago he bought a farm in Hanover Township, where it is said, he raised better crops than had ever been raised on that farm before. He also was a Justice of the Peace while on the farm. Providence has dealt kindly with him, and while his body is somewhat bent by the weight of years, he is bright and intelligent, and when

he talks of others, and earlier days, his whole countenance still lights up with a glow and his eyes will sparkle with the old time luster. James Johnson has been a good citizen and a truthful reliable man. He is a connecting link in the chain that binds a former generation to the present. Let us hope it will be many years before that link is broken, for there are only a few left.

Harry C. Bird was a Boston product and came to Hamilton with James Fisher, an early pioneer and pork packer. He made his presence known and felt from the very first. His genial nature and bright, cheery ways never failed to attract attention. After he left Fisher's employ he became an active member of the firm of Curtis, Bird & Holly, where he was the recognized chief. There was no more distinguished figure in Hamilton, and he was enthusiastic in everything he undertook and could see millions in every business enterprise. He was liberal in his views on every subject. It was oratorical discourses that were sure to command his close attention whether on the stump or in the pulpit. He was so full of the love of vocal music that when he heard of Jennie Lind coming to Cincinnati, he had quarters in Cincinnati engaged weeks beforehand. After hearing her sing and returning to Hamilton, I shall never forget his look when he was portraying the scene that he witnessed on the night of her appearance at the Old National Theatre. He was telling this to a lot of congenial spirits who nightly met at Perry G. Smith's drug store, not one of whom, however, cared anything for music. It was the way he described the scene that captivated me, and when he had closed his description, every man who listened to him was so filled with enthusiasm that he broke forth in rapturous applause which continued for five minutes. Even old Captain Alexander Delorac lost his head on the occasion and went wild

over it. Harry C. Bird was the life of the social circle. He was a man of fine attainments and noble impulses.

Andrew Dingfelder was one of the first men I met in Hamilton in 1849. He came to America early in the forties; he was essentially a self made man, and while destitute of means so far as material wealth was concerned, he was possessed of what was of still more infinite value viz., a well developed frame, and as level a head as ever rested upon any man's shoulders. He possessed in an eminent degree all those sterling traits of character for which the best German element is celebrated. He at once went to work at anything he could get to do and helped to build the old covered bridge over Four Mile creek. He was economical, saved his earnings and started a grocery store in partnership with Mike Freeman, in the same house now occupied by John Heiser at the corner of High and Water streets. At a later period they sold out their business and started the Washington brewery. But this business was distasteful to him as he often expressed himself to me.

So at the first opportunity he sold the brewery and went into the lumber business, which he found more congenial to his feelings. Andrew Dingfelder, while not an educated man, was full of natural good sense which cropped out in all his various pursuits in life. He was a very reliable man and his integrity was never questioned for one moment. He was held in high esteem by all business men and was one of Hamilton's most honored citizens. His untimely taking-off at an early age was a great loss, not only to his family but to our city. His example has not been lost, as his son has proved a worthy successor, having largely inherited his father's noble traits of character, conducting the business that fell to his lot on a still larger scale, and upholding the high standard of the firm when

it was first started and that is just as it should be. All honor is due to the sons who honor their fathers.

Tommy Connaughton was the trusted agent of Marmaduke Dodsworth for many years. His office and ware-house was located at the corner of Seventh and Canal streets, the same that is now occupied by J. C. Jones & Son. He was, perhaps, the largest dealer in corn of any man in Hamilton, as Dodsworth was extensively engaged in the distilling business and the fattening of hogs. Connaughton was a bright little Irishman and was held in high repute by Dodsworth, and like most Irishmen, he was full of ready wit, never lacking for words to express his ideas. In repartee his thrusts came as quick and sharp as a two-edged sword. Tommy chanced to be at the C. H. & D. passenger depot one Sunday morning, when the western passenger train came in. It so happened that President Grant was one of its passengers, and while the train halted President Grant stepped out on the platform of the rear car and asked if this was the village of Hamilton. Tommy said without the least knowledge as to who the general was, "Yes, your honor, this is the village of Hamilton, Butler County, Ohio, and the home of Peter Schwab." Tommy was industrious and economical and had saved up a goodly sum for old age, when his wife's physical ailments began to require the constant attention of physicians, and finally failing to obtain relief from her sufferings, they made an extensive tour in the hope of obtaining relief and his entire savings were exhausted, leaving him a poor man.

CHOICE OF CAREERS INFLUENCED BY SURROUNDINGS.

It is perfectly indifferent in what circle an honest man acts, provided he do but know how to understand and fill out that circle. It may be true that circumstances to a certain degree develop the tastes and direct the inclinations of a man. There are times in life when he is more susceptible to these extraneous influences than others. The early years of life passed on the coast may give the youth a desire for the sea. A home by an extensive and well established railroad may turn the thoughts to railroading. Acquaintance with an artist, an orator or an actor, may awaken a penchant for one of these professions. When the deeds of these men find a hearty response in the soul, and a longing desire to accomplish the same that cannot be satiated, it is well to attempt them. Corregio read the biography of Michael Angelo, and his soul burned within him as he exclaimed, "I, too, am a painter." Benjamin Franklin took Cotton Mathers' book of essays for his model and unconsciously repeated its maxims until in after life he claimed that these writings were the inspiration of his soul.

David Brant was raised on a farm and was liberally educated. His physical and mental culture had been so well cared for in his youth, that when he had reached early manhood, he was thoroughly equipped to grapple with all the intricate problems of life, which was fully demonstrated in the varied positions he held throughout his eventful and busy career. As a farmer he used both brain and brawn and made it a success. He was not a farmer by proxy. Everything in it was in strict accord with practical good sense founded on close observation. It was because of his ability in managing his own business that he was called to the office of treasurer of Butler county for two successive terms, where he displayed the good judgment in the business that had marked his course as a practical farmer. He was also a public spirited man, which was shown in the erection of the Globe Opera House in connection with Peter Schwab. They bore the principal burden in furnishing the means for its completion. David Brant was a man of more than ordinary intelligence. He was not a man of many words. He was never boisterous or fussy, but firm and resolute, and had the courage of his convictions on every subject. There was nothing of a negative nature about him but he had fixed purposes in life. He was true in his friendships, and unfaltering in his devotion to principles.

Isaac K. Davis was a born farmer, and was one of the most successful men as a practical farmer in Butler County. While not a strong robust man, he had executive ability and managed his business in such an intelligent way that few men who was his superior in physical ability were as successful in making farming profitable as was he.

And having by his diligence and economy amassed a good fortune, he left the farm and came to the city, where he could better care for his failing health. And while feeble in bodily

strength, he was strong in his faith, and in all his long life he exhibited the most sterling traits of character, and was an example worthy to be emulated, by the young men who would wish to be useful members of society. Isaac K. Davis was a moral and upright Christian gentleman.

Eberhard Boettinger was, for many years prior to his death, a boot and shoe merchant on Main street, having made his appearance in Hamilton, unheralded; but he was a man whose honesty and correct business principles soon brought him into notice, and his trade increased rapidly until he became the most prosperous dealer in his line in Hamilton. He was so industrious and regular in his business habits, that he was never known to take any interest in outside matters. Kind to everybody, it is doubtful if he ever spoke an evil word of any man in his life. He was as innocent as a child, and his countenance was always literally beaming with charity and good-will toward all mankind.

John Millikin was a large, handsome man with a fine presence. He was dignified in appearance, and in repose his face wore a thoughtful look, but when engaged in conversation his countenance literally beamed with intelligent good humor, and he never failed to favorably impress everybody with whom he came in contact. He showed his good sense, in the beginning, by marrying early in life and commenced as a farmer, where he was noted for his intelligence in the management of his landed estate. It was the mistake of his life when he sold his farm and moved to Hamilton, where he engaged in the milling business west of the hydraulic, and where he shared the fate of every man who ever attempted to do business by depending upon that ill fated artificial water-way for power. But Mr. Millikin after losing his all, in the milling business, went to work with redoubled energy to

retrieve his lost wealth, and for many years was the trusted outside commercial traveling agent for Long & Allstatter, where he remained until his death. He was a man of noble and generous impulses; a leading and commendable feature in his life was his domestic qualities. His home life was beautiful, his hospitalities were unstinted and on a liberal scale, fully commensurate with his means. John Millikin was a good citizen and true Christian.

Alpheus Stewart came to Hamilton many years ago and at once decided to open a shoe store. That was a bold and courageous move for one who was a total stranger to everybody in Hamilton as well as the community around, and was doubly so when it is considered that the business at the time was overdone. But Mr. Stewart had an eye to the future and saw at once that Hamilton was a growing city and was destined to contain a much larger population than it then had. He knew, too, transient trade in the shoe business was a matter of no inconsiderable importance and that by close attention to business, with fair dealing and strict economy, he could live, and in due time build up a paying and profitable business. His expectations were more than realized and in less time than he had hoped for, he was soon on the high road to prosperity. Alpheus Stewart led a busy life and it was a noticed fact that while he was one of the most stirring and industrious business men in Hamilton, he never neglected his religious duties. He was a most earnest Christian gentleman and was always in his place at all the stated meetings of the church and in every place where duty called him, counting not his time, and giving freely of his means for the maintenance of the church. Having provided ample means for the future, he retired from business some years ago. He is now well advanced in years, and in comparatively good health.

PERSISTENT EFFORT WINS AT LAST.

Untiring exertion is a sure way to success. Disraeli, the great English premier, found that the path that led to his eminence was no royal road of flowers. His career furnishes us an illustration of how great toil and humiliating failure one must endure to achieve permanent success. In oratory, in literature, in state-craft, his maiden effort was in each case a signal failure. Every sentence of his first speech in the House of Commons was greeted with prolonged peals of derisive laughter. It was conceived in stilted thought, and delivered in lofty diction, which rendered it a fitting subject for jeers.

It was pronounced more screaming than an Adelphi farce. Hamlet, played as a comedy, was nothing compared to it. But the man, though smarting under the jeers heaped upon him, and stung to the quick by the insults he had received, closed his speech with a sentence which at once displayed the strength that was in him and his indomitable purpose to succeed. Shaking his long fingers in the face of the laughing throng, he earnestly cried out, "I have begun a number of things many times and have succeeded in them at last; I will sit down now; the time will come when you will hear me." And the proph-

ecy came true, as the pages of modern history so well demonstrate. He betook himself to careful study to correct his faults, to understand his audience and to master the situation. Persistent, untiring exertion was the price that he paid for his final wonderful success. The ornate and finished orator then took the house by storm; the crowded galleries and eager members hung with breathless attention upon his words.

The history of journalism in this country furnishes numerous examples of what may be accomplished by these characteristics. Greely, Brooks and Bryant were laboring men in the most wonderful degree and retired at night as thoroughly worried as any man who worked their old fashioned hand-presses. From positions of obscurity, they rose step by step to the foremost ranks of their professions, where their commanding influence affected the opinions of hundreds of thousands.

James Gordon Bennett began the publication of his paper, which has made his name a household word wherever the English language is spoken, with a board from the head of a barrel across his lap for his desk. With unconquerable persistence he performed the work of his office from the most menial drudgery to that of editor-in-chief.

When I first saw John Sutherland was on the first day of my arrival in Hamilton in 1849. He was standing by the side of John Hall Falconer in the Falconer house at the corner of Main and B streets. John C. Jones was also present on that occasion, and I never meet either of them that I am not reminded of that day. It was during the prevalence of the cholera, but there was no evidence of that fact in the faces of these three men, for there was nothing in their happy countenances which showed that they had any dread of the pestilence that walketh in darkness.

I do not know how old John Sutherland is, nor would I like to ask him such a leading question, but if there is any evidence of advanced age or decrepitude in him I fail to see it, and I think I express the wish of every man who knows him that it may be a long time before John relinquishes his grip on life. He is today undoubtedly the most conspicuous figure in Hamilton. His love of horse is only exceeded by his love of mankind. When I first knew him no man in Hamilton would think of buying a fine, high-priced horse without first consulting John Sutherland, and many were the trips he made over the mountains with droves of fine horses which he took East. Did any person ever see John in anything but a happy mood, and a neat-fitting suit and a white plug hat? He could not be an unhappy man for he is not made that way. I would advise all those who have the blues, or are in any way tired of life, instead of taking any short route to get rid of their troubles, to just go and engage John in conversation for an hour and they will forget they ever had any troubles.

If I were keeping a health resort, I would give Bill Millikin and John Sutherland a free berth for the season, for the guests would go away satisfied.

He was without personal comforts or even conveniences. His only hope being his confidence that sometime the world would recognize the man who did his work well.

The same truth holds in the examples of the successful financiers. George Peabody acquired his immense fortune by long years of patient toil. In a speech he afterwards made at Danvers he said "though Providence has granted me unvaried and unusual success I am still in heart the humble boy who left yonder unpretending dwelling," and he said further "there is not a youth within the sound of my voice whose opportunities were not very much greater than my own, and I have

achieved nothing that is impossible for the humblest boy among you."

O. W. Millikin, or as everybody preferred to call him, Bill Millikin was one of the first men I remember of seeing when I first came to Hamilton. He was a prosperous High street druggist and he had then, as he has now, more real, good, substantial or reliable friends than any man in Hamilton.

He is certainly one of the most congenial spirits I ever knew. He never would antagonize anyone who was disposed to breed disturbance and keep up a contention, for he had a peculiar way of throwing some kind of soothing, magnetic or hypnotizing influence over them, and it was done in such a way as to render them perfectly tractable.

It was while he was in the drug business that he was looking forward to the adoption of his fathers profession and had even attended one course of medical lectures. It was also about this time that he was making frequent trips to the country with matrimonial intentions, where he got the scent of new mown hay as he passed to and from, and it was so much sweeter and more seductive than the odor of drugs and medicine, that he decided to throw physics to the dogs and settle down on a farm where, with his happy family he has continued to live.

Bill Millikin has the true idea of life and if there ever was a man who has drawn more real comfort and enjoyment out of life I have never met him. His happy, contented disposition, cheerful and agreeable ways, leave no room for doubt as to his optimistic views, for no one who knows him would take him for anything else but an optimist. He will tell you that the world is growing better all the time. Where will you find a better preserved man, for he must be older than when I first knew him, yet his looks do not show it.

O. W. Millikin has been, and is, one of Hamilton's best citizens, for Hamilton still claims him for her own. The city has steadily, by its growth, encroached upon his domain, and if it still continues to expand, he will, some fine morning find himself within the corporate limits of the city. Whenever that time does come, the citizens will celebrate the event with one of the old time demonstrations that will surpass anything of the kind that ever was held in the old Sycamore Grove, and the people with one accord will grant him the freedom of the city and exempt him for all time from municipal tax.

Major George W. Rue, whether measured by the yard stick or "Golden Rule," in height, stature or breadth of character, will not be found deficient in either physical, mental or moral make-up. He is just my ideal type of a Kentuckian. I never could conceive of a Kentuckian who fell short of six feet in height or who was lacking any in hospitality, and I never saw but one exception in height, to the rule. It was when our army first reached Paris, Kentucky, in 1861, on Sunday morning when the Hon. Garret Davis, U. S. Senator of Kentucky introduced himself to me. I had the evening before received a note sent by him saying he would call for me in the morning to go with him to dine at his country seat. When he called, instead of a man six feet in height, as I expected to see, there stood before me a man not an inch higher than five feet six inches. I was dazed for a moment and when he saw my embarrassment he broke the ice himself. I told him I had expected to see a man at least six feet in height and he said the remark had been made one thousand times. Major Rue could well have spared enough of his surplus to have made Garret Davis a respectable sized man and still maintained his standing in Ohio as an adopted Buckeye of average dimensions. I don't wonder that John

Morgan, on his great raid through Ohio, when he saw the commanding form of Major Rue at the head of his troops, surrendered by throwing down his arms, for the major looked every inch a soldier, even when in citizens clothes. I have always believed that Major Rue was rightfully entitled to the credit for the capture of John Morgan.

I saw a man a year or two ago who was present when Morgan was captured, and he said that Major Rue was the man who did it, and expressed surprise that there ever should have been any doubt about it.

Major Rue is a truthful, high-toned, upright Christian gentleman.

NOT GENIUS BUT PERSEVERANCE THAT WINS.

Let me say to the young men, "learn to labor" was a maxim worthy the pen of the lamented Longfellow, and worthy to be adopted by the youth who is anxious for success. The crop follows, not the day after the sowing of the seed, but it must have time to germinate and bring forth after its kind. Perseverance is the price which the ambitious youth must pay for his success. He is obliged to plod onward with his aim steadily in view. To know how to work is the great secret of success. "At it and always at it" was the motto that John Wesley gave his itinerant preachers. All have read the incident in the life of Robert Bruce, who, when hiding from his enemies in an old barn, having been defeated by Edward, observed a spider endeavoring to weave his web in the window. Time after time he failed but at last succeeded. The Scottish Chief, catching a lesson in perseverance from this, buckled on his armor and went out with renewed courage to win victory.

It is not genius but perseverance that wins in the long run, yet the world has gone mad in the pursuit of genius.

Grand ideas are not fruitful instantly: they must have time to root themselves deeply in the soul before they appear on the surface. Adam Smith sowed the seeds in his treatise on "The Wealth of Nations," but it was seventy years before it bore fruitage in the social amelioration it produced. But it is unnecessary to go away from our times or even our own city for examples of this truth. Almost without an exception they started without means and labored patiently for success.

George Briede was a grocer on Main street for more than forty years. He was one of Hamilton's most reliable business men, and also a German-adopted citizen of unimpeachable reputation. His devotion to principle was characteristic throughout his business life. His steady growth and success afford a worthy example of what can be accomplished from small beginnings. He commenced business in a small room on Main street, in connection with his brother, when their combined capital as he told me was less than \$500. A little later he bought out his brother's interests, and moved to the old Chapman corner, the same building that is now occupied by Henry Frechling & Sons at the corner of Main and D streets. It was not long until he was able to buy the vacant lot on the south-east corner of Main and D streets, where he erected a two story brick dwelling and store room at which place he continued the grocery business uninterruptedly until his death. George Briede never gave light weight or sold anything but first class goods. He had his own way of doing business and never changed that way; but his way was the honest way.

He bought and sold on the cash principle and would never urge anyone to buy his goods. He hated dishonest tricks in business, and that was the secret of his success which enabled him to leave a handsome income for his family. He was a

quiet and orderly man and loved his home where he found the most delight.

Rev. W. I. Fee, who was pastor of the M. E. Church, of Hamilton twenty-five years ago was not only one of the most popular preachers who had ever been in Hamilton before or since, but the most successful. His worth and merit were recognized by the highest authority in the church, for at each annual conference, Mr. Fee was always given the most responsible place. He had the happy way of influencing the members of the church to good and noble deeds. He was also noted for his social qualities. His sphere of usefulness extended far and wide and was exerted upon more than one occasion in a demonstrative way, for while he was in love with everybody he was not slow in rebuking a wrong whether in the church or out of it. I personally know one little episode that occurred in Hamilton, in which he was one of the principal actors.

A lady and gentleman had a misunderstanding about some business transaction when Mr. Fee was called in to arbitrate the matter, and while their difficulty was discussed in a mild, business way, Mr. Fee sitting as judge, the woman made some remark which the man took as personal; he jumped up in a fit of passion, cracking his fists in the face of the lady, when Mr. Fee took him by the collar and forced him back into his seat again, and while he did not sit down on the man bodily, he told him in a very emphatic way that no man should insult a lady in his presence. The rebuke had the effect of silencing the man and he permitted Mr. Fee to decide the case. This was a most commendable act in Mr. Fee and in no way lowered the standard of his profession as a minister of the gospel. The man in the case was afterwards one of Mr. Fee's most substantial friends. While Mr. Fee was stationed at a

town in the northern part of the conference he was invited out by a well-to-do farmer to take tea. The farmer proved to be one of those men who was always finding fault with everybody and for two hours entertained Mr. Fee with a perfect tirade of abuse against everybody, and after tea he invited Mr. Fee out to look through his orchard. Mr. Fee said he never saw a more beautiful orchard or a finer quality of fruit. The man said to him "gather up all the fruit you can take home with you, and in your selection do honor to my taste." Mr. Fee commenced gathering all the rotten and decayed fruit upon the ground. The man asked "what do you mean?" When Mr. Fee in his mild and forcible way remarked "I am doing justice to your taste; you have talked to me for two hours, nothing but rotten apples." Mr. Fee is remarkable for his versatile talents; he is at home on all subjects and always entertaining, and has a wonderful fund of anecdotes that are generally object lessons and all bearing on moral and religious topics. He is not an aggressive man and yet he always carries his point; he is literally running over with good humor which is expressed in every feature of his countenance. If he ever had any melancholy moods, I never saw him in one. He seems to be satisfied with himself and is in love with all mankind. Would that the world was full of such men.

Stephen Hughes was a mechanical genius belonging to a family of mechanics. It was in 1849 that Stephen Hughes invented the bran duster, a machine that separates the flour that still adhered to the bran, and up to this time had received no attention. The machine was not perfected until three or four years later. It was not the first bran duster that was ever invented, although it was the first practical machine of the kind. It worked a great revolution in the manufacture of flour, from the fact that from two to four barrels of flour were

recovered from the bran in every twenty-four hours, in a mill with a capacity of two hundred bushels a day. It met with great popularity, for his machines were sold not only all over the United States, but all over the world. They were manufactured by the Stephen Hughes Bran Duster Company, of which he was the proprietor. In 1870 William Yeakle became a joint partner with Hughes, after which the business became more prosperous than ever. The making of these machines gave employment to large numbers of men, but the mistake was that of taking in too many partners. Then Mr. Hughes' trouble commenced, and the business became tangled up in endless lawsuits and litigations, which not only crippled the business but carried away the greater portion of Mr. Hughes' fortune. His troubles and losses so preyed upon his mind as to completely unsettle his brain, and what was once the bright, intelligent, active, business man, became as helpless as a child both in his physical and mental faculties.

Stephen Hughes, in his prosperous days, was one of Hamilton's most useful business men, and in church and social circles was remarkable for his liberality. He loved to help business men who were struggling against adverse circumstances, but nothing so wounded his feelings as that of finding men whom he had helped, abusing his confidence.

TO SUCCEED MEN MUST ASSUME RESPONSIBILITY.

A man who thinks for himself is not afraid to assume the responsibility of his acts and does not exhibit any hesitation in his speech. The great commoner, Henry Clay, once made a speech in the National House of Representatives at a time of great excitement, and was told by the blind speaker that it was contrary to one of the rules of the house. He then moved to suspend that rule; the speaker again informed him that according to the rules and orders, that could be done only by the unanimous consent of the members. Then said Mr. Clay, "I move to suspend all the rules of the House. Away with them. Is it to be endured that we should be trammelled in our actions at a moment like this when the existence of the Union is at stake."

Grant spoke for himself and was not slow to assume the responsibility of the occasion, when he replied to General Buckner whose forces he had hemmed in at Fort Donaldson. When Grant demanded the surrender of the Fort, General Buckner wanted to discuss terms of capitulation. Grant replied, "I can accept nothing but the unconditional surrender

of the forces under your command; I propose to move upon your works immediately."

John Quincy Adams was not lacking in speech nor in responsibility when dealing with the recalcitrant clerk of the House of Representatives who refused to obey the orders of the members who sat by silent, not knowing what to do, until Adams offered a resolution to suppress the clerk, when one of the members cried out, "who will put the question?" Mr. Adams answered with emphasis, "I will put the question: shall the creature of our own make, over-rule the House who made the rules, by which we are governed?" This list of examples might be indefinitely extended.

William McKee was a High street clothing merchant in 1849. Capt. John P. Bruck was his cutter, and the late William E. Dreyer was his bookkeeper. Mr. McKee was a natural money-maker and a man of versatile talents, having been engaged in various pursuits in all of which he was successful. He was a small wiry little man and possessed a high temper, but it did not last long; he would be as cool and as calm five minutes after as though he had never lost his temper. He was as courageous and as fearless as a lion; it was said that he never showed fright but once and that was while sitting in a Main street store with half a dozen business men, when the floor on which they were sitting, gave way and the room became filled with empty pork barrels which had been stored in the cellar. The cellar had filled with water, and the pressure from the floating barrels forced the floor literally covering the men with barrels. It is said that Mr. McKee actually commenced saying a prayer, a thing he had never before done in his life. McKee sold out his clothing store and went to Texas. While there he bought a drove of cattle and started to drive them through Mexico to California, and while

in the interior of Mexico the greasers stole some of his cattle. McKee followed and recovered his property and took enough from the Mexicans to repay him for his trouble. He was arrested for this and thrown into prison, where he died after having made a disposition of his wealth. But he took care before he died to engage a man to drive his cattle to California, showing his passion for money-making was strong in death.

L. W. Morris was a carpenter and worked at his trade all his life. He was an industrious man and was possessed of many noble traits of character. He was high metaled and quick to resent an insult. A word of explanation or apology would melt him to tears. L. W. Morris had decided convictions on every subject and he would express them regardless of consequences. When the great rebellion broke out, while well advanced in years, he enlisted as a private soldier. His patriotism carried both of his sons into the service, the younger of whom fell a victim to diseases contracted in the army. L. W. Morris was discharged for disability.

Judge James Clark was an Adams county, O., production, and a graduate of Miami University, and after studying law, located in Hamilton where he soon gained a good practice, and, espousing the politics of the dominant party, was elected common pleas judge of Butler county. In the year 1858 the following amusing incident occurred in the court of Judge William R. Cochran, then a justice of the peace of Hanover township. A suit was brought before the justice by Marcus Fechheimer of Cincinnati, against Christian Doner on a promissory note made by Doner to one Joseph Billinger, a Hebrew peddler, for shoddy clothing by him sold to Doner. Doner refused to pay the note, hence the suit. Israel Williams was attorney for Fechheimer, and Judge James Clark and Col. Thomas Moore were attorneys for Doner. Plaintiff put

his note in evidence and rested his case, whereupon the defendant began the introduction of his evidence to prove that there was fraud in the consideration and making of the note. The Court, Cochran, J. P. objected, claiming that against a promissory note transferred before due—no defense could be interposed. Clark made an argument against the ruling of the Court. To this argument the Court replied. Clark argued again, to which the Court again replied. Williams and Moore all this time held their peace. Judge Clark finally made the point that Williams had raised no objection to the introduction of the evidence, and asserted that Williams knew that he stated the law correctly, and that he would leave the question to him to decide. Thereupon the court said hesitatingly that he was willing to hear from Williams. He, Williams, said "May it please your honor, I understand the law to be what Judge Clark claims it to be. I am, however, a young man. Your honor, the court is an older man and many years a practitioner at the bar, and doubtless has given much consideration to the question under discussion. It is your honor's duty to decide the law in this case as well as in others. And whilst I understand the law to be as Judge Clark claims it, my youth and inexperience might injure my clients if I concede the point in issue, I therefore leave the matter with your honor to decide." A pause then intervened, the court remaining silent. Finally Judge Clark arose to his feet and picked up Swan's Treatise, and read from it the law. He then violently threw the book down upon the table and vehemently exclaimed "May it please the court, I did not read from that book for the purpose of showing what the law is, but only to show what a d—m fool old Swan was when he wrote it," and he abruptly left the office and refused to try the case. The plaintiff easily recovered a judgment without difficulty.

When the war broke out Judge Clark's bitterness to the cause of the Union, caused by bad influences, soon brought him into trouble. He sought and obtained a pass through the federal lines to the south and after remaining there an indefinite time he reached New York where he prepared briefs for attorneys and wrote articles for the New York Ledger. Although never having been recognized there as an attorney of much merit, Judge Clark was a man of more than ordinary intelligence, and if he had been governed by greater motives, would have obtained higher eminence. He died in New York about a year ago, almost unknown to the public.

ELEVATE THE HOME.

Amusements ought to find a place in every home or they will be sought outside. Gather up music or mirth, and all innocent games and merry making, and entwine them in a wreath of immortelles about the altars of our homes. It is the duty of the state to protect our homes. It should throw around them the utmost support, and a fostering care. It should zealously guard their sanctity and visit their violation with condign punishment, swift and certain. The peace and perpetuity of our institutions, as well as our social and national life, hinges upon the purity of our homes, and every true man and woman should deeply feel their importance, and do their utmost to create and preserve them, pure and intact. On the uplift of home we rise to national, social and individual triumph and acceptance; and, on its decline, we sink to the mire of shame and disintegration. God bless and preserve our homes.

Jonathan Richmond was born in Butler County, Ohio, and was a fine specimen of robust manhood. He was, mentally, well balanced, and had large social qualities. Such men, all other things being equal, possess many advantages over their

fellows, who are deficient in this respect. Jonathan Richmond was too liberal for his own good, and while in business in Hamilton, he was often the victim of misplaced confidence. It was a wise move when he pulled out from his old associates and moved to another state, where he at once met with more fortunate surroundings and was soon on the road to an independence, where he was honored with positions and places of trust, for which his intelligent business qualities so well fitted him. It is pleasant to know that he honored the offices and places he was called upon to fill in the state of his adoption. He was not only physically, but mentally above the ordinary standard of men; broad and liberal in his views but tenacious in his adherence to the principles of justice and right.

John Henry Stephan was of German birth and in early life was noted for his sterling traits of character. He came to Hamilton, when a very young man, and soon found employment, and was never known to be idle for a day. He not only practiced industry but also the strictest economy, and in due time became an interested partner in the Hub and Bow factory with Leonard Deinzer, under the firm name of Deinzer & Stephan. The business under their management flourished until the partnership was dissolved by mutual consent. But as the business included the manufacture of hubs and bows, spokes and bent wood, a satisfactory division of the business was arranged, and each member of the firm continued his own department, separate and distinct from the other. John Henry Stephan married early in life, and in his subsequent large family, and his ardent love of music, his domestic life was as happy as usually falls to the lot of man. His home was remarkable for its domestic bliss. It literally abounded in music and innocent amusements. It is pleasant to reflect that

the paternal and maternal examples have found an abiding place in the hearts of their children.

Bernhardt Rohmann was a jeweler and silversmith on Main street for more than fifty years, and if he was not one of the first men to engage in that business in Hamilton, he was the first successful silversmith. He was one of the most noted and respected of all that large and honored number of German adopted citizens that have helped to make our city what it is today. He was honest and upright in his business. Everything he sold was first class and a sufficient guarantee of its quality and purity. He never kept a large stock on hand, but always a varied and choice selection of samples. His customers ordered in that way, well knowing that everything would be up to the standard of the samples. It was in this way he never had any stock on hand that was out of style. He sold the most reliable time pieces that were to be found in the market. In this he must have found a great deal of pleasure, for he was himself as regular in his habits as the sun, or the best time piece that was ever made. The machinery of his own body was so well adjusted that the pure, upright, Christian life he lived, and his proverbial care for his health, had so lengthened out his days that he was like an old clock, worn out by eating time, the weary wheels of life at last stood still.

Charles E. Giffen from boyhood had pronounced ideas and convictions on every subject. He was strong in body, and being liberally educated, he was thoroughly equipped to grapple with the stern realities of life, and he was accustomed to accomplish whatever he undertook. He was a man of strong likes and dislikes, and while that was a leading feature in his life, yet he never permitted it to influence him in his business transactions. His convictions were so strong and so earnestly expressed that few people cared to antagonize him. Men who

are positive and unwavering are always respected, while weak and hesitating men never accomplish much, nor are their opinions respected. When a young man at school, a playmate was accused by the master of the commission of some offense or the infringement of some rule, and, not desiring to get Charley, who was the real offender, into trouble, was about to receive the punishment due another and had divested himself of his coat for that purpose, when Charley arose and said to the master "don't whip that boy; I am the offender; lick me." This shows his love of fair play. Charles E. Giffen as a business man was noted for his untiring industry and great energy. He was a born patriot and when the war of the rebellion broke out he was one of the first to volunteer. And he enlisted for three years or during the war, no matter how long that should be. He never cowered in the rear. He would be in the front lines whether facing the enemy in battle, or anywhere else. It was when he was appointed postmaster in Hamilton as a reward for his services in the army, and his peculiar fitness for the position, that his executive ability was shown to the best advantage, and where he faithfully administered the duties of the office to the entire satisfaction of the government, and left no room for criticism from his most extreme partisan antagonist. He left the office when his time of service had expired with clean hands, and with the regrets of his large host of friends.

IS LUCK AN ELEMENT OF SUCCESS?

"A man is immortal until his work is done," may be true in a certain sense but not in the sense of fatalism. In the storm which overtook Caesar, he seemed untterrified. "Do you not know that you bear Caesar and his fortune," he cried to the terror stricken and trembling boatsman. One half of the people down in their hearts believe in luck. Baron Rothschild held that luck was more valuable than ability or energy. Bonaparte had confidence in his star. Louis XIV believed that he was born on a lucky day, and Frederick, the great, was confident that if he engaged in battle before the sun rose he was sure to win. And Old Hickory, General Andrew Jackson, is said to have given hints that even he, too, believed in good and bad luck. Cromwell had a birthday which he regarded as lucky, yet he died on that very day. Men are too willing to charge their short comings to want of good luck. The difficulty is in the man and not in the want of fortune. Imagine Columbus or Galileo or Pelissy, or any of the hundreds of others being repressed by any misfortune. Galton has said, "if a man is gifted with intellectual powers, eager to work and power for working, I cannot understand how such a man

could be repressed." The world is always tortured with difficulties waiting to be solved, struggling with ideas and feelings to which it gives adequate expression. If there exists a man capable of solving these problems, or giving a voice to these pent up feelings, he is sure to be welcomed with universal acclamation. We may almost say he has only to put his pen to paper and it is done.

Thomas Harris was a brick mason by trade and was one of the best known men in Hamilton. He was industrious and just as honest as he was industrious. He belonged to a family who were noted for their upright Christian characters. The subject of this sketch was a careful and painstaking mechanic. He had honest convictions on every subject, and under no conditions would he compromise his principles of honesty and integrity, never debating in his mind if it would pay to be honest. His faith and purposes were rooted and grounded in his very nature. That neither poverty, riches, nor the hope of gain could have turned him from the right life, correct deportment and unswerving devotion to principle, won the confidence of the whole community. He was modest and retiring in his disposition. His standard of moral and religious obligations was high and he never lowered it but made it the rule of his life in all his business and social relations with mankind. His was a life of practical usefulness and an example worthy to be emulated.

Peter L. Walker was one of a large family of brothers who were noted for their intelligence and honest upright characters. Peter was a saddler and harness maker and conducted a large business on the south side of Main street where he was the leader of the trade in his line. He was a very industrious, reliable business man. He did honest work and never misrepresented anything. He was prompt and exact in all

his business transactions. He was modest, courteous, dignified and genteel in appearance. He was a clean man. There was no grossness about him. In conversation he was chaste and refined, earnest and candid, not at all aggressive, but firm and unyielding, never retreating from any stand he had taken in the maintainance of the right. And yet he was liberal and tolerant of the rights of others. Peter L. Walker was the embodiment of a noble manhood. His example in his home was beautifully illustrated and reflected from the happy cheery faces of his interesting family. His memory will always be cherished.

Gideon Beaver was a carpenter, contractor and builder, and he adorned his trade by his honest and intelligent work. He believed that honesty was not only the best policy in everything, but that tricks in business, like chickens, come home to roost. He was a very prompt man and his word alone was as good as the best gilt edged paper. He inherited honesty and integrity. It was characteristic of the family from which he sprang. He was thoughtful and considerate, and very careful of the feelings of others; candid, unselfish and sympathetic; modest and reserved in his manners, not aggressive, but trusting to his merits for patronage and support. Few men in the humbler walks of life exerted a wider influence than Gideon Beaver. Many of the older citizens who may chance to read this sketch will call to mind the honest old carpenter who was a striking figure on our streets for fifty years. He was duly respected for his sterling merit, good citizenship and noble Christian life.

John Keen was a carriage manufacturer, and under favorable circumstances ought to have been a successful man. But few men in Hamilton ever suffered such a series of sore trials and severe domestic afflictions. But when weighed

down by debt and crippled in financial ability he never called for quarter, nor asked for indulgence because of his afflictions. He had many noble friends who sympathized with him and stood by him, not waiting until he called for assistance. That was a compliment to his integrity not always accorded to a man when in trouble. John Keen's faith and trust in Providence was such that he bore himself like a martyr throughout all his sickness and disappointments. He was one of the best known men in Hamilton, and no man was ever held in higher esteem.

It is a labor of love to dwell on the life of a man who never faltered in his devotion to principle, and when in trouble could maintain the integrity, that was a striking feature in his business life in the days of his prosperity. It is adversity that tries man's moral courage and faith in Providence.

Casper Schorr started a bakery on Main street in 1859. Two men had failed at the same stand. He was without much means, but he was full of good sense and had plenty of pluck and the German elements of industry and economy which never fail to win. He was not a strong, robust man but his regular temperate habits and his care for his body enabled him to do a vast amount of work. He was a very pleasant and kind hearted man. Always in good humor, and never worried about anything.

He lived on less than his income and soon established a flourishing trade which steadily increased until he had saved enough to buy property on High street, where he erected a fine business house and embarked in a general grocery business, which he managed just as successfully as he had the business of a baker. When his health and age admonished him that his work was done, he retired, leaving the business to two of his sons, and ample means to each of the other

children to start them in business. What Casper Schorr accomplished is possible for any other man under like circumstances and like opportunities.

NOT LUCK SO MUCH AS PLUCK.

Doubtless some of the successful men owe much to a fortuitous course of circumstances. But the impetus which gives them prominence is a question to be considered. Souls of inherent greatness cannot be kept down by any combination, and only when they bend the trivial circumstances to their assistance and force from them a grand result we cry out "how lucky that is." Did Napoleon owe his first upward start to fortune? Some would think so. But the veteran soldier Moreau had the same chance. In the times when France had no leader and was at the mercy of every fresh aspirant for favor, the National Convention was in the most intense trepidation. The reign of terror was at its height, and forty thousand well armed soldiers were stationed in well equipped battle array, with flaunting banners, ready to march any moment against the Tuilleries to sack its hall and convert Paris into one immense slaughter pen. It was then the young Corsican saw the General march out to quell the insurgents, and as quickly flee in cowardice before the rabble. He hastened to the Tuilleries, and with calm visage and undaunted heart, watched the deliberations, if such they might be

termed, of the terror-stricken convention. Moreau had been dismissed in dishonor. Resistance seemed to be useless. It was now eleven at night and all was consternation when Barras rose and broke the awful silence and stillness of that chamber. "I know the man who can defend us," he nervously said. "It is the young Corsican officer, Napoleon Bonaparte, whose military ability I have witnessed at Toulon. He is a man who will not stand upon ceremony." Napoleon was called down. "Are you willing to undertake the defense of the convention?" was asked of him. "Yes" was his terse reply. They were surprised to see a small, slender, pale faced youth before them. Hesitating a moment, the President continued, "Are you aware of the magnitude of the undertaking?" With his eagle glance fixed full upon his questioners, the young soldier said, "Perfectly, and I am in the habit of accomplishing what I undertake. But I must be entirely untrammelled by the convention." When the sun rose the next morning the Tuilleries appeared like an entrenched camp. Artillery was placed to command every approach, and to defend the capitol from the infuriated mobs.

The armed warriors, black and threatening, poured down the narrow streets. The members sat in silence in their seats, awaiting the attack upon the issue of which so much depended. Five thousand defenders against forty thousand. Napoleon, with his guns loaded to the muzzle, was ready for the first fire, but he would not assume the responsibility of opening the contest. He did not wait long. The first volley opened upon the handful of defenders. It was the signal for the instantaneous discharge of all the artillery which belched forth its slaughter and death till the pavements were filled with the dead and wounded. The day was won and Napoleon had taken the first advance to fame. He was as unmoved as if he

had done nothing extraordinary, and he returned to the Tuileries without showing any emotion. Was it luck? No, for Moreau had the same opportunity and failed. It was the Corsican's pluck.

Samuel Cory was remarkable for his varied and versatile talents. He started in life as a clerk on one of the numerous lines of canal boats that was running on the Miami and Erie canal, where he was duly appreciated for his faithful services. He was just as capable in the management of the grocery which he carried on at a later period on High street. But as the proprietor and successful manager of the Hamilton Hotel, he was from the start the most popular of all the distinguished hotel men who had preceded him in that house. And no higher compliment could be paid to his abilities, when such men as Thomas Blair, Sweney, Hubbel, and Arnold, all had at times been proprietors of his well known house. By the way the Hamilton House, once the Hamilton Hotel, is a historical land mark, and almost the only remaining one now standing on High street. What interesting relics, the books and registers of this once popular hotel would be if the list of the names of all the great men and high dignitaries who were guests under the various managements could be seen. First in order would come the name of Governor DeWitt Clinton, of New York, who was a guest at the time when he came west to celebrate the commencement of the construction of the Miami and Erie canal. Daniel Webster was once a guest and made a speech from the stairway in the hall. General William Henry Harrison was frequently a guest and so was Henry Clay. John C. Breckenridge held a reception in the parlors of the Hamilton Hotel in 1856 while General Winfield Scott was a guest in 1851. But the register would no doubt reveal hundreds of others who in after years became

distinguished in state. It was in the days of stage coaches that the Hamilton Hotel obtained its greatest prestige. It was on the line of travel east and west as well as to the north and south. The stage office was in the hotel and the drivers when within a mile or two of the town, would crack their long whips and the horses knew by instinct that they would be changed and have a rest. No matter how badly they were loaded they would start on a sweeping trot and never let up until the front of the hotel was reached. And while a fresh relay of horses was being hooked on, the passengers would alight, register their names and take refreshments.

Then when the post master had changed the mails they were ready to start again. But if the post master was a little slow, the stage driver would cry out in rather dictatorial tones, "hurry up that mail and be quick about it, too." These old stage drivers were a dignified set. When the weather was pleasant many of the passengers would ask the driver to let them sit on top of the stage beside him. But the driver was very select and would look them over before he would permit them the honor. It was said a very distinguished foreigner was once riding over the country by stage and for some impertinence from the driver threatened to report him to the minister at Washington. The driver told him very plainly that he would thrash both him and his minister if he heard anything more from him. This, to the foreigner was a new idea of the principle of American equality.

Major William P. Young was raised on a farm in Oxford, Ohio. He was liberally educated and afterwards studied law, but never practiced. When our war with Mexico broke out he raised a company of men, and when his regiment was organized he was commissioned a major and afterwards distinguished for bravery and meritorious conduct. At the

close of that war Major Young returned to Hamilton and was extensively engaged in buying and shipping grain by way of the canal, and at one time was a man of much means, but from some cause he lost his wealth and was broken in spirits and never recovered his energy. Major Young was generous and possessed many noble qualities. I had personal knowledge of one circumstance in his life when a man, who was almost unknown to him, was in dire need of five hundred dollars to redeem a pledge of two thousand dollars in value, and when the last hour was about to expire Major Young advanced the money, which in due time was returned to him with an additional fifty dollars as interest and for the favor. Major Young declined to accept one cent above the five hundred dollars advanced. This was an act in harmony with his life.

John O. Brown commenced the drug business on Main street. It was said his capital was less than five hundred dollars. He afterwards continued the business in the partnership with Peter Jacobs, on High street, where he was noted for his great industry and close application to business. He was a small man, much below the medium size, but was capable, by reason of his correct habits and intelligent, methodical way of doing business, to do more than most men who were double his size. He dissolved partnership with Jacobs by mutual consent, and started up on Third street where he established a flourishing trade and amassed a handsome sum, every dollar of which came through honest channels. He was very quiet, but a very reliable man, honest and upright in all his dealings.

LIVE FRUGALLY THAT YOU MAY LIVE HAPPILY.

The earlier citizens of Hamilton were much like those the great apostle referred to, when he said they were given to hospitality. Hospitality is enjoined as a Christian virtue, and it is the duty of the householders to exercise it towards friends and to some extent towards strangers. The author of our being did not intend that we should prescribe our life within narrow limits; but of course each family has a right, within the conventionalities of good society, to select those who shall become its guests. Either of two extremes should be avoided by young housekeepers, too much company or not receiving any company. The advice of the Duke of Sully in this matter is timely and good. Live frugally that you may live happily. Shut not your doors or hearts against those who have a claim upon your hospitality but remember if they really esteem and love you they come not to look at your table or furniture but to enjoy your society. The chief act of hospitality is to cause the guest to have a feeling of home that puts him at ease. If anything has arisen to cause you annoyance, do not burden your guests with a recital of your troubles.

Some people seem born with a faculty of making everything about them pleasant to all who are with them. They have great discernment, and can encourage the bashful, draw out the diffident, repress the forward, and call forth the personal talent of each to advantage, while others, try as they will, are unable to do it. But the art should be cultivated so far as possible to add to the comfort and pleasure of all.

Abner Campbell, or as his friends loved to call him, plain Ab Campbell was one of the shrewdest business men who ever lived in Hamilton, and he was also a public spirited man, giving liberally of his means to further any enterprise that had for its object the good of the people of Hamilton. There was nothing of the "Old Foggy" about him. He was always on the advanced line of every new idea, and he proved his faith by his work. He was a friend of the working men and was always devising ways and means to furnish employment for the poor, and not unfrequently continued some branches of his business when it was really unprofitable, rather than see the men thrown out of employment. This was notably the case during the closing years of the war, when he was engaged in manufacturing guns and carbines. As a politician his opponents frequently taunted him by calling him sly Abner. That was because he kept his own councils, as was his custom in his business transactions. He was the most successful manipulator in the influence he exerted over the voter to advance the interest of his party. He was a good mixer with the people, and in this way he learned much that served him when the test of strength came. And when he took an active part in any election the result was a surprise to his friends as well as to his opponents. Abner Campbell was a very approachable man, an obliging gentleman and a dispenser of hospitality on a most liberal scale. Indeed his habit of helping his friends

was carried to an extent that came well nigh wrecking his fortune. The way he had of helping the people was due to the fact that he was a self made man, and in his battles of life he had often felt the need of assistance himself. Abner Campbell was a good citizen and a most useful man.

Captain Nathaniel Reeder was a most interesting man, and to give a full and complete sketch of his life would require a whole volume. He was the son of Nathaniel Reeder, one of eight brothers, who, with a party of pioneers, floated down the Ohio river in flat boats to the mouth of the Great Miami river, in the latter years of the eighteenth century, where it was intended to found the town of Columbia. But owing to the presence of too many hostile Indians, the project was abandoned and they moved up the river, above the block house at Cincinnati near Turkey Bottom, and located the present town of Columbia. But there was quite a strip of land between that place and the block house, and the red skins were hiding under cover with savage intentions, and Nathaniel Reeder decided to settle in Cincinnati. With Griffin Yeatman, he purchased from a soldier a piece of ground on the corner of Fourth and Main streets, running both ways four hundred feet, for which the soldier was given a blind bridle, the value of which was one dollar and fifty cents. It was on this lot that Nathaniel Reeder built a dwelling house, where he resided, and where Captain Nathaniel Reeder, the subject of this sketch, was born May 4, 1810, and where all the other children of Nathaniel Reeder were born. Captain Nathaniel Reeder was commissioned a midshipman, along with the late Admiral David Porter, by General Jackson in 1828. Both these newly fledged midshipmen served on the same vessel, commanded by the father of Admiral Porter. A midshipman's rank in those days was equal to that of a lieutenant at the

present time. Captain Reeder was in active service in the United States navy for twelve years, and during those eventful years he saw much of the world and acquired a vast store of knowledge. His Log book, now in the possession of his son John S. Reeder of Hamilton, is one of the most interesting relics in Hamilton.

When Captain Reeder left the navy and returned to civil life, the rigid discipline he had been subjected to enabled him to adjust himself to the changed conditions without a jar or ripple. Captain Reeder's twelve years of faithful service in the United States navy is a fitting testimony to his worth and merit, while his long residence in Hamilton, and the quiet and peaceful life that he led, is known to every older citizen of our city, all of whom held him in high esteem for his many good qualities. In 1861 when the integrity of the Union was at stake, Captain Reeder counted not his advanced years, but with his old time patriotism, buckled on his sword and as captain of Company D, 35th O. V. I., marched with the regiment to the front to do battle for the cause of the Union he loved so well. He was for a long time assigned to special duty at Louisville, Ky. Captain Reeder was a large hearted gentleman, and it was a noticeable fact that in all his long life, no one was heard to utter a harmful word against him, and his truthfulness and veracity were above reproach.

Franklin P. Stokes was editor of the Telegraph that was the Democratic organ in the early fifties. No man, woman or child who ever saw him could possibly ever forget him, because of his general make up. He was below the medium size, and much as I have studied the human face, his was the most difficult to fathom. When standing, his head was slightly thrown backwards and his eyes slightly prominent, or protruding. No matter how many people were around him he

never seemed to be looking to the right or left, and never turned his head, yet he saw everyone, for his eye balls would roll round in their sockets, taking in the field of vision from every direction, and no man who was unacquainted with him could possibly tell whether he was laughing or crying, for when he was convulsed with mirth, he would throw his head still farther back, with his left hand on his mouth, and his right hand grasping his back to keep him from falling backwards; he would remain in this position for five minutes, or until the bystanders had exhausted themselves laughing. It was said that he was never known to acknowledge defeat, no matter how badly his party was beaten. He always claimed a substantial victory. He never cared for money, and if he found himself making money faster than he was spending it, he would stop making until he caught up spending it.

BUSINESS EDUCATION ESSENTIAL TO SUCCESS.

Business capacity is one of the rarest talents of the age. There are many young men of culture and refinement who are partially unable to earn a livelihood in business circles because they have failed to gain an education that fits them for any of the numerous grooves in the complicated machinery of modern commercial life. The talent acquired by a thorough, practical, business education commands the highest values on exchange, and the young man who has been trained for active business by the best methods, has his own fortune at his command. There is absolutely no excuse for the young man or woman of today who fails to get an education, when it can be obtained without money and without price. The lessons may be hard to master, but if you are going to be a competitor in any business, you will have many bitter lessons to learn, with experience for your teacher.

James Lefler was, for many years, engaged in the manufacture of brick. If he was not the first man to make brick in Hamilton, he was the first man to carry on the business to a success and on an extensive scale. He fully illustrated the

adage, that it is the man who makes the business, not the business that makes the man. James Lefler was one of six brothers who were all self-made men. Two of the brothers were steamboat pilots, and after following that business for some years, went to Mexico and located large and valuable tracts of land in the state of Durango. Those lands contained valuable dye woods and tropical products of great commercial value. The title to the lands were given under grants made by the Mexican government, to encourage emigration. The Lefler brothers amassed a large fortune out of their adventure, but the war with that country caused the government to confiscate the real property of all aliens in the country, and Lefler's were no exception to the rule. Soon after this one of the brothers died and James Lefler, the subject of this sketch, being a man of great courage, determined to go to Mexico and bring his brothers out of that country. When the distance and lack of means for transportation are considered, to say nothing of the climate and intense hatred of the Mexicans toward the citizens of the United States, caused by the war, it required a fearless and brave man to undertake such a hazardous trip. But James Lefler counted not the cost nor the danger in anything where duty called him. He not only went and brought back his brother, but all his personal effects with him. He was not only a courageous and fearless man, but was also a man of commercial integrity. He was a very decided man and never minced words about anything. His friendships were lasting and never broken off without good and sufficient cause. He was an honest man and a good citizen.

Pike Alston was raised on a farm some five miles south of Hamilton, but he came to our city when he was a young man and obtained a clerkship in one of the stores. He was full of

energy and it was said he could accomplish more work than most men. He was not only industrious, but was free from many of the vices and habits that beset too many young men. He was too busy to indulge in anything that would interfere with his business or employment. He even discarded the use of tobacco, but that was partly on account of its offensiveness, nor would he tolerate the smoking of a cigar in his place of business. He bought what was known as the Graham Paper Mills, located on the river south of Hamilton. That was a bold move on his part, for it had proved a failure under a former management of men who had had experience in the business. But Alston had energy and pluck. These elements it was believed by his friends would make it a success, and for a time things looked hopeful. But his mill dam across the river was swept away, and one disaster after another followed, until it was seen his losses were irretrievable. But such was the confidence in his integrity that not one of all those who had befriended him by indorsing his paper for large loans, and were compelled to make good his losses, were ever afterwards heard to say that Pike Alston's failure was in any way tainted with dishonesty. It was only recently I asked one of our wealthy and prominent business men who was perhaps the heaviest loser by Mr. Alston's failure, what I could say as to Mr. Alston's reputation for fair dealing, and without a moment's hesitation he replied, "say that Pike Alston was an honest, upright man." This reply, coming as it did from one who of all others would be most likely to complain, is the highest compliment that could be paid to any man's worth and merits.

David J. T. Smyers was born and raised on a farm and descended from good old Pennsylvania stock, running back to a time when the first installment from Germany began to set-

tle in that state, and whose descendants have ever been noted for their noble traits of character. The father of the subject of this sketch was a man of great strength and force of character, never departing from the precepts and example of a long line of honored ancestors. This is a beautiful thought for kindreds to keep before them. It is pleasant for the children of the subject of this sketch to know that he not only honored the name, but in his noble, Christian, upright, business life added additional luster to the family. When Mr. Smyers came to Hamilton he was almost unknown to the business community.

But merit like his is bound to attract attention. And it was when he became a partner with Daniel Rumble in the iron and hardware business that his fine business qualifications made him a striking figure. Daniel Rumble retired from the business, leaving Mr. Smyers the sole proprietor. It was then that his sterling business integrity was duly appreciated and his trade increased to an extent that he never anticipated. But this did not change his demeanor in the least. He was just as modest and humble as the day he started up for himself. He was now master of the trade and had the confidence of the people, and he always retained it. He was a man of noble impulses and a liberal contributor to every humane Christian enterprise. He helped many men of small means who were struggling against adverse circumstances, and it is known that not all of those he helped rewarded his confidence. But he never paraded their short-comings before the public. Mr. Smyers was a man who possessed all the elements of an upright Christian character to an eminent degree. He was successful in his business, having provided well for his family and leaving them a still better inheritance, a name without one spot, stain or blemish.

HUMANITY IS NATURALLY LAZY.

Industry is learned, not born, for humanity is constitutionally lazy. I have yet to see the first child take naturally to steady work, or the first young man to look forward, with no desire, to an age of ease and comfort. There are multitudes of men who love work, but they have learned to love it, and have learned that they are made truly happier by it. We are all looking forward to some golden hour when we may retire from business and read the newspaper at our leisure, drive a pair of steady, bay horses, and walk to the postoffice with a well-fed stomach, and a gold headed cane, and be free. I do not believe that any man ever became thoroughly industrious, save under impulsive motives outside of the attraction of labor. We labor because it is necessary for sustenance, or to achieve an object of ambition, or because idleness is felt to be a greater evil than labor. The number of potatoes unearthed in the world for the fun of it, would not feed a flock of sheep for one day. In fact, I am not certain, but we were made lazy for a purpose. It is not intended that we should have anything but air and water, costless. If labor were a pleasure we should have really to pay for nothing that

we have. All values have their basis in cost, and labor is the first cost of everything on which to set a price. But labor has a higher end than this. Can this be proved? We shall see. Every man and woman is born into the world with a stock of vitality which must be expended in some way. It may be breathed out in unnecessary sleep, or appropriated wholly to the digestion of unnecessary food, and a good deal runs to waste in these ways. It may be expended in sport and in play, it may be exhausted in sickness, or it may be appropriated to labor. This vitality is naturally a restless principle. In the boy to whom existence is fresh, we find it unchained and betraying itself in antics and races, and in foolhardy feats in various plays. It impels him to exercise an activity in all places and at all times. This vitality is like the basis of mental and muscular power. Forth from it proceeds all action whatsoever. When we possess it we live. When it leaves us we die. But these truths are self evident to every observing man, and it is useless to multiply facts to prove it.

Captain Andrew J. Lewis was born and raised on a farm, where he not only obtained a good physical education but where he also learned industrial habits that have served him well ever since. He soon mastered all the science of farming, even before he had reached his majority, and having other younger brothers, he left the family nest to make more room for them. And while looking ahead for the better chance, it was natural that a young man of his industry and activity should find his place in the city and in busy marts of trade. He came to Hamilton in 1854 and engaged in the hardware business. That was just suited to his taste and he soon had a flourishing trade. He was a man of rare and versatile talents. Genteel in his appearance, polite in his behavior, and above all he had fine business qualities. Added to all these elements

of success, he was richly endowed with good hard sense and was a most courteous and agreeable man. Such men in the competition for business, possess many advantages over their rivals who are deficient in this respect. Captain Lewis was a plain outspoken man and a very approachable one. He was pronounced in his views on all subjects, and left no room for doubt as to his position in politics or any moral, religious or social questions, and while he was jealous of his own rights he recognized the rights of others. A man of such decided convictions is sure to attract attention, no matter in what business he is engaged, and he was no exception to the rule, for it was not long until he was on the high road to wealth and a competence. But in an unguarded hour, and in his kindness of heart, he became surety for a large amount of money. And rather than go into endless litigation he paid it, and in doing so it crippled his operations so that he felt himself unable to longer continue his business, when he would be at the mercy of money lenders. When the war of the rebellion broke out, he dropped everything and commenced raising recruits for a company of men, but before he asked any man to volunteer he enlisted himself and gave freely of his means, even relieving the wants of the men he enlisted by furnishing them and their families means of subsistence. When the company for which he was recruiting was organized, he was elected a first lieutenant of company I, 35th O. V. I. and later was promoted to captain of the same company, where he was noted for his bravery and soldierlike conduct. He remained in command of his company until he was seriously wounded while leading his men in that terrible battle of Chicamauga.

He then returned home and retired to his first love, the farm, where he has since remained. But be it said to his

credit, he is not an idler but a worker. His almost youthful appearance is due to his happy and domestic disposition. Captain Andrew J. Lewis has led a busy life. He was a patriotic soldier and is a good citizen.

John Rook was a Scotchman by birth and a miller by trade. He possessed in an eminent degree all the noble elements of character for which that sturdy, liberty loving race have ever been noted. He was the chief or head miller for many years in the Hamilton Hydraulic mills when Jacob Shaffer and William Hunter were the proprietors. This is of itself a sufficient evidence of his worth and merits, for no man could have held such a responsible position under the watchful eyes of two such men as Shaffer and Hunter, if he had been lacking in any particular. John Rook was a typical representative of the Scotch highlander, and his broad, open countenance was a complete index to his character. He was a firm, resolute man, and had well matured opinions that were so firmly rooted and grounded in his very nature, that he was never known to change. He was not a man who would raise any controversy on any question that he was not interested in. But let anyone impeach or assail his motives or beliefs, that was something he would never let pass without resenting it by the use of language and arguments that were forcible, but always tempered with reason, and never in a way that was offensive. He was quick and impulsive, but he had learned to govern himself by his strong will power. That is a strong point in any man's character, but like knowledge, it may be exerted for good or evil. John Rook was an honest, upright man and a good citizen.

William N. Hunter was a farmer and an ideal type of a successful tiller of the soil who not only made farming profitable but a pleasurable exercise and a recreation as well. He

believed in the dignity of labor and was not ashamed to be called a laboring man. He literally lived and moved in an atmosphere of industry, contentment and purity. All his aims and motives were high and his aspirations were holy. While his charities were commendable and in keeping with his means, his example was worthy of emulation. His dealings with men were in strict accordance with the principles of justice, equity and honor. I am reminded of a remark made by one of his most intimate acquaintances, who said that he had no doubt the Lord could have made a better man than William N. Hunter but he did not do it. It is the men of such character and pure, upright lives that honor and dignify the positions in which they move. Throughout Mr. Hunter's whole life he was remarkable for his unswerving devotion to principle and his firm faith in Providence, believing that in the full exercise of this trust and the discharge of his whole duty, all other things needful would be added. This was beautifully illustrated in his own life, for he had an abundance and to spare. He was a striking figure on our streets until his death, which occurred on the very day and hour of the fiftieth anniversary of his wedding, when the celebration of this important event was to commence. William N. Hunter was a good man, and affords a striking example of what may be accomplished when governed by noble impulses. Let us honor and cherish his memory.

George Seward was a tailor by trade. He was for many years engaged in the dry goods business and was honored with a seat in the City Council. He was strong in his hold upon the confidence of the people, and in every respect a clean man, whether considered in the light of his personal appearance or in his long, active, business life. He was a clean man in that he was a pure man and singularly free from objectionable

features. In conversation he was chaste, never indulging in jests or using slang phrases. He was modest and of a retiring disposition. It was only in church social circles he could be seen after business hours. At all other hours, when his day's business closed, he went straight to his home, where, in the domestic circle he found peace, comfort and contentment. His devotion to principle was a leading feature throughout his long business life. No one ever questioned his integrity. His word would do to bank on. The only mistake of his life was in retiring from business fifteen years too soon, for he was just as capable, during all these years, of conducting business as at any time in his life, and he no doubt realized that fact afterwards. But he was not the man to grieve over it or parade it before the public. George Seward was strong in his friendships, and if he ever had any personal dislikes, he kept them to himself, and was never known to burden his friends with anything in connection with his personal or private matters. He was a man of noble impulses, and his life was full of good deeds, and above all, he was a grand, upright, Christian gentleman.

PROTECT THE HOMES.

No greater danger impends over our land and nation at this hour than the decline in the number of land holders and homes. We are weakening our walls of protection and letting in the surging waves of immorality. We need for ourselves and for the public weal to increase the number and improve the quality of our homes. Wind and water wander around the world and grow fresher for the journey. The lost diamond knows no difference between the dust where it lies and the bosom from which it fell, but everything that has vitality requires a home. Everything that lives seeks to establish permanent relations with that upon which it depends for supplies. Every plant and every animal has its country, and in that country a favorite location where it finds that which will give it the healthiest development and most luxurious life. Maize will not grow in England, and oranges are not gathered in Lapland. The polar bear pines and dies under the equator and the lion refuses to live in polar latitudes. The elm of a century cannot be transplanted with safety unless a large portion of its home be taken with it. In jungles and in dens, in parasitic footholds, in rivers and in brooks, in

bays, and lakes and seas, in cabins, in tents and in palaces, everything that lives, from the lowest animal and plant to the lordliest man, has a home, a place or a region, with whose resources its vitality has established relations. I have no doubt, with analogy only for the basis of my belief, that God, the fountain of life, has a home, and that there is somewhere in space, a place which we call Heaven, that is to be the home of the blest. Home and woman are the two dearest words in the English language and these two words are to our mind inseparably connected. Let a man be removed from his accustomed place in the world, and from the society of wife and children and friends and neighbors, and twenty four hours will suffice to make him a weaker man and to institute in him, either a general or special process of demoralization. The homesickness of the soldier is a genuine disease, the result of a natural cause which operates independently of his will and beyond his control.

Asa Shuler was a self-made man, having started in life as a poor boy without means, but with fixed purposes to succeed. He showed his good sense, at the beginning, by learning a trade, as the next best thing to capital. After learning his trade, as a carpenter and builder, he applied himself diligently to hard work and was noted for his steady, industrious habits. He continued to work at his trade until he, in connection with three other men, started a woolen factory; but for some cause the business did not prove a success and three of the partners stepped down and out, and John W. Benninghofen stepped in, when the firm name became Shuler & Benninghofen. The business, under the new firm, at once became prosperous and so much so that new and larger buildings had to be erected to meet the demands of the trade. It was at this time that a new business was added in the manufacture of

felt cloth, as an addition to the regular line of goods they were manufacturing. The manufacturing of felt cloth was something new in the west and it proved a most prosperous business. The firm literally coined money. But Asa Shuler was the same, plain, unpretending man in his greatest prosperity that he was when he worked at his trade as a carpenter. His reputation for honesty and integrity was never questioned. He was honored with many positions of trust in the management of our municipal affairs, and lastly, he held the responsible position of President of the First National Bank of Hamilton, a position he was elected to because of his integrity and the intelligence he had displayed in his own large business. Asa Shuler was one of the truest types of the successful business man. He was one of Hamilton's noblest public spirited men. A friend of the poor and a faithful Christian. The young man will do well to study his character and emulate his example.

Roger Hannaford was a first-class farmer and an honest man, as well as a stalwart Christian. He had a strong, robust body, a big heart and an open hand, that was always dispensing charities. He was an industrious man and earned his bread by the sweat of his brow. He was a bountiful provider and enjoyed the fruits of his labor. His digestion was good and it is doubtful if he ever had the stomachache in all his life. He was a self-made man, starting in life without means or assistance. He raised a large family of sons who not only inherited his noble traits of character, but learned to be industrious and self-reliant, while two, at least, of his sons became distinguished, one as an architect and the other as a physician. Roger Hannaford was not only a moral, upright man but he was a pillar in the church, and as an official member he was noted for his earnest work and intelligent

advice. He was in the very front lines in every moral and religious enterprise. Few men exerted a wider and more wholesome influence in the community in which he lived. The world is all the better for men of such exemplary characters.

George W. White was an artist. He was born in Oxford, Ohio, and was a born artist. When only a boy he painted pictures on paper, and would climb to the roof of a house and leave them there to dry. He started out as a landscape painter and went to New York City, where he received so many discouragements from the artists of that place, that he decided to paint portraits, as he afterwards said, to keep him from starvation. He possessed real, genuine, artistic talent in landscape painting as was evident in that masterpiece of work that he painted of old Fort Hamilton, whether that is considered in its conception, design, coloring or execution. He soon became celebrated as a portrait painter, and some of his productions have been pronounced by the art critics as equal to the work of the great masters, whose paintings command fabulous prices; but as the saying goes, a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country and among his own kin-folks. George W. White, under more favorable circumstances and free from the environments that surrounded him, ought to have taken an honorable position in any of the great cities, where his talents would have been better appreciated, and his labors rewarded in a way befitting his merits.

His was the first artist's studio I was ever in in my life. I had been sent for to look at a portrait he had painted for a medical ex-army officer, who lives in Indianapolis, Ind., and who had been a school-mate of the artist and a very dear friend of mine. When I entered the room it was dimly lighted and everything looked like chaos. I wondered if all the artists' studios looked like that. Mr. White was sitting

there apparently deeply absorbed in some tangled up question, so that I was unobserved. But he soon awoke from his reverie and threw open the window shutters. The effect was like when God said, "Let there be light," for instead of chaos, and everything without form and void, there was in that studio a revelation that overwhelmed me with wonder and amazement. I saw on canvas the familiar faces of many I had long known, with eyes that seemed to be looking right at me, and with lips ready to part, only waiting for me to speak. The effect was so striking and realistic, I felt like extending my hand to greet them after a long separation, while the artist all this time was silent and musing, and with a far off look, not uttering a word. I now told him how well and faithful to life he had painted my friend, which seemed to please him, and as I had now broken the ice, I ventured to ask him why he had so many of his productions left on his hands, for many of them gave evidence of having been executed years before. Immediately the whole expression of his countenance changed and the lines there indicated pain plainly to be seen in every lineament of his face. He made no answer to my question. I ought not to have asked it, but I could not recall it, and I tried to turn the conversation in another direction but it was of no use; I had by my question disturbed the tenor of his thoughts and he was musing upon unpleasant reminiscences of the past. I bade him a good-bye and left him still standing in the same position and with that far off look that I had observed before.

I was afterwards pleased to know that he bore me no ill-will, for the first time that I chanced to meet him, he greeted me cordially and invited me to call at his studio, as he wished to show me a letter from my friend, whose portrait he had painted. I never called but I learned that my friend was

highly pleased with his portrait. George W. White was the most sensitive man I ever met. He had few associates, which was due to his modest retiring nature. But to his credit be it said, the friendships he had formed in his early manhood, were not only reciprocal but lasting, and I have to meet the first one who had any but pleasant words for the friend of their earlier days. George W. White deserved a place among the foremost artists in America and his memory should be perpetuated by every lover of art.

A TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA,

APRIL 17, 1894.

I have just learned why the railroad agents were running over each other in their efforts to sell me a ticket to the mid-winter fair in this great city on the Pacific coast.

They needed some great attraction to make it pay, and through the Hamilton daily papers had learned that I had survived my golden wedding something less than twenty years and that I was a veritable walking corpse. They wanted me to exhibit as a specimen of magnificent ruins. Something like Baalbec near Jaffa and Jerusalem. I had a number of letters from physicians and friends at home who were profuse in their efforts to give me a good character among their friends here, and after I was well on my way, and meditating on the probable enjoyment of my trip and my reception here, it occurred to me that I had better look at some of these letters of introduction and see what my friends had said of me.

The first one I opened was from Dr. G. C. Skinner, a physician of large practice, but not old in appearance. However, considering the fact that he lives in a large house and that

when I left home he was consulting an architect with a view to enlarging his nursery, one would not think him very young. He said he had known Dr. Mallory all his life. This did not make me feel bad.

The next one I opened was from Dr. Dan Millikin. He said many nice things about me and among the rest he said he had known me many years. This was making me some older but was still not very bad.

But my next letter was from Mr. Thomas Millikin, the Nestor of the Butler county bar for the last thirty years. It was to his friend, Mr. John Hittel, of this city. In it he said I was an old physician of Hamilton and a colleague of Mr. Hittel's father. Now Dr. Hittle was one of Hamilton's first physicians and to my certain knowledge died about twenty years ago of old age. This settled it. I was undoubtedly to be one of the attractions at the fair.

Being comfortably seated in one of the magnificent C. H. & D. vestibule coaches, a few hours carried me beyond the scenes of my earlier labors, with which you readers are all familiar, and as the evening shades were falling, Chicago was announced. As I had to wait about four hours for the train which was to transport me the remainder of my journey, I concluded to put in my time looking at Chicago by electric light. As I went up town it seemed to me that everybody else was going down town, and as I went down town they all seemed to be going up. I had sufficient time, however, to satisfy myself that it is a larger city than Hamilton with Edgewood and East Hamilton thrown in.

At 10 o'clock at night I boarded the train which was to carry me to the Pacific slope, and I was soon in the arms of Morpheus, dreaming of loved ones at home, and when I awoke we were flying through Iowa and across one of the most beau-

tiful and rich stretches of farming lands I ever saw. Here where I had expected to see poverty and wretchedness, from what the Populist calamity howlers had been parading in the press for the last few years, I saw on every hand evidences of thrift, and larger herds of cattle than Job of Uz ever dreamed of. I was assured that none of these lands could be bought for less than \$75 to \$100 per acre, and the same condition of things exists in that part of Nebraska through which we passed.

But it is Denver and Colorado that furnish the surprises. What a beautiful, stirring city it is, nestling in the valley like a child in its mother's arms, the snow-capped Pikes Peak looking down from the clouds, adding grandeur and beauty to the scene.

But we had only time to take a hasty look and were off to Colorado Springs, a great health resort. A stop of ten minutes is made here and I left the car and, asked a gentleman standing near if he knew Mr. Will Tetley—"oh yes," said he, "I know him. He is an accomplished funeral director and would be glad to see you." I told him I knew Will was well up in the art for he had often assisted his preceptor, C. W. Gath of our city, in doing the last sad offices for many of my unfortunate patients, but that I was just beginning to realize how much I had missed during my past life and that I was not yet ready for the embalming process. Asking him to convey to Will my compliments, I bid him good day, and we left for Pueblo, the city of adobes, the first I ever saw.

This is quite a city, has many elegant houses, and like all the western cities, covers a large territory. But it is the great canon just ahead that fills the mind with awe and wonder. Here is a deep canon extending from the Hot Springs to Salida, ninety miles, with perpendicular walls rising to a

height of three thousand feet, at the bottom of which runs a dashing, roaring, foaming river, with just enough room along its serpentine course for a railroad track. We reached the end of this mighty wonder just as the sun was setting, and what a sunset scene, as the last rays rest upon the snow-capped peaks of two great mountains—the “Prince” and “Holy Cross!” The first has a crater at its summit and is fourteen thousand feet high.

We cast a lingering look and closed our tired eyes, for we were not to see much of Leadville as our train reached there after dark.

But we were not to escape some of the sensations caused by this elevation. I was seized with a deep and heavy breathing and a stinging sensation in my ears, and I could not hear the cars running or any one speaking across the car. This all passed off as we descended to a lower elevation. But we were to have no other surprises until we reached the great Salt Lake valley.

From Leadville through northern Colorado, and southern Utah, there is nothing to relieve the eye from the sickening monotony of sand hills and alkaline plains. There is neither grass, nor any sign of life, save an occasional sage bush; it is nothing but a desert waste. There is such an agreeable contrast when the great Utah valley is reached. Here nature has been most prodigal in her gifts, and here, too, is a most wonderfully rich production. The soil is capable of producing all kinds of grains, fruits and vegetables, with an abundance of water for irrigation. It may truly be said that this is a land that flows with milk and honey. It is no wonder that the great Mormon leader, Brigham Young, after days and weeks of weary marching over the Rockies and across the desert, while standing on the mountain overlooking this valley, exclaimed,

"Here is the promised Land!" With his 143 pioneers on the 24th of July, 1847, he founded Salt Lake City, the present population of which is 60,000. Its beautiful streets, fine public buildings, and above all, the great Mormon temple and tabernacle, render it one of the most interesting cities in the world. The tourist in search of places of interest will miss an opportunity of his life if he fails to visit this marvelous city. The corner stone of the great temple was laid April 6th, 1853.

The temple is two hundred feet long, one hundred feet wide, and one hundred feet high. The middle towers in the east end are two hundred feet high. It is built entirely of granite, part of which was hauled twenty-five miles—one stone at a time. It was finished in 1893. Some idea of its magnitude and grandeur can be formed when it is stated that the work never flagged from the day the corner stone was laid until it was finished, and that the cost was five million five hundred thousand dollars.

The great tabernacle, standing in the same enclosure, just west of the temple, is two hundred and fifty feet long, one hundred and fifty feet wide and ninety feet high. Its seating capacity is ten thousand. The great pipe organ is in this building, and it is not only the largest, but said to be the finest toned organ in the world. It is made entirely of native woods and by home labor, costing one hundred thousand dollars. It has two thousand six hundred and sixty-four pipes, and fifty-three stops. Its depth is forty feet, width thirty feet, and height thirty-three feet. The choir numbers three hundred and fifty—all the voices being well trained.

Zion's co-operative mercantile institution of Salt Lake City, does a business of five million dollars a year and employs three hundred and fifty hands. Salt Lake Theatre has a seating capacity of one thousand eight hundred. The city has

one hundred and fifty miles of streets, and seven hundred miles of telephone wire, with six hundred instruments. It has a splendid electric light system.

The population of the territory is two hundred and sixty thousand. Utah's mineral out-put is about thirteen million dollars and ranks fourth in the Union. The great Salt Lake is ninety miles long and thirty miles wide, the amount of salt being twenty-five per cent. Utah lake is sixty miles by twenty miles and, with the river Jordan as an outlet into Salt Lake, renders the whole landscape a picture of beauty. There are fifteen banks in Salt Lake City with a capital of six million dollars. It has fifty district schools and academies and one university.

There are numerous other places of interest worth seeing, among which may be mentioned: Hot Sulphur Springs, Ft. Douglas, Grove of Brigham Young, and the houses where his numerous wives dwelt. Enclosed by a high adobe wall they all stand in a row with the exception of the magnificent mansion for his favorite wife. This is on the opposite side of the street and has a tower that rises far above the other less pretentious ones, which may have been built with a view of keeping a watch over the others. But certainly the head of the Mormon church made ample provisions for the comfort of his numerous wives. Had he lived a few hundred years longer he would have made a corner on wives; as it was he had certainly broken the record in modern times.

It must not be forgotten that the Mormons have a faculty of doing things on a large scale, as was seen in the construction of the temple and tabernacle. This great city has a future before it as is evident when it is stated that the whole of this rich and fertile valley is tributary to it. Here, doubtless, Brigham Young thought when he founded this city that

no Gentiles would have the courage to again interfere or disturb him in his unlawful practices. But nothing can arrest the onward resistless march of the American. The doors of the West had to be thrown open. Stern old Tom Benton, in his place in the United States senate, with his senatorial finger pointing towards California exclaimed with emphasis "there is the east:—there is the road to India." How well his prediction has been fulfilled needs no argument.

Now we are informed that our stay here is at an end, we take our last look at the gilded tower of the temple and wonder if some future historian will tell that the city shared the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah. Our train moves onward and mindful of the fate of Lot's wife, we turn and take a last long look. An hour's run carries us to Ogden, a beautiful city of enterprise, and destined to be a rival of Salt Lake City. Here as in every other place we have been, are to be found quite a number of Ohio men who have made their mark. They stand in the front ranks of the professions, politics and business. To leave Ohio and Ohio men out would be like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out, tobacco without nicotine or whisky without alcohol; there would not be much left.

Our route passes through the great desert stretching from the Salt Lake valley, through Nevada and into and around the sandy plains of Death's valley in California. On every side nothing meets the eye but a sterile, arid waste. It is a remarkable fact that none of the rivers and streams in this great desert basin have any outlet, the water all sinks below the surface.

We are glad when the sun goes down and darkness draws the curtain over the unpleasant landscape. At last the scene changes, we are nearing the foot hills of the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and the first refreshing sight we

see since leaving the great Salt Lake valley is the Nevada river that flows through Fremont's pass. This stream grows more rapid as we ascend the mountain which rises higher and higher, and if possible, more romantic, until the mind is lost in amazement, and silence reigns supreme, for all the passengers seem to be deeply impressed with the surroundings. Still this is tame compared to the sight that greets the eye when we have reached the top. Lake Tahoe, which never freezes, twenty miles long and ten miles wide, with her two fairy sisters at Truckee, look like three bright jewels set in snowy mountains at an altitude of 6,000 feet above the ocean. What thoughts fill our mind as we look and wonder when this old mountain king was born, who placed this white crown upon his brow and who was present at his coronation. Who can tell how old he is, for he is not bent. His head, it is true, is white with the snow of a hundred thousand winters.

As the last rays of the setting sun rest upon his bejeweled brow, the light dazzles the eye. Now the descent of the western slope is begun, over which this great king has stood, guarding the approach to the valley below with its flowers, fruits and vines like the garden of Eden. We retire to our berths and descend beneath the snow sheds and just before the early dawn we are landed in the beautiful city of Sacramento, our first stopping place on the Pacific slope.

Sacramento is the capital of California, situated at the junction of the American and Sacramento rivers, and is one of the most beautiful, clean cities I ever visited. I remained here eight days as the guest of Judge N. Green Curtis, a retired lawyer, to whom I am indebted not only for a most generous hospitality, both from himself and his elegant wife, but also for many interesting reminiscences of the early days of California. The judge is a walking library of California

history, and from him I learned that its early struggle during its first throes of life was one of wild adventures. A land of sad histories, of many shattered hopes and unrighted wrongs. Fierce waves of adventure's lawless license; flaunting vice and social disorganization made its early life one mad chaos. The miners had but one object in view, gain, and no hallowed memories cling to a miner's grave like that of a soldier's. It can not be denied that it was the gold the miners dug out of the earth that furnished us later the sinews of credit to carry on successfully a great war. It was the pioneer farmers who moved into these rich valleys with their families, and these were the home builders who laid the foundation of the social fabric.

The Indians have perished, rudely despoiled. The old Dons have faded into the gray mists of the dead past. The early Argonauts have lived out the fierce fever of their wild lives. To the old individual freebooters a new order of gigantic corporate monopolies and great rough-hewn millionaires succeed. There is always some hand on the people's throats in California, and now it is the great railroad corporations. The native sons and daughters of the golden West, bright and self-reliant, and full of promise, are the glittering-eyed guardians of the Golden Gate. Born of the soil, with life's battle to fight on their own native hills, they have built around the slopes of the Pacific a state great in its hearths and homes. But a good-bye to the beautiful Sacramento city. Her beautiful state house and lovely mansions, hospitable people and handsome ladies are indelibly engraved upon our memory.

Out next point is San Francisco and the Mid-Winter Fair. San Francisco is a great commercial city, full of life, and has a history that has no parallel. Less than fifty years ago its first house was built, and I think my informant, John Hittel,

an early pioneer who emigrated from Hamilton, told me that the first house was built by an Ohio man. Its present population is three hundred and fifty thousand. Its beautiful bay is whitened by the sails of every commercial nation in the world. It is estimated that the daily transient visitors reaches twenty thousand. Her hills are peopled with more wealthy retired millionaires than any city in America. I was shown the private dwellings of Flood, Crocker, Sharon, Hopkins and Huntington, all of whom have passed to the great beyond, except the last named, who is the great railroad magnate.

Mr. Hittel told me that he had traveled the world over and that no such private dwellings could be found in any foreign lands. San Francisco is noted for hotels, the Palace and the Grand, built by Sharon, and now owned by his heirs. The Palace is seven stories high, covers a square, having a court. It is complete in all its parts and is said to be the finest hotel in the world.

The Chinese is the all absorbing question. You hear that topic discussed pro and con. I was surprised to find so many advocates of the Chinese. I was told by the ranch owners, and by almost every employer of labor in the cities and out, that the Chinaman is the most reliable and efficient help. He neither votes nor drinks, but simply does his work and does it well. The citizens seem more anxious for the Chinese to register than the Chinese themselves. The wife of a large ranch owner told me that any lady could ride, or walk for miles along the river and through the ranches, at any hour of the day or night where the Chinese are, and not be assaulted. It is a mistake that Chinamen work cheap; twenty-five to thirty dollars a month is the average price for house labor.

The great Mid-winter fair is not to be compared in magnitude to the World's Fair at Chicago, yet I venture the assertion

that it is the greatest state fair ever held in the union, and reflects credit on the originators. The location is one overlooking the bay and the entrance to the golden gate, and the various county buildings, for architectural display, are certainly more than a match for the state buildings, at our first Centennial at Philadelphia. But everyone knows that California is not a manufacturing state and in this respect, the exhibit is deficient; but when it comes to fruit, it can be safely said that no such display was ever made in the world. One Italian visitor after taking it all in shook his head and said, "Italy could stand the competition of Florida's production but never California's."

The exhibits were all grand, but the display of Sacramento, Santa Clara and San Joaquin were past human comprehension. California's mineral displays were the most interesting next to the fruit.

Now, having seen the fair thoroughly, we leave for old Monterey, once the capital of Alta California, where the beautiful bay and old adobe custom house render it a most beautiful sight. Here is where the old Dons were wont to assemble and hold high carnival when the Mexican flag and eagle floated from its capitol. Here we are shown the old moss covered Mission church, built on the spot that was blessed by the good old priest, Junipero Serra, in 1770, and where his ashes repose beneath the monument erected to his memory. Many interesting associations are connected with this old adobe town. On the 7th of July, 1846, Captain Mervine with two hundred and fifty blue jackets, raised the United States flag. The hills around re-echoed twenty-one guns in salvo from Flood's squadron. On the eighth, Montgomery threw the starry emblem to the breeze at the golden gates of San Francisco. Old Portsmouth's heavy guns roared their notes

of triumph. This was the death knell to Mexican rule in California and the cession of this wonder state completed our undisputed title to everything from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean. One of the most beautiful spots on this coast is Pacific Grove, four miles from Monterey, on the south side of the bay or rather on the beach. The Methodists are always on the advance guard and never miss a good opportunity, so they purchased this lovely grove for a camp ground, with the additional object of making it a popular summer health resort and to exclude all objectionable and disturbing elements, but the enormous expense of erecting waterworks and gas plants, beside the building of a hotel, was too great a tax on their finances. They struck a good bargain with the railroad company who agreed to take the ground and complete the necessary improvements, and also extend their road from Delmonte to the grove, build freight and passenger depots, and carry out the Methodist idea. There is now a good hotel, three churches; the Methodist Church costing fifteen thousand dollars, and a permanent population of eight thousand, which is one-third as many as during the summer season.

How little one knows about his country who never got beyond the Mississippi river. From that point the further one goes the greater the revelation, until he reaches California, great in greatness, surrounded by mountains like a zone of sapphire. After this he will feel prouder of his country's greatness than ever he did before, and in the fullness of his patriotism will say "Palsied be the hand that ever attempts to pluck one single star from the bright constellation of the states." To separate a state from the Union would be to reverse the laws of nature.

This great domain, Canada and Mexico included, will some day have but one flag, or, will some contemplative phil-

osopher in the future stand on the banks of the Potomac, as Gibbon stood on the tower of the capitol at Rome, meditating on the rise and fall of a great and glorious empire of states, whose arms and arts had been the theme and the admiration of the world. God forbid.

A MARVELOUS CITY.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

APRIL 28, 1894.

In my description of a flying visit through California, I intentionally omitted any mention of Los Angeles and southern California, first for the reason that it would have occupied too much space, and secondly, were I to do the subject justice, Los Angeles alone would require a much longer letter than my first.

Doubtless, comparatively speaking, very few of my readers have ever visited the phenomenal city, and not one in a thousand have any conception of its transformation, in less than fifteen years, from a Spanish pueblo of houses, built of sun dried bricks, and of low, one-story, wooden structures, to a modern city of beautiful homes, fine public buildings and a population of 70,000. For beauty and architectural display, which confronts the visitor at every point, it has no equal in America. Its fine churches and beautiful streets, and above all, its attractive public parks, make it a picturesque scene. All give evidence of an intelligent, cultivated citizenship. The humblest dwellings are set in grounds surrounded by

evergreens, tropical and flowering plants, climbing vines and ever blooming roses in infinite variety, reminding one of the city of the angels, as its name implies.

Go where you will in any direction, you will find no slouch goods as one of the business men said to me, using a slang phrase of a once High street business man of Hamilton. Houses that seemed to have been recently constructed are literally surrounded by beautiful tropical plants and flowers. But this is plain when it is said that owing to the climate and soil it only requires three or four years to grow them, whereas in a less forward climate it requires twelve to fifteen years.

There is nothing common or monotonous about the city. You will see no two buildings alike, and yet they are all beautiful. Nothing so mars the beauty of most of our growing, young cities, as whole rows of buildings exactly alike. They are not only a standing menace to the most attractive building in the immediate neighborhood, but they often depreciate the value of property.

The excellency of her schools, both public and private, her many literary, musical and social organizations, her large and fine churches, whose pulpits are filled with men of high office, are difficult to excel in any city east or west. The tourist, the cosmopolitan and pleasure seeker will find Los Angeles a most delightful place. My advice to tourists on arrival in Los Angeles would be to call on any one of the Ohio colony, and especially those who emigrated from Hamilton (and the woods are full of them). They are all great men, men of business; brainy men.

I was not long in finding Mr. Otto Brant, formerly of Hamilton, but now at the head of one of the largest and most complete abstract offices in the United States, in fact he is the head, tail and backbone of it. He owns the beautiful building

in which the office is located, a large three story brick and has a clerical force of thirty men, and judging from the way the shekels were dropping into the till while I was in the office, I should say it was a paying institution. Each morning at eight o'clock the title to every piece of property appears on his books. He is a busy man but not busy enough to neglect the courtesies due to a friend. I was ordered to report promptly at five p. m. at his office where I found him waiting to take me to his country seat, a most delightful suburban residence presided over by his charming wife (nee Sue Thomas, second daughter of the late Alfred Thomas). A night's entertainment by the host and hostess has left memories that will never leave me. Upon returning to the city the next morning, by a pre-arrangement, I was turned over to his big hearted brother, Mr. Byron K. Brant, who showed me every part of the city of Los Angeles. To me it was a revelation. Commencing at Spring and First streets where in 1881 horses and teams were floundering in mud, there are now asphalt pavements, five and six story stone and brick blocks, and I failed to find vacant rooms in any of them. The first floors are filled with large stocks of fine goods, while the upper rooms are occupied by business and professional men as offices and which are reached by elevators that are kept in constant motion. Lots in this locality range at \$2,000 a front foot, and this independent of the cost of the buildings.

The resident portion of the city lies south and on the hills west of the business part. The highest point is at an elevation of sixty feet which is reached by cable cars. The whole of these beautiful hills are covered with fine houses and lovely cottages. At the highest point the waters of the blue Pacific can be seen with the naked eye, and it also affords a view of the beautiful city below. The residence of E. B.

Stimpson, built of red stone, will favorably compare with suburban residences of any of our largest cities. When Mr. Byron Brant was showing me this part of the city he remarked that his brother told him there was more real indigo in the blood of the dwellers here than in any other part of the city. The city has wisely provided breathing places that are attractive, one of which is West Lake at the highest point. I would judge that it is about one fourth of a mile in diameter and it is surrounded by a border of ocean pinks from two to four rods wide and a thousand different kinds of ornamental plants of every hue, delighting the eye of the beholder.

It was on these beautiful heights that I met our old townsman, Dr. Joseph N. Harris, whose cottage stands just north of Temple street, about two miles from the business portion of the town, while his office is at the corner of Spring and First streets. The doctor has a large practice and is popular in his profession. To him I am indebted for many kind attentions during my stay in the city. Another of our townsmen, Dr. J. P. P. Peck and his son, Robert, have an office in the business part of the city and are very busy men. The doctor does not look a day older than he did twenty years ago and is growing quite Falstaffian in appearance. Just as I was leaving Los Angeles I met Dr. L. D. Brown, who was former superintendent of the Hamilton schools, but now occupying the same position in Los Angeles. When an Ohio man is at the head of the schools the future educational interests of the place is assured.

Los Angeles has forty-two public schools besides her academies and university. Her bank deposit is eleven millions with a tax levy of only \$2.50 on the hundred.

She has a perfect electric light system, cable and electric cars. There is a deposit of native asphalt which is inexhaust-

ible, while petroleum is found in paying quantities at the very edge of the city and the quality of which is pronounced by experts equal to that found in any other locality. This product assures fuel for manufacturing purposes.

It is of southern California that I now wish to write, the whole of which is tributary to Los Angeles and without a description of which the reader would be in doubt as to the future of the city.

After I had been over the city and returned to my hotel, I turned to an elderly gentleman sitting near me whose appearance indicated that he was a resident of Los Angeles. I said to him, "I am informed that fifteen years ago this was an adobe town of twelve thousand, and that it now has seventy thousand. What have you to sustain this population?" He asked me where I was from and like all loyal Buckeyes, I replied with emphasis, "from Ohio." He said "so was I. But I am now here and here to stay. If there was no Los Angeles and southern California, I would still be in Ohio. Now if you will take your note book and pencil and take down the items as I give them to you, I will tell you what makes Los Angeles."

It is the climate and soil productions of southern California which will not only sustain its present population but double it in twenty years.

Now, southern California comprises seven counties, namely, San Diego, San Bernardino, Orange, Los Angeles, Ventura, Santa Barbara and Riverside. This territory is bounded on the north by the counties of San Luis Obispo, Kern and Inyo, on the east by the state of Nevada, and the Colorado River which separates California from Arizona, on the south by Lower California, a territory of Mexico, and on the west by the Pacific ocean, the shore line of which extends

in a northwesternly and southeasternly direction for a distance of two hundred and seventy-five miles. The total area of these seven counties is forty-four thousand nine hundred and one square miles which is twenty-nine per cent of the area of the state. The following states approximate in area that of Southern California: Indiana 36,350 square miles; Kentucky, 40,400; Louisiana, 48,720; Mississippi, 46,810. New York, 49,170; Ohio, 41,060; Pennsylvania, 45,215; Tennessee, 42,050; Virginia, 42,450. Now the states of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Delaware, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Rhode Island and Vermont could all be placed within the boundaries of Southern California and still leave 1,150 square miles. Again take the area of a few European countries in comparison with the 44,901 square miles of Southern California, Belgium, 11,373 square miles; Denmark, 14,780; England and Wales 58,186; Greece, 24,977; Ireland, 32,531; Holland, 12,680; Portugal, 44,000; Scotland, 29,820; Switzerland, 15,981. All these countries have from ten to twenty times the population of Southern California and some of them are mountainous. Thus it will be seen that Southern California will not be soon over populated.

The line of demarkation between Southern California and the rest of the state has been well defined by nature. At Point Conception, near the northern line of Santa Barbara county, the coast makes a decided change, deviating from the general southernly direction which it has followed for two thousand miles, at this point it turns shortly and bears off almost due east. In the same latitude the Sierra, which from Alaska, south, follows the general trend of the coast, turns from its northernly and southernly course and as a great range, runs directly eastward, walling in the country from the north, then turns southward with a great curve shooting it in

from the east. North of the Tehatchipi range California faces the sea. Furthermore the Kuro Swio current, which comes down from Alaska, is at Point Conception shot clear off the land by the cape and never approaches close to the shore again. This natural coast arrangement gives us the climate of Italy, while it is in the same latitude of Richmond, Va. The average temperature here is 75° and during the winter 55° , thus we find all kinds of tropical trees and plants growing here to perfection. While southern California is a grain growing country it is best adapted to horticulture. Here apples, peaches, oranges, figs, olives, plums, dates and English walnuts all grow with larger yields than is produced anywhere in the world, and the vine flourishes as it does nowhere else. All kinds of vegetables are produced here with from two to three crops a year. What more desirable place to live than right here, and where will the invalid find a more inviting place, free from the chilling winds from the North and the burning heat of the South. Here there are no sudden drops of temperature that is the dread of every feeble and susceptible person in a less favored climate.

It is this climate, soil and production that has attracted thousands of well-to-do persons to settle in this marvelous country.

Now to return to Los Angeles, the standard of the citizens here for intelligence, morality and religion is higher than is to be found in any community I have ever known. This is doubtless due to the fact that this is the city of churches. There are more churches in Los Angeles than any city of its size in America. The Methodists alone have 25, while the Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists and all other Evangelical denominations are well represented.

In politics the sentiment of the people is largely Repub-

lican. In municipal affairs politics cut no figure at all and as a result the best men are elected to office.

A "fiesta" or flower festival had just closed the week before my visit, and I was credibly informed that there were 50,000 visitors in the city during the week of the festival. The citizens went out in the streets and left their doors unlocked and windows open until midnight and not one cent's worth of anything was stolen or a man arrested for disorderly conduct. Where will you find another example like this in a city of seventy thousand inhabitants. Now in conclusion let me say to all, embrace the first opportunity you have of visiting California. Do not wait until the railroad to Salt Lake is finished, nor for the completion of the Nicaragua canal, for when this great highway is opened to commerce it will shorten the distance to southern Europe by ten thousand miles. There will then be less chance for profitable investments, for millions of people will then be attracted to this most wonderful country where wealth, health, strength and longevity awaits the emigrant.

A HOME IN THE FOREST—HAPPY BOY- HOOD DAYS.

It was only last week, while on a hasty visit to relatives living four miles south of Middletown, Indiana, that I was amazed and overwhelmed while contemplating the wonderful evolution that has been wrought in Henry county, and especially on the west line of the county around Middletown and Cadiz, since I first saw the place in 1836. The country was then almost an unbroken forest. My father had entered land two and one half miles north of Cadiz and one half mile west of Deer Creek road leading from Middletown to Newcastle and Greensboro. A house and barn had been built on it and about ten acres of the land around the house partially cleared away before moving on the place. A light snow covered the ground at the time we landed. It was just before the holidays in 1836. The heavy timber and thick undergrowth made it utterly impossible to see ten rods in any direction. I was then but fifteen years of age, but young as I was the scene before me was a picture of the desolation of despair. Solitude was the only word that came to my mind. There was then perhaps as many houses as there are now, but they were so

hidden by the heavy wood it was difficult to find them, for not many of those early settlers had more than eight or ten acres of the timber cut away from around their humble cabins. I am inclined to think there were more houses than now, for cheap as the public lands were then, only \$1.25 per acre, many of the settlers had not more than forty or eighty acres, but a few owned one hundred and sixty acres, and on each lot there was a cabin. I wonder if the sons of those early pioneers really know how their parents commenced life. Let me draw a picture of the houses they lived in:—a one story log cabin built of logs sometimes with the bark on. The house was set on blocks for a foundation, the roof was covered with clapboards, the chimneys built of wood and lined on the inside with mud, the back wall and jams made of dry earth beaten in with a maul until they were solid. It was done something on the same principle that pressed brick are made now. The floor was laid with what was called puncheons split from ash logs, the ceiling or loft was loose clapboards, and not infrequently the door was made out of boards riven from timber, with wooden latches, and the dwellers were so hospitable that the latch strings were not figuratively, but literally hanging out all the time both day and night. This was to all intents and purposes a typical "Hoosier's nest" that was, over sixty years ago, going the rounds of all the papers and comic almanacs. It was the most faithfully conceived piece of doggerel poetry that ever appeared in print.

Now when I think of those early pioneers who, without means, solely dependent upon their own strong arms and a faith and trust in Divine Providence, I wonder at what they accomplished. They felled the forests and stirred the virgin soil almost without bread, and were the unwilling victims of ague, that never failed to shake them up once a day for two

months each fall. Despite all their difficulties, in due time they cleared up farms, made roads and corduroy bridges, planted orchards and made the wilderness to blossom like a rose. Let us say to their descendants, never cease to cherish their memories and emulate their examples and virtues, for they richly deserve a monument higher than any of the trees that used to adorn the unbroken forest.

I can not, for want of space, name but few that come to my mind; and in doing so it is with no intention to discredit the merits of an hundred others who deserve special mention. There were Tabor, Moses and Arvid McKee, three brothers; John Pitzer, Jacob Whistler, Ephraim Elliott, Jacob Showalter, Moses Wilhoit, John, Jacob and Daniel Keesling, three brothers who were noted for their sterling qualities. Then there were the Personett brothers, great big stalwart men, too numerous to name each one separately; the woods were alive with them. There were Joseph and Daniel Franklin who were like patriarchs because of their large families around them. Most of the sons became celebrated preachers. Then the Rulongs and Stewarts were prominent. Who of all the earlier settlers will ever forget John Bills who owned the only mill in the neighborhood? He was a character and made such an impression on my mind that I wrote an article on his characteristics and it was so offensive to his sensibilities that he threatened me with summary punishment. I got out of it by pleading my youth and inability to write an article of such faithfulness to the subject, and when I told him so he got madder than ever. What an array of upright, noble, God fearing men were those early pioneers. They sowed the seed and their children are reaping the harvest. Their biographies ought to be written in letters of gold and set in pictures of silver.

The first time I was ever in Middletown was on the day when Governor David Wallace made a speech, standing on a store box at the time, in front of Jo Bowman's and John Festler's store. That was in 1837. While he was speaking there were not less than twenty fights going on in Eph Shaffer's grocery, or rather his grog shop, for he had nothing in his place but the vilest whiskey that ever went down a Snort Guzzler's throat. The fights were not about politics, it was Eph Shaffer's vile whiskey. It is no wonder the frequenters of that place behaved like wild beasts or demons. Shaffer ran off when he saw the sheriff coming to arrest him to answer to the twenty indictments the grand jury had found against him for violating the law. He did not take time to say good-bye to his landlord. The effects he left behind him were seized by the officers, who found nothing but crazy berries in the empty whiskey barrels. Middletown was then a very small place. There were but two stores, kept by Bowman & Festler and Henry Pearce.

There were as physicians Drs. Henry Ballengal and Preston. Joseph Hurley kept the only tavern and Chauncey Burr, I think it was, ran a tan yard. There were many noted men near the village. I remember Nathan Riley and several of the Clevengers. The Summers were numerous. Valentine Summers was a man of herculean strength and he was full and boiling over with good humor. I wonder where all those pioneers are now. It is safe to say they have disappeared and passed over to the great beyond. In laying out the foundation of the social fabric, they builded wiser than they knew and made the way clear for a new order of things. Old modes of doing business have been supplanted by labor saving machinery. Little did those first settlers dream that beneath the rich loam they were tilling, deep down in the Trenton

rock, an element existed that was not only to take the place of fuel they were at first so anxious to get rid of, but it was to create and revolutionize manufacturing industries in the land and establish them in places that were never thought of before, and Mahomet-like when the gas would not go to the raw material, the raw material went to the gas, and now the sound of the locomotive and the whistle of the steam engine, and the busy hum of industry is heard where fifty years ago only the noise of the spinning wheel was heard. What will the harvest be in fifty or even twenty years hence, who can tell? When so many new and important discoveries of a startling nature are being made almost daily, will the limit ever be reached? Men are running to and fro up and down the earth, and knowledge is being increased. Scientific truth is mighty indeed and will prevail, and amid the marvelous truths that science is yet to unfold, the wonders of Aladdin's lamp will cease to mystify, greater marvels will dim its splendor and posterity will look back upon those minds that could be satisfied with an Arabian-knights' entertainment, or a tale of a fairy lady, with as much pity as we do upon the savage, whose highest ideas of regal adornment consist in beads of glass and jewelry of tin, for men will seek for the exhilaration of knowledge in the laboratory of the chemist and in the lecture room of the philosopher, where nature, inspired by God, whose miracles by fire and water, light and lightning at once kindle devotion and dispense knowledge.

LOG CABIN DAYS IN INDIANA.

It was in 1840 I first saw Liberty, Indiana. The place was not large then, but there was no room for any more people than were assembled there on that memorable morning. It was on the morning of the day when the great Whig demonstration was held in Connersville, where canoes, log cabins, coon skins and hard cider attracted the people from all over the country. It was a demonstration never to be forgotten. The delegation that left Liberty that morning was perhaps the largest that ever left Union County on any occasion. Richard Dormire was the Grand Marshal, and I thought as he sat upon his horse he was the handsomest man I ever saw. The procession extended from just in front of the court house out on the road towards Connersville, for more than a mile. The people of to-day absolutely know nothing about big political meetings. Indiana was in a political effervescence. Men literally made politics then as they do now, a business, and I suppose it was like the cash merchant who told the old lady that he sold everything in his store for less than cost; and when she asked him how he could make a living at that, he said it was owing to the large amount of his sales.

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If the Indiana politician was asked how he could make a living out of politics as a business, his answer would be that it is due to the large business he does in that line. But for all that, Liberty had many solid business men who never mixed business with politics. There was that grand business man, William Conwell, who was one of a large family of brothers who were all distinguished for intellectual attainments as well as for their business integrity. It would be interesting to know something about the homes they were raised in. It would be safe to say that both the paternal and maternal heads of those homes were remarkable for moral and religious culture.

Felix Conklin was a reliable business man; he, too, descended from a family that was noted for their sterling traits of character. It was business with him from start to finish. Elias Jerrel, too, knew that to make business a success a man must live on less than he made, and that he must take no risks by taking a short road to wealth. Who will ever forget the Estep brothers, Arch and Baz, as they were generally called! They were very peculiar men. They were only remarkable for their peculiarity, They were born that way. They both kept taverns, as that was the name of the places of public entertainment in those days, and be it said to their credit, the traveler who lodged with either of them was sure to get the worth of his money.

Richard Dormire as a business man in his line never had a superior in Liberty or any other place, if indeed he had an equal. He was a large, handsome man, with a pleasing and smiling countenance, and was a most courteous man; such men always discount the uncourteous in the race for business. There was old Uncle Thomas Carr, who was one of the best mechanics in the place, and he was also a preacher of the gos-

pel. He used to hold protracted meetings at the Silver Creek meeting house, where he drew great crowds of people, but it made no difference to him how the interest was manifested in his meetings, nor how rapidly the converts were coming forward, when the time he had set for closing the meetings had come, close them he would, to the infinite chagrin of all the young gentlemen and young ladies who wanted some place to go to and see the crowds. Uncle Thomas Carr was a man of respectable attainments and of unblemished character, as well as an earnest, high-toned Christian gentleman.

Egehill Burnsidess was at the time I am writing about, Clerk of the Court and had been all his life so far as I know, at least I never heard of any one else having ever held that office. He was a staid, sedate, lovable old gentleman. The late General Ambrose E. Burnsidess was his son, a bright, promising young man of seventeen. Little did he dream of the part he was destined to play, twenty-one years later, as a commander of one of the greatest armies that was ever mustered into service, and to serve in the greatest Civil war that was ever inaugurated in the World. Liberty furnished two men who won distinction during the War of the Rebellion, General Ambrose E. Burnsidess and General Thomas W. Bennett, and besides contributed her quota of troops. This alone will give her an imperishable place in history.

Samuel McCullough was one of Liberty's reliable business men. There was no gush in him but he had an abundance of practicable good sense, and his home was remarkable for its domestic attractions. I speak knowingly from having been an invited guest at his hospitable board.

Bragg's Tavern was the toniest public house of entertainment in Liberty in those days. By the way, this reminds me of a funny little episode that took place in that usually quiet

place. It was this way: a weary, sick traveler alighted from the stage one morning, and as breakfast was just ready he sat down to the table, but was only able to drink half a cup of coffee for which Bragg charged him fifty cents. The traveler remonstrated on the grounds that he had eaten nothing, but Bragg told him if he had eaten as much as four laboring men it would only have been fifty cents. Just as the traveler crossed the street he met long John Pullen who stood nearly or quite seven feet in height.

At the sight of John the stranger caught on to an idea of getting even with Bragg. He asked John if he was a very good feeder, John gave him a knowing wink, as much as to say try me. John was told to hold himself in readiness for dinner, and he was on time. The stranger escorted him into the office of the tavern and throwing down a half dollar told Bragg to give John his dinner and left. John sat down to the table and began to hide away the good things on that table in a way that would have done honor to the feats of the most adroit juggler of ancient or modern times. The guests at the table sat amazed, and to add interest to the occasion, John had some kind of an abnormal automatical developement of his jaw bones that kept up a clapping not unlike the sound of the bones-man in a minstrel troupe. John kept eating while the guests were looking on, and it was not long until the table looked like a desert waste, but John, seeing there were no more vituls in sight, leaned back as much as to say he was waiting a relay. It was at this stage a bright idea struck the good landlady who brought a pitcher of cider and set it down in front of John, remarking at the time that it was fresh from the press. John told her he was fond of sweet cider but as a rule he never drank cider until he was half done eating. It now occurred to Bragg that the only course to pursue was a

compromise and he plainly told John that if he would leave the table and the house he would give him back the half dollar the traveler had given him for his dinner. It is said Bragg went gunning for the stranger that afternoon.

Cully and Bowers were two of the liveliest business men that ever run a store in Liberty. Derry Bowers was an Argus-eyed little man and had an eye to business. It is doubtful if ever a man, woman or child entered that store without Derry Bowers seeing them, no matter how busy he was or how many were in the store. He seemed to be looking right at each one and holding an animated conversation with each one at the same time. He knew how many hogs each farmer was feeding and how many dozen eggs and pounds of butter each old lady would have to sell, and how many geese she had picked during the year. He was a good judge of human nature, and he turned his knowledge to good account. Liberty never had but one Derry Bowers. What a character he would have been for Charles Dickens.

I am almost sorry I commenced this article as it is the only one I shall write on Liberty, and more than two score of men come to my mind who deserve honorable mention and whose noble deeds should be held in grateful remembrance.

SKETCHES OF OLD FRIENDS AT BROWNSVILLE, INDIANA.

Having recently contributed a series of articles for the Hamilton, Ohio, *Daily Republican*, giving sketches of the lives and characters of the most noted professional and business men who were in active service when I became a resident of this city in 1849, which articles have been published on each Saturday, and seem to have been well appreciated by the public, it occurred to me that similar sketches of the most worthy, leading men of Brownsville, Indiana, and the surrounding neighborhood, who were there from 1841, when I first came to the place, to 1849, when I left it, would not only be a contribution to the history of a former period, but would be interesting reading to those who have come upon the stage of action since that date. And it also serves to revive recollections in the minds of a number who are still living, as to times, places and events that have been well nigh forgotten. But there are other good reasons why it is a labor of love for me to write about this (to some minds) insignificant place, which has been regarded as a kind of Nazareth out of which no good thing can come.

It was in 1841 when, from the summit of the hill on the

west I first looked down into this quaint little village and for the first time met the idol of my young heart, whom three years afterwards I wed. She was the most beautiful and lovely girl in all the world, and for more than fifty-one years was my faithful and loving companion in all the battles of life. It was in this same village I commenced the study of my profession, and after going through my preparatory readings, I entered the medical school. On returning to Brownsville, I came direct to Hamilton in 1849, where I have since remained in a continued practice of my profession for forty-six years.

Now let me repeat that I have traveled all over every section of the United States and a large part of British America, and my mind more frequently reverts to this despised little town than to any spot I have ever visited. And when I look back and institute a comparison of the men with whom I was associated in Brownsville, they were the peers of any men or set of men I have met anywhere.

I have no data from which to draw my sketches save from recollection and observation during the six years of my residence there, and leave to the unbiased reader to say whether I have overdrawn the picture.

The first man that claims my attention is that grand, noble and never-to-be-forgotten Dr. Daniel Trembly. He was the "grandest Roman of them all." Who ever heard of him refusing a professional call? It made no difference to him who the patient was—high or low, rich or poor, whether in the village or over the hills, through mud, rain or snow, or in the scorching rays of a summer sun, it was all the same. It would be interesting to know just how much of all his professional work was gratuitous, for he was never known to ask any one for money. I will venture the assertion that if all the delinquent parties were to pay his heirs for the honest

and faithful service he performed, it would supply all his children's wants and their descendants for one hundred years. Dr. Daniel Trembly deserves a monument higher than the hills that surround the town. He was a giant intellectually, and what was most remarkable, he was totally unconscious of his ability and skill. As a general practitioner of medicine I never knew a more successful man in his profession. What an influence he exerted in the field of his labors. How kind and careful he was with his students. I can recall six who might be called the children of his professional brain. Some of whom, at least, and perhaps all, if their life work could be known, have won distinction in their profession. The writer of these sketches is indebted to Dr. Daniel Trembly and his former bright pupil, Dr. D. M. Rider, for whatever success attended his life in the field of medicine. But I confess my inability to do justice to a man so grand. His biography ought to be written in letters of gold and set in apples of silver.

John and Colonel Henry Rider were two brothers who came from Pennsylvania as early as 1833, and settled in Brownsville. They brought with them all those sterling traits of character for which that state has always been noted. The two brothers were large men, big in every way—big hearted men. They were great singers and great Methodists. They both kept open house, and as they lived well, their houses were always full. Colonel Henry Rider's store was a great resort for the farmers who used to flock there to hear the news, for the Colonel was a great reader and took the principal newspapers published in those days. It was a source of great amusement for me to listen to the quaint questions they would ask. I remember one old jay-bird who would ask Col. Rider every time he came into the store, what

light hogs were worth; I suppose it was because he never raised any heavy ones. I remember another, when hearing about the electric telegraph that was just beginning to be talked about, asked how many barrels of flour it would carry at one time. No two men were better known than Colonel Henry and John Rider. They both died too soon, for such men are great bulwarks of strength in every country.

Who of the earlier citizens will ever forget that bright intellectual, local Methodist preacher, Albert G. Perkins? He was a hatter by trade, and carried on the business for many years. He was one of the most eloquent speakers I ever heard. His influence over his audiences was wonderful; his flights of eloquence would always bring forth the most hearty amens from all over the church. He practiced just what he preached—pure undefiled religion—and that was why his influence made him strong with the people.

Isaac Stagg was a noticeable man; he would attract the attention of any man by his lofty bearing and dignified deportment. He was a gentleman of noble qualities, having descended from a long line of merchants and business men of commercial integrity, and in his own business life he never lowered the standard. In his intercourse with men he carried his religion with him in his business transactions. His home was a model for its domestic attractions and comforts. The pure life he lived must forever be a happy theme for all his descendants to dwell upon.

Major William Youse and his brother, Joshua Youse, who were Pennsylvanians by birth, were honored citizens of Brownsville, and of unimpeachable character. They had once been men of means; but revulsions in business will sometimes come. It is then pleasant to reflect that while their earthly treasure and wealth may be carried away, yet no taint of

dishonesty rests upon their fair names. That is a better legacy to leave their children than stocks or bonds.

Boss Eckert, the old village blacksmith, with his smiling countenance was always greeting everybody he met. There was not much romance or poetry about him, but a sight of good humor and honesty. If he has not gone to heaven, the outlook is gloomy enough for the average christian.

Here is another old time merchant, L. M. Norris—or as everybody called him—Laz Norris. He was very popular as a merchant, and a man of strong likes and dislikes. He was truthful and honest, and despised trickery in business or anything else. His later years were not prosperous, but he went west and commenced farming, and with that industry and determined will, for which he was always noted, he succeeded in providing well for the future. You cannot keep such men down; they are like truth, "Crushed to earth will rise again." I had a letter from his wife a few years ago and he was still living.

One very remarkable fact is still firmly impressed upon my mind which stands to the credit of Brownsville, viz., that during my residence in the place from 1843 until 1849, the peace of the village was not disturbed by a single street brawl or fight. What other small village in all the land can boast of such a record, reflecting as it does on the high character of the people, for sobriety and morality. It remained for the other smaller places throughout the county to furnish material to keep the Grand Jury in session for any length of time.

Billingsville and Dunlapsville were noted for minor offenses in those days. Dunlapsville was only remarkable for one kind of sport, and that was betting at shooting matches, which was an offense against the law. Old 'Squire George W. Newland, who kept a tavern in Dunlapsville, was frequently

before the Grand Jury for betting at shooting matches. Samuel Parker, or as he was more frequently called Sam Parker, had for years been prosecuting attorney, and he was so shrewd and adroit in drawing up indictments that the lawyers had no show with him, and at the first opportunity they manipulated the elections so as to defeat him and elect David Masey in his place. It was Masey who had Newland indicted for losing an interest in four turkeys at a shooting match at a fip per shot. That was six and one-fourth cents.

When Newland's case was called he proved that he won the turkey, and that settled the case. Masey got mad but Newland told him by way of aggravation, that he had beaten Sam Parker out of a dozen indictments every spring and that Sam Parker was a much smarter lawyer than he was, and to add insult to injury he advised Masey, when in the future he ever had him indicted, if it was for shooting, and he wished to sustain the indictment, to be sure and draw it up for winning, for he never lost at that game. But let not the reader be led astray as to the general tone and high character of the people about Dunlapsville, for like Brownsville,—the moral and religious influence that swayed everything around the village overbalanced the minor evils a thousand times over.

It was the Methodists that held sway at Brownsville but in Dunlapsville it was almost unanimously Presbyterian, and in their upright Christian character, as manifested in the lives of the citizens, in every place of life, they were practical examples of piety. When I think of some of the members of the Presbyterian church of that place, the very first man that comes to my mind was that grand old Christian gentleman, James Bryson, and then there was Beech Billy and River Billy Nichols, and the never-to-be-forgotten Bachelor Jimmy Nichols. The McCulloughs, the Hannas, the Wests and the

Abernathys, and a hundred others of like solid Christian character. It would be interesting to me to know how many of those of whom I have here written are still living, but if the truth of Scripture holds good, not many of the sons and daughters of those noble men are begging bread.

But to return to Brownsville, for I am not yet through with that place. There are still scores of good men and true men whom I have not intentionally omitted, but when so many worthy ones who deserve special mention are found, it is hard for me to select from the number.

Samuel Yaryan certainly deserves a place in my sketches for his noble Christian life and industrious habits. The sound of his hammer was continually ringing from morn till night. If you had asked him at any time in his busy life if hard work ever killed anyone, his brain and brawn would have been a sufficient answer without a word. That great right arm of his, that had wielded the hammer for so many years grew harder and stronger from use, until he was like a modern Sampson for strength. Isaac Webster, like Sam Yaryan, was a mechanic and a hard working, upright, honest Christian. He was a good representative type of the working man. He was a plasterer and he also worked at the cooper trade in the winter, when the season for plastering had expired. He was too industrious to remain idle. And as a rule an industrious man will always find something to do. He was unlike those men who are always hunting work and praying that they will never find it. I am also reminded of that hustling old gentleman of Irish descent, Uncle Billy Woods, who by his work, and the interest he took in the Methodist church, was honored by having the church near his farm called Wood's Chapel.

Philomath, that Murat Halstead talks about in his Paddy's Run sketches was in the same neighborhood. He

spells it Philometh instead of Philomath. He talks about Tizzard as the man who built the old barn-like Academy that I remember seeing still standing like Baal-ber, in a ruined condition fifty years ago. If there ever was a man named Tizzard it was long before my time. I had the impression that it was old Johnathan Kidwell who was the moving spirit in erecting the old building, and named it Philomath, which was to be a great seat of learning. Kidwell had a printing press in the place, where he published some kind of an anti-religious pamphlet that was usually loaded down with anathemas against everything that has for its object the moral and religious improvement of the conditions of mankind. But Kidwell's bad influence never got further than the precincts of Philomath. He was like Great Hudibras in writing doggerel poetry, and having for its object the caricaturing of his betters in everything. But to return to Uncle Billy Woods; few men exerted a wider influence than he did, and in his more prosperous days he was liberal and charitable, a dispenser of hospitality, and a power for good in the church.

John Partington, the old Englishman had a carding machine and some kind of a woolen factory. He would use the letter h where it was not needed but that was a small matter when compared to the strength of his good and upright character. John Partington when I first knew him, was a man of sterling worth, and a good citizen, as well as an earnest Christian. What would Brownsville have been without John Muir the old chair maker. I wonder if there ever was a young married couple who went to housekeeping in his day without a set of George Muir's chairs, and they were just good enough for a king to sit in, and real handsome. It just took one of those chairs to make the young bride look

like a beautiful picture when she sat down in her newly furnished house, while the young husband's eyes feasted on the sight presented to his view, and wondered if ever a husband had such a lovely wife before, and how he ever existed alone in his single and helpless condition. I suppose it was the thoughts of the happiness George Muir was imparting to others, that made him work the harder. He was never idle. Always working, and always happy. The dear old man will always be remembered for his many good deeds. Let all who knew his worth honor his memory. It is a noticeable fact that all the men I have written about in and around Brownsville were men of industry. I hope and trust that their descendants have followed their example and have not only proved themselves worthy, but have made advances and have profited from the labors of their honored sires, who made the way possible to greater success than they ever dreamed of. It is a sad thought when I hear of the children of successful parents going backwards. It is said that not one of the descendants of the Barons of England who wrung from King John, Magna Charta, hold any position of profit or honor throughout any portion of the British Empire. Those Barons were great men. No better evidence of their courage and wisdom is needed than the fact that they boldly asserted their rights in the race for kingly power, declaring that they would have Magna Charta or die for it. It was a great fundamental principle that secured to posterity, rights and privileges. Will some Sage or Philosopher tell to the world the cause of this degeneracy? Who will be the Philanthropist to discover a remedy that will prevent any tendency in this direction in our own happy country.

Of course, all the men who lived in Brownsville and immediate neighborhood at the time of which I am writing

were not entirely free from objectionable features; but there was no real bad ones. And the large majority of the citizens were moral and religious, and they did not make merchandise of their religion either. It was the kind of religion to bank on. It dominated everything and it was that which made them strong in character. Almost everybody belonged to church. There were Methodists, Presbyterians, Christians and Lutherans. But as Methodists were most numerous, I will name a few who were prominent. In doing so, it is with no intention to under-rate the high standing of the members in any of the other denominations, I have named. My mind reverts to Major William Watt, Nathan Crouch, John Norris, Isaac Stagg, James Boyd, Henry and John Rider, Albert G. Perkins, George Shroyer, Samuel Jarvis, Isaac Leviston, Boss Eckert, James Taylor, Dr. Trembly, and a hundred others I could name who were famous for their religious zeal in the cause of Methodism and in deeds of charity.

Is it then any wonder that the influence and example of such grand christian characters were seen and felt in the everyday life of the citizens? It is impossible for a man to hold an honorable membership in any of the evangelical churches without leading a life of temperance and some regularity, and they were not wanting in any of the elements of manhood. It is of such men I love to write, and to hold them up as worthy examples for young men to follow.

Major William Watt had been in early life a hatter, and by industry and frugality had husbanded his resources, until when I first knew him he owned a fine farm. He was recognized as a man of sterling qualities. He was a brainy man, had served several terms as State Senator, and as chairman of important committees. He was vigilant in guarding the interests of his constituents. His home life was beautiful,

and he was a dispenser of hospitality on a large scale.

Grand old James Boyd! What a stalwart Christian gentleman! I never think of an ideal farmer, that James Boyd does not come to my mind as the best type. He had faith in Providence, but like Cromwell, he believed in keeping his powder dry; faith was a good thing, but faith and works were better. He was one of the most industrious men I ever knew, and a successful farmer. He believed in a proper division of time, and never for one moment would he neglect his church duties. James Boyd started out right and never went wrong; his upright, moral and Christian deportment was a noticeable feature throughout his life.

Isaac Leviston was a great big, honest, all around good man, and a Christian, and he practiced what he professed. He was resolute, and never took any short road to wealth, believing that if he was blessed with health, and practiced industry and economy, all things needful could be obtained without hazarding money, principle or reputation.

If John Bell was not a good farmer, where in all the land will you find one? He learned his farming in Butler County, Ohio, where a man who worked always got good returns for his labor, and nothing but that fine productive Union county farm of his could ever have allured him from Butler county. If John Bell was set down anywhere he would make a good living; he was never idle, and I will venture to say that laziness or drones never found any favor in his eyes.

There lived in the neighborhood of Brownsville three brothers who came from Pennsylvania—George, John and Jonathan Kerchner. George was an old bachelor. He was honest in his dealings and would pay all he agreed to, but it took so little to pay all his wants he never had much to pay out. In writing my sketches of men of usefulness and merit,

I am always sorry when I run across one of those old bachelors. I wonder what they live for anyway? They take up just as much room as a man who supports a wife; they ought to be made to pay most of the tax.

John and Jonathan Kerchner were both men of families, and were in striking contrast to their bachelor brother, George. They were hard-working men, and farmed on the true Pennsylvania principle by raising a little of everything, and never went to town without taking something to sell.

Alex McDougal's father was a good representative of the sturdy Scotch race. He died too soon. It is just such foreign blood that is needed to mix with our American native born race. It is said that the old family names in the larger cities of Europe would literally become extinct if it were not for the fresh blood that is brought in from the country and infused into their veins. It is no doubt the same condition that obtains in our country that has made us the wonder and admiration of the world. Alex McDougal has inherited the solid traits of his father and also Robert Mason his old Scotch grandfather on the maternal side of the house, for no one could look into Mr. Mason's honest face without feeling like taking off his hat as a recognition of his qualities as an honest, upright man. It is in the sons and daughters of such ancestors our hopes for the future rest.

John Norris was one of the successful farmers, and a man of fine judgment. He said he always asked his wife about every move he made in business, and then did as he pleased. He had his own opinions about everything, and after mature deliberation he took a firm stand and no argument could ever change his course. He had the most intense hatred of dishonest tricks in trade, and if

attempted to be practiced on him he was never known to forgive the person.

James McVickers was a worker from start to finish; you could never make him believe that hard work ever killed many men, but that it was idleness and the vices that killed thousands. He was a reliable man as well as a positive man—there was no hesitation about him. It was a “yes” or “no,” and so emphatic as to require no repetition. It would be hard to find in any community a more successful farmer or a better citizen.

Adam Mason was a farmer by proxy. He was neat and dressy—too much so for a practical farmer. He owned a linseed oil mill and the profits from that and his farm enabled him to live well and entertain his friends. He was a Presbyterian and a Christian gentleman, withal a very reliable man. He was a conspicuous figure in social circles and a worthy addition to society.

Capt. William Stagg in the earlier days was a tanner, and a dealer in leather; he was too honest to ever get rich by selling wet leather. He would have starved before he would cheat. I understand that he carried his honesty into his mercantile adventure in which he was engaged in later years. Capt. Stagg inherited honesty; he was raised, nurtured and educated in an atmosphere of honesty and purity. Train up a child in the way it should go, and when old it is not likely to depart from it. Whenever I meet with a family of upright men I am reminded that the home they were raised in was remarkable for its purity.

It would never do for me to pass by that large hearted and honest, hard working farmer, William Stephens. Who ever heard a word derogatory of him? He was in love with agriculture, and he never robbed the soil of its life and

strength. It was give and take with him; he nurtured the soil and returned in fertilizing material as much or more than he took from it. He knew all about the rotation of crops, and made hay while the sun was shining. He was a good citizen and a power in the neighborhood in which he lived.

Michael Snyder was a good farmer, and no more reliable man ever lived around Brownsville. He was a rugged man, but had a heart that beat with generous impulses. His honesty was proverbial. He was not a man to meddle in any neighborhood broils or disputes; he loved peace, but would let no man tramp on his toes without resenting it. I never forget such men. Their example should not be forgotten, and if adopted as the rule of action in life it is sure to bring a good return.

Old Uncle Joseph Swallow lived over on the ridge. He was not only remarkable for his good qualities of citizenship, but also for the large family of hustling sons he raised. They were scarcely out of shell until they were scratching for a living. They never waited for something to turn up. They were tidy in dress, social in disposition, polite in behavior and industrious in their habits. It was natural for them to be gentlemen from the start.

When I look back to the days of 1841 and up to 1849, I can call to mind more than half a hundred young gentlemen, and as many young ladies, who were as handsome and intelligent, and correct in their deportment as could be found in any part of the country. I never knew a community that was as free from scandal and gossip. In fact, it found no abiding place in such an atmosphere. They were not made that way. It was the strength of the homes in which they were raised that gave cast to their conduct when they reached the age to mingle in social circles.

In looking back at Brownsville as it was in the forties, when the great depression in business overshadowed every portion of the country, I can not call to mind a single failure in business. In trying to account for this, the only plausible answer forces itself upon my mind, that the Pennsylvania element was large in the village and almost unanimous in the surrounding neighborhood, and the industry and economy that is practiced by them at all times no doubt had much to do in bridging over until business revived.

Of course there was a respectable element of native Hoosiers in and around Brownsville, and when it comes to downright shrewdness in driving a bargain, neither the Pennsylvanian—nor even the New England Yankee, was a match for them. This reminds me of an amusing incident that will serve as an illustration.

One of those well-dressed, well-bred, and well-educated New Englanders moved into the neighborhood, and softly whispered into Col. Rider's ear that he had no idea of permanently remaining, for the crude Hoosier ways were not at all suited to his refined New England feelings; that he had just come out to make a fortune off of them, and then he would go back to the only place under the shining sun fit for a gentleman to live and die in. Col. Rider cautioned him to go slow, but he could not see it in that light, and the very first Hoosier he tackled he was so completely beat out of every thing he had, and so adroitly, that he could never understand how it was done. The Hoosier had all his money and his note for several hundred dollars besides. If he ever returned to his ideal New England home he had to earn the money to bear his expenses. But it would be useless for me to mention any further evidence of the native Hoosier's ability to take care of himself. I will resume my sketches.

Edward Hall was for many years one of the noted dry goods merchants in Brownsville. He was the most genial, kind-hearted man I ever knew. It was not in his nature to refuse credit to any one, and it was a matter of wonder to everybody how he could find means to replenish his stock when it ran down; but he had many good cash customers, who were congenial spirits like himself, and as is customary in all such cases, they had to make good whatever was lost by the non-paying ones. Edward Hall was always full and running over with good humor, and was an all round good citizen.

Reason Mason was a plowmaker, and was one of the finest mechanics in the whole country. He was a man of very few words. He was industrious, and had no time to go hunting or fishing. It was all work with him; no mixing with politics or anything else in his business. You would scarcely ever see him on the streets, either during the day or evening, for when his day's work was done he went to his home, for his house and his family were his delight. His wife never had to introduce her husband to his children, as many good housewives have to do with their unnatural husbands. This too frequent custom with husbands, as soon as supper is over, of putting on their hats and going out, leaving the poor, tired wife alone with her children, and not returning until after all good husbands should be in their beds, ought to be a good cause for divorce. But Reason Mason was not made that way.

Ambrose Ruby, the citizen-farmer, was not a loud talker with his mouth, but he was a thinker. When he did talk he always said something. He talked with his eyes. I can see that merry twinkle in his eyes yet. It was a complete index to his thoughts. I think he managed to get as much out of that little farm of his as it was possible for anyone to have

forced from such stony soil. He was a shrewd trader, and a good judge of stock, in which he dealt largely; and many were the quick returns and nimble pennies that he made. I never think of him that I am not reminded of his old orchard in which was held one of the most remarkable Fourth of July celebrations that I ever witnessed. It was the talk not only of the town, but the whole country for miles around and for months before the time. All the girls and boys were to be in it and were expected to be dressed in their best. The boys, and even the older men, conceived the idea of having tailor-made suits of nankeen, with spiketail coats, pants and vests, all made together something like children's suits are sometimes made, with black binding. I remember that Edward Hall was in it and was too busy to try on his suit until the procession was forming, and to his horror Marts, the tailor, had made it too small and he could not get in it. But the procession marched anyhow, amid the firing of anvils and the strains of martial music. I shall never forget the figure we cut. I think any man or boy in that procession could have been worshipped without breaking any one of the ten commandments, for the like was not in the heaven above nor the earth beneath. I know every man or woman now living who witnessed that patriotic display will laugh when they recall that Fourth of July celebration. The Declaration of Independence was read, and Dr. Casterline, of Liberty, delivered the address. I would go a hundred miles to see another just like it. I wonder where all those boys and girls are now.

John Shirkey was a good type of the Virginian. He was a scholar in the first school I ever went to; I was eight years old and John was a good deal older: he used to take me on his knee and teach me my A, B, C's. He descended from as good families as ever lived in Virginia. I have passed the

house in which he was born, several times in the last twenty years. John Shirkey was a true boy, and I knew him later in his best manhood days when he was as full of fire as he was in boyhood. He was always a hard worker. I wonder if he is still living.

I never think of Brownsville that I am not reminded of that sturdy Pennsylvanian, old Uncle Jo Showalter. He was honest and hard working. No man was ever heard to utter a harmful word against Joseph Showalter. He had the largest family of pretty girls of any man in the State, any of whom could have carried off the first premium at any Congress of beauties in the world. He ought to have had a pension for that alone. Brownsville was always noted for the many attractive young ladies who lived in and around the place.

'Squire James Lamb, that grand old Scotchman, who honored the country he came from, as well as the land of his adoption, was always a conspicuous figure in and out of town. He had a way of his own, and no one had any difficulty in knowing where to find him. He was a moral man, and was always on the right side of a moral question. He had opinions of his own on every subject, and always stuck to them. He was so sincere and outspoken, everybody respected him, and no one ever antagonized him.

When my mind reverts to Brownsville, while writing my sketches, the men I am writing about are as fresh in memory as when I saw them fifty years ago, and while most of them have passed away, if I were an artist I could paint a good picture of their features. I was always a close observer of the facial expressions, and it was that which interested me most. Who of all those who are now living, and are old enough to remember the face of Boss Eckert will ever forget him, or Ambrose Ruby, Eli Kauffman, Major William Watt, John

Pardinton, old Mr. Wolverton, the shoemaker, Marts the tailor, Edward Hall, old father Mattox, or Nathan Crouch; the three Starr brothers, who were the great big Christians and farmers; old Johnny and Richard Gates, and Thomas and Garret Dungan. I can name a hundred others, all whose facial expressions were to my mind a complete index to their characters.

But there was one man who worried me not a little; it was old 'Squire Bell. He had a long turned-up nose—something the shape of a sled runner. Whenever I see that shaped nose as a handle to a man's face I set him down as an arbitrary, contrary, ill-grained, all-round rascal. I lost no time in telling 'Squire Bell so, when he said: "Why bless your young soul, my nose was not naturally in its present shape." He said he was a brick and stonemason by trade, and that while building a chimney he lost his balance and fell, feet foremost, down the inside of the chimney, and it was that accident that was responsible for his unlucky shaped nose. I felt sorry for 'Squire Bell, but rejoiced that my rule of judging character by the peculiar shape of that organ still held good; and I will add, that to this day I have never known it to fail me.

Wilson Ring had a most remarkable expression of countenance, which was due to a chronic ailment; he was a picture of the desolation of despair. Every time he stepped into a doctor's office the sight of his face gave them the night mare; he was a holy terror to them. He was a nervous dyspeptic, and it was of long standing; and a chronic nervous dyspeptic is all but incurable, not because of the intrinsic obstinacy of the malady, but because the disease is more than half in the mind. I do not mean to say that he was an imaginary sufferer, but that the disease affected his mind in such a way.

that the mental malady was the major part of it. He would talk with every sympathetic person who would listen to him, and at home he had entertained his wife and family with his groans and lamentations until he had made nervous dyspeptics of them all. He would call on the physicians at all hours of the day and night. It was either himself or his wife who was "cold and stiff," as that was the way they both expressed their sufferings. Sometimes they would go for Dr. Trembly, sometimes for Dr. Rider, and frequently for both at the same time. For fear that his malady might not be considered grave as it ought to be, he would sometimes exaggerate his sufferings, not with the least intention of telling a falsehood, but simply to add picturesqueness to the monotonous desert waste of his existence. He on one occasion called on Dr. Trembly, when the doctor gave him a nervine to settle him for the night. On the next day he told the doctor that ever since he took that dose he saw everything double. The doctor replied, in his mild way, that he ought to see double all the balance of his life to catch up.

Thomas and Garret Dungan were brothers, but no two men could have been more different in their ways. Thomas was a sober, sedate man and a hard worker, while Garret was always playing his comical tricks on every unsuspecting person who chanced to come his way. Charley Thompson, who used to run a store in Brownsville, was the only man who was ever known to beat Garret at his own game. By the way, Charley Thompson was the best posted young man politically in the country, as well as a wag of no mean dimensions. One little circumstance will serve as an illustration. While he lived in Liberty, he did a great deal in the way of collecting bad debts—in fact he was considered an adept at the business. Some one living at a distance sent

him a claim and offered him one-half for collecting it. The amount of the claim was one hundred dollars. Some months afterwards Charley wrote him that he had collected his half, but could not collect the owner's half.

Dr. Willis studied medicine with Dr. Trembly. He was a real good fellow, but he had a way of using big Latin words, and he used them on all occasions—in conversations with the learned and the unlearned. After he commenced practicing medicine he called Dr. Trembly in consultation to see old Mrs. Shull, who was a good old Pennsylvania lady, but unlearned. Dr. Trembly was examining the patient when Dr. Willis chimed in by asking her if she was troubled with coryza; Dr. Trembly said: "Mrs. Shull, Dr. Willis wants to know if your nose runs?"

It is said that while he was practicing in Connersville, one of his inquisitive patients asked him what was the real cause of his disease. The doctor replied that the only true and philosophical way of accounting for his rare disease was the physiological defects of his membraneous system, and that he had functional derangement of the chylopoetic system. The patient replied that to his mind that explanation was as clear as mud. But all men have their weaknesses, and this was Dr. Willis' weak point, and the only one so far as I know.

For all that, Dr. Willis was a man of noble traits of character. It would be interesting for me to know if he is still living.

By the way, for the benefit of your many readers, as well as the many friends of L. M. Norris, all of whom will no doubt be pleased to hear it, I have pleasure in stating that both himself and his estimable wife are still living in Savannah, Missouri. He is eighty-one years old and his wife seventy-five. I had a letter from his wife recently and from

the bright and intelligent way in which she writes, she has not lost any of her old-time energy.

I love to hunt up those old citizens; but it is sad when inquiring about them to learn that so many have passed away. I had supposed the once popular young man, Samuel Trembly, was still living, until I wrote him a week ago, as I wished to obtain some information concerning the young men who were once his intimate associates. His daughter, Mrs. E. E. Hahn, of Cambridge City, wrote me that her father died three years ago. I was pained to hear of this, for when I first knew him he was my ideal of a young man. He was large and handsome, had a most strikingly pleasing appearance, and was the life of the social circle; he was the soul of honor and would have died before he would lie, and while he was brimful of humor, he never indulged in any unseemly or unmanly sports; nor did he use slang phrases. He was respectful to aged persons. I know but little of his latter life but I hear from good authority that it was remarkable for good and noble deeds. That is a better legacy to leave his children than stocks and bonds.

I never think of Samuel Trembly that my mind does not run back to the other young men who were his associates. One of the most noted was James S. Youse. He was a pure young man, and besides, had had the benefit of a fine education, having graduated from the Danville College in Kentucky. He was well equipped for a member of any of the learned professions, but his reserved ways and modest manners were such that he preferred to occupy a subordinate position as a clerk. It was not long after leaving college until he took a position as one of the chief clerks with the Commercial Gazette in Cincinnati, where he continued, uninterrupted until his death, running through a period of over thirty-five years. No

better evidence of his merit is needed than his long and faithful service in that responsible position.

I am glad of this opportunity to pay a well-deserved tribute to two such worthy young men as Samuel Trembly and James S. Youse, who remained faithful through life to every trust. Their noble traits of character are worthy of imitation by all young men who desire to lead honorable lives and leave good names behind them. The young men of today enjoy so many advantages over those of a former period in the way of getting an education, that there is absolutely no excuse whatever if they fail in this respect. Our magnificent, graded common schools are equal, if not superior, to what the Universities were sixty years ago, and the very best education can now be obtained without money and without price. The hope of the future lies in the diffusion of knowledge, through the masses. Some have achieved greatness who were deficient in this respect, by dint of an indomitable will power, but they do not run thirteen to the dozen. A community suffers just as much from ignorance as it does from rascality.

HOME LIFE AND HAPPINESS ARE INSEPARABLY CONNECTED.

A few months ago the pen that traced these lines commenced a series of articles or character sketches, prefaced with object lessons, which appeared on Saturday evenings of each week in the *Hamilton Daily Republican*. These articles accumulated and grew into a book, the title of which is "Gems of Thought and Character Sketches." The book has been written with honest aims and modest pretensions. It is hoped it may find a place in homes where many of the articles have been read by thousands of men and women, not only in our own city, but throughout the whole country, as the many letters I have received bear ample testimony. Letters, too, laden with expressions of thankfulness and gratitude. It was my frequent allusions in these articles to home life and happiness that had touched the tenderest chord in their natures and revived the memories of childhood and youth. This gratefulness has also been expressed to me in the silent pressure of the hand; a pressure so full of meaning that I involuntarily looked at my palm to see if a jewel had not been left in it,—uttered, too, by eyes full of interest and pleasure that told me

in plain and honest words, in the presence of tears that came unbidden like so many angels that come sliding silently out of Heaven to vouch for their honesty. To say that all this makes me happy does not say all that I feel. I account it a high honor to occupy a place in the popular heart, and feel that in writing a book, if I shall be an humble instrument in adding to the happiness and pleasure of my readers, my labors will not have been in vain. It has been my aim to impress upon the minds of my readers the one leading fact above all others, that happiness can only be found in the home. A poor home with a poor location may be exchanged for a better one. A plant may be removed from an old bed to a new bed not unfrequently with advantage. It may exhaust the soil where it stands and demand more room for its roots. I have seen many men greatly improved by transplantation, but the process of adaptation and acclimation through which they were obliged to pass before they could establish intimate relations with the new soil, was proof of the difficulty and danger of the process. This transplanting process is constantly going on, however, with good results. The wife in the new home is more than the daughter in the old one. New influences, more room, fresh functions are always beckoning us to a better location. But the lives are comparatively few that exhaust a home of medium advantages. The acquisition of a good home is one of the first objects in life. A home where the soul has exclusive rights—a home where it may grow undisturbed, sending out its roots into a fertile society and lifting up its branches into the sunlight of heaven—a home from which the soul may go on its errands and enterprises and to which it may return for its rewards—a home which along the lines and channels of memory may bear pure nourishment to children and children's children, while it

stands, and even after it has fallen. I recall a home like this long since left behind in the journey of life, and its memory floats back over me with a shower of emotions and thoughts, towards whose precious fall my heart opens itself greedily like a thirsty flower. It was a home among the mountains, humble and homely, but priceless in its wealth of associations.

The waterfall sings again in my ears as it used to sing through the dreamy nights. The roses that hung over the garden fence, the patch of tansy under the window, the orchard behind the house, the big oak tree that stood in the lane, that had stood, defying the storms of a century and under whose spreading branches the tired traveler found a cooling shade. The smithy on the hill that flamed, with strange lights, through the dull winter evenings, the thump, thump of the big tilt hammer, where iron was made in the forge just across the woods, the blue haze that hung over the brow of the retiring mountain.

All these come back to me with an appeal which touches my heart and moistens my eyes. I sit again in the doorway at summer's night-fall, as the darkening landscape thickens, listening to the shouts of the boys on the hill as they are hurrying home. I watch again the devious way of the dusty night hawk along the twilight sky, and now, as he lowers his flight, the whippoor-will's shrill voice is still, "and the patterning step of the hurrying hare is hushed upon the hill; he crouches low in the dewy grass as the lord of the night goes by, not with a loudly whirring wing, but like a baby's sigh."

Even the old barn, crazy in every timber and gaping in every joint, had charms for me. I sit again at the threshold of the wide open doors to welcome the soft south wind of spring, and watch the cattle, whose faces looked half human as they peacefully sunned themselves, lazily ruminating. The

first little lambs of the season came toddling along by the side of their dams, uttering their feeble bleatings, while the flocks were nibbling at the hay rick, or a pair of rival wethers, half in earnest and half in play, tried the strength of their skulls in an encounter. The proud old rooster crowed upon the dung hill as some proud member of his flock left the nest and told that there was another egg in the world.

How, I know not, nor care not, but that old barn has entered into my life and given me growth and wealth too, in precious memories of other days, and is with me still when nightly in my dreams I return and I am again a child, and I wonder if, in that long last sleep that knows no waking, my spirit will visit again that dear first home.

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